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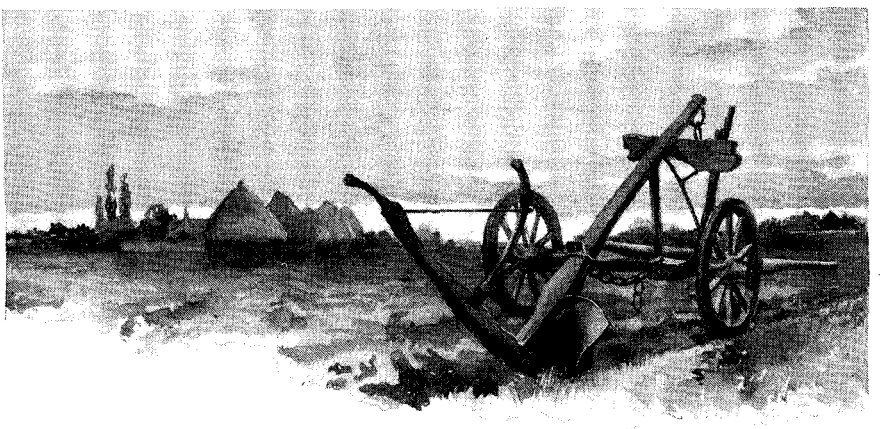

BARBIZON AND JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

By T. H. Bartlett.

I.

BARBIZON.

TRADITION says that Barbizon originated by the settlement of some stragglers from one of the many foreign armies that have camped in the vicinity, while the insinuating critic affirms that it was settled by the robbers who in former times infested the forest.

The more authenticated story is that the beginning of Barbizon is due to the erection of a woodchopper's hut a mile within the edge of the forest, which at one time extended to Chailly. Whichever tale is true, it is certain that as time wore on and the land became cleared, a stone *clos*, or group of French farm buildings, made its appearance, and, like all such constructions in this part of France, it was built around a square or oblong piece of ground, forming a kind of fort for the better protection of those who inhabited it.

The space thus enclosed is used as a court and barn yard, in the centre of which is placed the manure-heap. Barbizon is made up almost entirely of these *clos*, enclosing in their yards from six hundred square feet to half an acre of ground, and many of them are perfect in their arrangement and proportion. Generally the house is situated in the rear of the yard, while one of the barns is on the line of the street, the passageway being through the barn, and closed by an enormous door. The "Old Farm" of Barbizon, standing on the spot once occupied by the woodchopper's hut, is the oldest structure in the village, and marks its western extremity.

This little hamlet, known to the art

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world from one end of the earth to the other as the home of Jean François Millet, lies in the very shadow of the western edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. the forest, six miles in a southeast direction, is the famous city of Fontainebleau, and the river Seine runs five miles to the north.

A Barbizon Farm.

It is composed of about four hundred inhabitants, eighty houses, and one pleasant, winding street, three-fourths of a mile in length, which begins in the plain and runs eastward to the forest, where it connects with the high road to the city of Fontainebleau. The street is lined nearly every foot of its length by the houses, or the barns belonging to them, the former having one, one and a half, and two stories. All the buildings are made of stone and covered with red or gray tile. The street is paved with large stones, is reasonably clean, and has on each side a slight depression, serving as a gutter to convey the rainfall and the slops from the houses to a stone reservoir that is situated a few rods back from the street. Barbizon is in the commune of Chailly, department of Seine and Marne, and is thirty-four miles south of Paris.

Its railroad station is Melun, the chief place of the department, seven miles distant, and on the line of the Paris, Lyons & Marseilles Railway. Two good lines of omnibuses run three trips each, daily, from Barbizon to Melun. The nearest post and telegraph office is at Chailly, more than a mile to the northwest, and on the grand route from Paris to Fontainebleau. Through

Barbizon is surrounded on the north, south, and west by an immense, slightly rolling plain of excellent farming land, broken here and there by little rocky hillocks, collections of trees and bushes, from five to one hundred acres in extent, and decorated by hamlets, larger and smaller than Barbizon, from one to three miles apart, all making one of the most perfect and charming of French landscapes. The horizon line of the southwest distance is gracefully broken by a range of wooded hills, enclosing in the direction of Barbizon, and running south for a score of miles—a section of country as rare in its construction as it is ideal in its effect upon the mind. It is another Arcadia.

It was through this enchanting ground that Millet and Rousseau made annual pilgrimages—journeying in a still more beautiful world than that which surrounded them nearer their own hearthstones. It was toward it, when the sun went down, that both daily turned their admiring eyes during all their years in Barbizon.

The earliest Barbizonians were a primitive race, who depended almost entirely upon the forest for their subsistence. They were poachers, living in the rudest and freest way, and when

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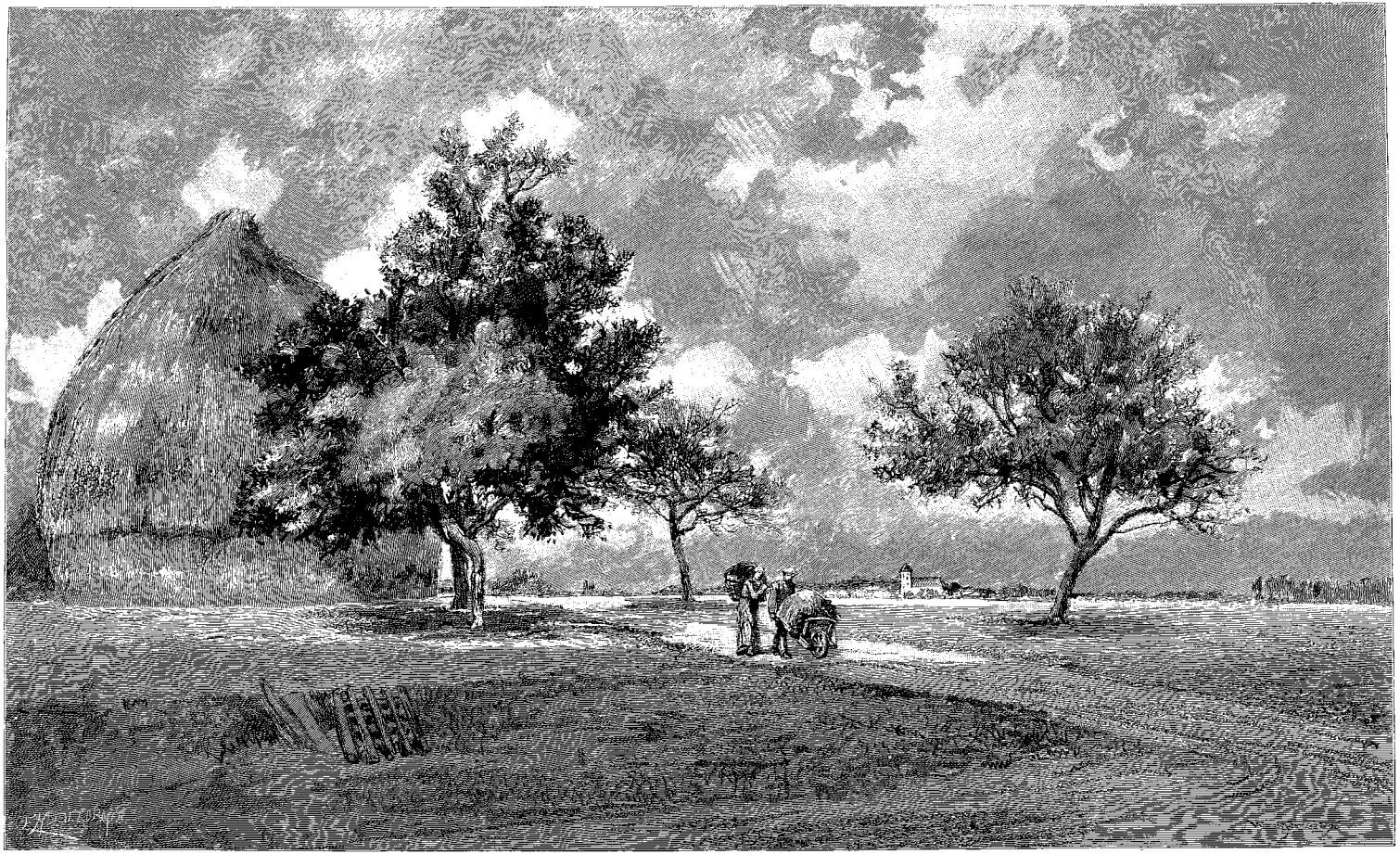

View of the Plain of Barbizon.

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the forest became the special hunting-ground of the kings who made Fontainebleau their head-quarters, and who, found by the peasant in the forest, and they continue to this day, though severely regulated by state authority.

Rousseau's Oaks, in the Gorge of Apremont, Forest of Fontainebleau.

for the better preservation of the game, appointed huntsmen and foresters to watch it, the men of Barbizon were found to be the most persistent antagonists of these, to them, unjust regulations. Until the reign of Henry IV. the history of Barbizon is one long story of night and day contention between peasant, king, and wild beasts. In those days wild boars, wolves, bears, deer, and feathered game were in uncomfortable abundance. Under Henry IV. the restrictions concerning hunting in the forest were considerably lightened, but it was not until after the Revolution that any human influences were felt, and the inhabitants began to live in some respects like beings who walked on two legs.

Poaching being in the very blood and bone of the Barbizon peasant, neither time, laws, nor foresters have been able to suppress it, and each generation has had its representatives in every respect worthy of its distinguished ancestors. Two other profitable pursuits, wood-chopping and fagot-gathering, were

The original peasant type also still exists in the older inhabitants, who, in their rude speech, humble manner of living, utter indifference to the world about them, limited wants, and sharp consciousness of and readiness to defend personal interests, are really the remnants of a race apart. Until 1850 the only means of communication between their hamlet and the outside world was by an almost impassable road across the fields to Chailly, or by a path through the forest under the great oaks and familiar ferns to the grand route. The peasant's principal excursion over the last was on the occasion of the passage of some princely cortège between Paris and Fontainebleau, when he feasted his wondering eyes upon a part of a world of which he had no other knowledge.

Barbizon is originally indebted for its fame to the forest of Fontainebleau, because, of all the villages that lie on its borders, it is the nearest to the most picturesque, savage, and heaviest-wooded part of that wonderful domain.

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The forest of Fontainebleau became the property of the state in the eleventh century. It is regarded as the most beautiful in France, and some affirm that, all in all, it is the finest in the world. Fenimore Cooper, when visiting it in 1828, declared that it exceeded in savage variety anything he had ever seen in America. It has an irregular circumference of fifty miles, and contains forty-five thousand acres, of which four thousand five hundred and sixty-eight are reserved for artists and for pheasant parks and walks. The parts reserved for artists are left as nature made them, with trees and bushes in all their luxury of splendid life. There are twelve thousand miles of roads, wood-routes, and paths. The surface of the forest is much broken by hills, valleys, and ravines. Ten chains of hills, composed mostly of rocks, run through it from east to west. These hills, often considerable, are made doubly interesting by their impressive construction, and the many caves and grottos which they contain. The largest and most comfortable cave is fifty feet in length, perfectly dry, with a fine sandy floor, and has been known for centuries as the "Cave of the Brigands." It is a little over a mile from Barbizon, on the summit of one of the highest elevations of the forest, and overlooks both forest and plain as far as the eye can reach. The ravines are entirely formed of rocks of yellow and white sandstone, of strange shapes, placed in most suggestive and poetic confusion, and generally covered with beautiful colored mosses, flowers, weeds, and bushes. The principal trees are oak, beech, witch-elm, pine, and white birch, the first two being represented by specimens of enormous size and great beauty. Some of the oaks are twenty feet in circumference and high in proportion. The weeds, flowers, and plants are in great variety, and the ferns, of which there are acres, are higher than a man's head, a mimic forest of themselves. The forest is kept in perfect order and daily examined by twenty foresters, who live in or adjacent to it. It is traversed from north to south by three lines of railroads, and by an aqueduct from east to west. Its history is rich with stories of saintly visions, miracles, the establishment and destruction of convents, scenes of love and combat, and a long warfare between kings and brigands. For more than seven centuries the hunter's horn has echoed through its every crevice.

First Hotel and Art Studio in Barbizon, in 1824.

Many stories are told of how Barbizon first attracted the attention of painters—some of them merely tradi-

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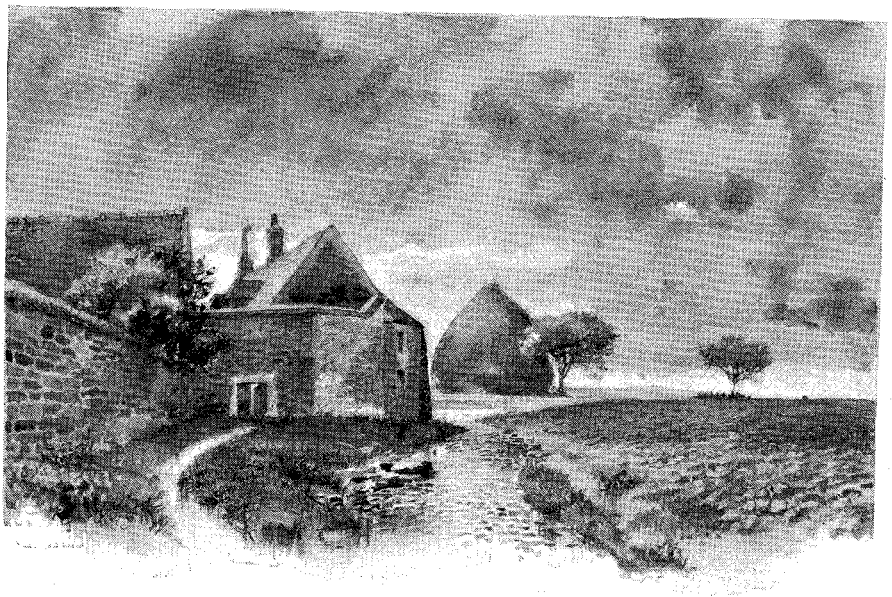
tional. Philippe Le Dieu and Claude Aligny, two painters from Paris, came to Fontainebleau in the early summer of 1824, to see their friend, Jacob Petit, the flower painter, who was then director



Old Farm at Barbizon.

of a porcelain manufactory in that city. All three started for a tramp in the forest, then in its savage condition, with the exception of the principal roads, in search of subjects to paint. After roaming about all day, continually led on by new and unexpected beauties, they decided to return to Fontainebleau, thinking that they were not far away. To their astonishment they could neither get out of the forest nor find a road, and they became convinced, just as the sun was going down behind the trees, that they were lost. Hungry, tired, and bewildered, they were obliged to accept the unpleasant situation, and were about to seek the shelter of some friendly grotto wherein to pass the night, when they thought they heard the echo of an unusual noise. Listening, they happily heard it again, and started anxiously toward the direction whence it came. As they drew nearer, Le Dieu, an old hunter, distinguished the fuller sound of a horn, and soon the tinkling of bells.

Making their way through the almost impenetrable rocks and bushes, they came upon a cowherd who was assembling his cows before driving them home for the night. While the artists were delighted with the prospect of getting out of the forest, the cowherd was anything but pleased at the unexpected sight of three strangers, and in a place where none but the village woodchoppers and fagot-gatherers were ever seen. To their anxious inquiries in regard to their whereabouts and the distance to the town, the cowherd told them that they were in the "Gorge of Apremont," and six good miles from Fontainebleau. "It is certain that we cannot reach home to-night," they resignedly exclaimed, "but isn't there some place near by where we can get something to eat, and lodging?" "There are a few peasant houses about a mile from here, called Barbizon," answered the cowherd, "where you may get some wine and bread, but as for a place to sleep, I can't answer." "Bar–bi–zon! Bar! Bar!" they said, "that is barbarous indeed, and not over-assuring. However, if you will show us the way, we will give it a try, at any rate." So, escorted by forty or fifty cows, each carrying a bell on its neck, the benighted followers of art were conducted into the unpromising hamlet.

Now, in it there lived a young tailor

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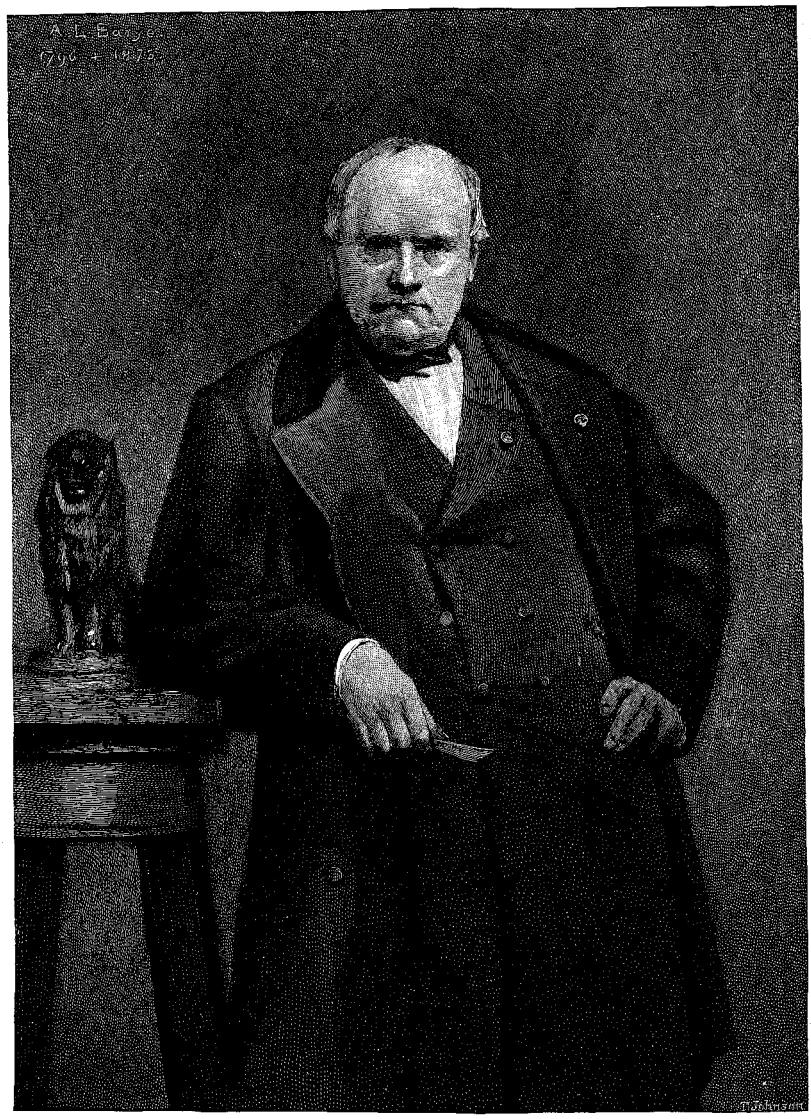

Antoine Louis Barye.
(From a painting by Bonnat, owned by W. T. Walters, Esq., of Baltimore.)

named François Ganne, and his young and half-German wife. They occupied two little rooms, one to sleep in, the other to work and sell wine in; and while he answered to the modest demands of his trade, she took charge of the wine counter. Ganne, like his ancestors, whose lineage was long ago forgotten, was a native of the hamlet, but not like them destined to live and die unknown to modest fame. He had the unique ambition, among all his neighbors, of going to Paris and learning a trade. After he had served his seven years he returned, married a fine girl from a neighboring village, and settled down to earn a humble living, recount to his simple and wondering clients the great things he had seen in the world, and enjoy the peace and glory that such a life would bring.

It was to Ganne's door that the lost forest explorers were brought by the cowherd. If they had already surprised

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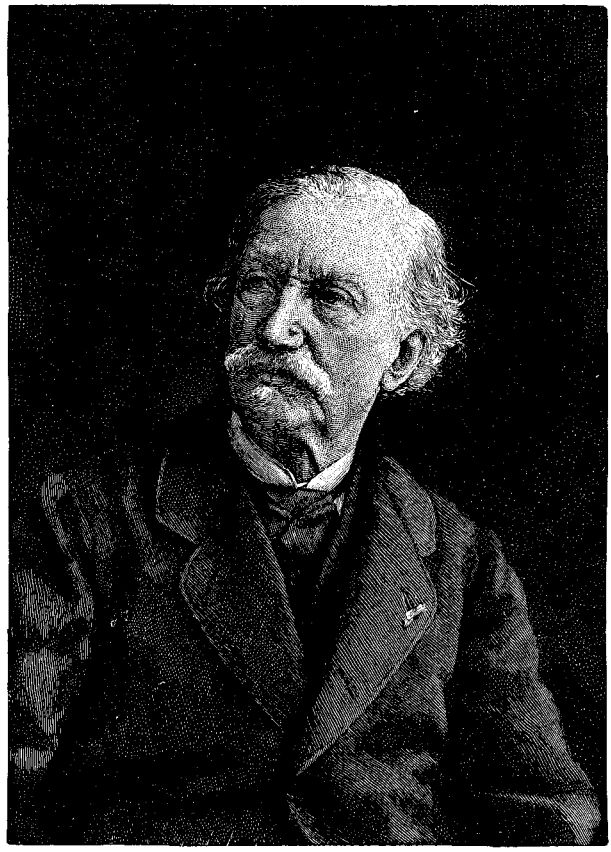

Charles Émile Jacque.

the latter, they were still more to surprise the tailor. They wore long beards and were clothed in an unfamiliar costume. They looked suspicious. They might be brigands! It was only after considerable solicitation that Ganne would consent to entertain them by making an omelet, the beginning and end of his bill of fare. But when they asked him to provide them a place to sleep he was nearly thunderstruck. It was quite impossible. Besides, Madame Ganne, to whom her husband breathlessly announced their request, set her foot down against even the thought of such a thing. "But what are we to do?" said the artists. "We must sleep somewhere, and we are not very particular about the accommodations." All appeals were in vain, and as it was utterly impossible to find a spare corner in any other house in the place, they were forced to hunt up the cowherd and beg his hospitality.

He permitted them to sleep on the straw among the cows. In the morning, after eating another omelet at the tailor's, they again started out to explore the forest in the vicinity of Barbizon, and finding that it exceeded all expectations they returned to Ganne's, removed his suspicions, which they had highly enjoyed, by telling him who and what they were, and that they wished to come to Barbizon to paint. Could he provide them with a room and food? Their trade was one of peace, they assured him, they would disturb no one. Ganne quickly took in the situation now presented. Pennies might be turned, and that was a prospect not to be neglected. He therefore rented to Le Dieu and Aligny one of his rooms, twelve by sixteen feet square, furnished

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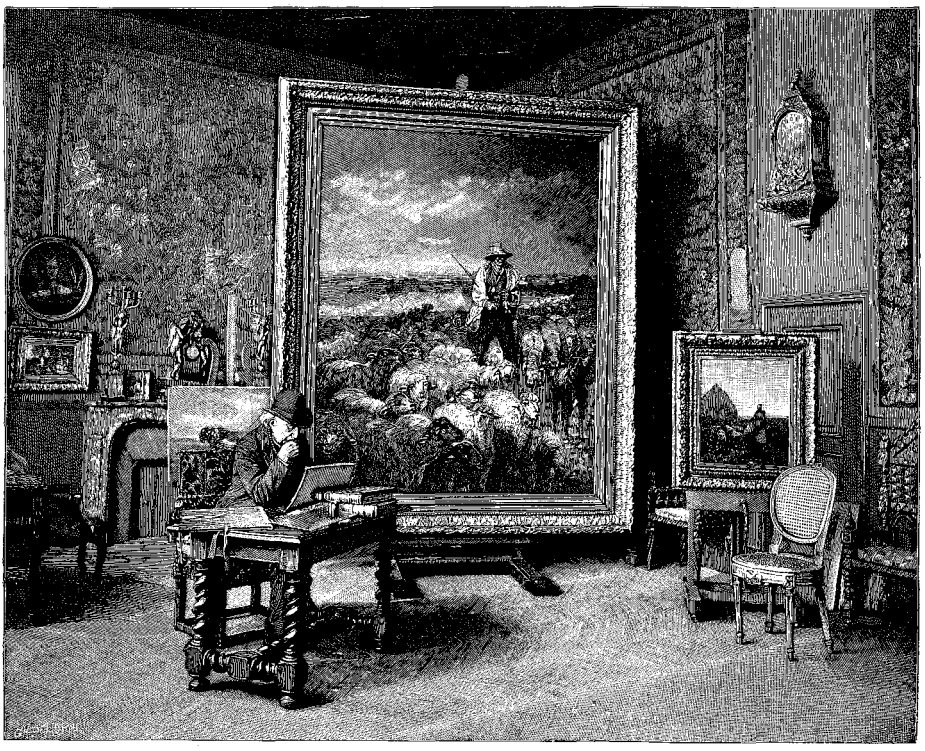
with two narrow beds, and agreed to provide them with food. M. and Madame Ganne took up their nightly abode in the barn.

And this was the beginning of art life and hotel-keeping in Barbizon.

Petit and Valdenust soon followed Le Dieu and Aligny, the former using for a studio the loft afterward occupied by Rousseau.

In spite of the rude accommodations that Barbizon afforded, and the difficulties of getting to it, the preliminary touches of that Bohemian artist life that was to characterize it for the next half century were soon given. Le Dieu was a lithographer and painter of portraits and hunting scenes; a man of inexhaustible fun, extravagant in expression, a persistent inventor of jokes and stories, of which he was the chief actor; fond of style and high living, and of excellent good-nature. Madame Petit was a very handsome and attractive woman, and she and Le Dieu were warm friends; and these two, with Aligny and an occasional friend from Paris, led the dance of joyous life that wakened sober Barbizon out of its rustic sleep. Le Dieu, being received at court, always joined the royal hunts that took place weekly in the forest, and these still gayer festivities also invaded Barbizon. The inhabitants were bewildered, and their scorn for the artists increased instead of diminishing. Ganne enjoyed the change, and was wise enough to see to what it was likely to lead.

When Le Dieu and Aligny returned to Paris in the autumn they pictured to their friends the savage splendors of the forest, and the free life that could be led in Barbizon. The succeeding summers saw every spare nook and corner of house and barn transformed into a painter's studio and occupied by the mattresses of the dreaded *designers* (as the peasants contemptuously called them). Ganne provided food for them all; and as the hamlet could not con-



Jacque in his Studio.

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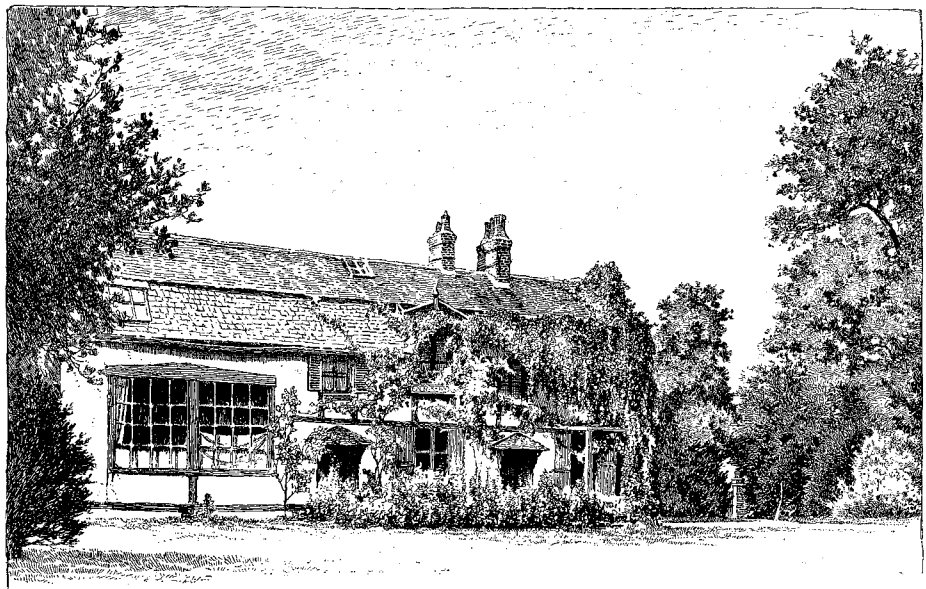

Studio and House built by Jacque.
(Once owned and occupied by Ziem, and now owned by Paris, Barbizon.)

tain all that came, the overflow stopped at Chailly—one of the oldest and most interesting villages in the department (once a seignorial seat, and possessing in its days of glory a famous convent and château—whose hotel furnished better accommodations than could be found in Barbizon, though it suffered the disadvantage of being a mile from the forest. It was here, at the White Horse, kept by Mère Lemoyne, that Corot stayed in 1822, and he was followed by Rousseau, Barye, Brascassat, Français, Diaz, and dozens of other artists, until Ganne opened a large hotel in 1830, when they all came to Barbizon.

Both Ganne and wife were persons of character, keen, sharp, and long-headed, and they saw that some extra effort must be made to properly meet the demands of the increasing crowd of artists that were coming to study in the forest. They consequently bought a long barn situated on the line of the street near the western end of the village, and fitted it up as a two-story hotel, with large windows on the north side for studios. On the ground floor was an immense dining-room, and a café containing a billiard-table six feet wide and twelve feet long, with balls as large as a man's fist. Even this was not enough, and rooms were made in the barn and outhouses. During the height of the season the artists slept on the billiard-table and on the straw in the barn-loft. Barbizon was invaded, indeed, and its sleepy peace transformed into a Bohemian elysium. Fifty guests sat at the tables, wine flowed in streams, and tobacco smoke filled the house. The more the merrier for the Gannes: their hotel was a family one in every respect, they welcomed the artists as their children, and delighted to entertain them.

During the years from 1825 to 1860 nearly every French artist, and representative ones from every civilized nation in the world, had been to Barbizon for a greater or less length of time; and it may be truthfully said that father and mother Ganne have entertained more artists than any hotel keeper that ever lived, and that Barbizon has seen a greater number of them than any other locality on the earth outside of the great cities.*

* The artists have made all there is of Barbizon, the land and houses being worth ten times more now than they were thirty years ago. Yet it was a long time after

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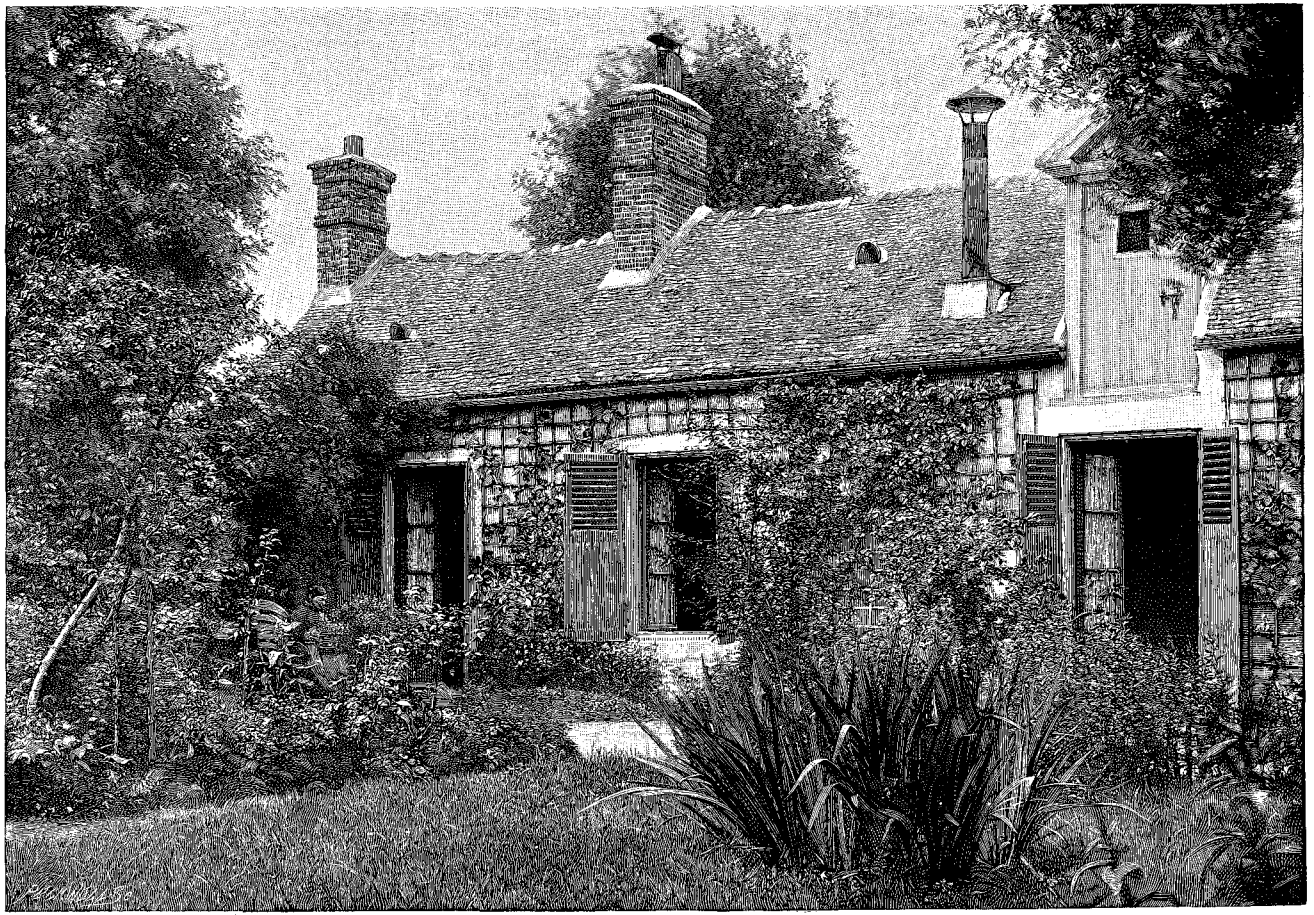

Millet's House from the Garden.
(Showing the three rooms; Millet died in the middle one.)

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Ganne kept pipes, tobacco, thread, needles, matches, and drawing and painting materials. The artists generally dressed in very simple costume, cotton or linen blouse, full trousers, high gaiters and broad-brimmed straw hat. Many of them came from Paris on foot. They generally rose early, took their light breakfast of coffee and bread, and started for the forest, each carrying a sack containing his luncheon. The more serious ones were off to the forest by five in the morning. After dinner fun began, and of the wildest and most Bohemian description. Each summer's crowd was led by someone who excelled all the rest in his capacity for making amusement. Le Dieu performed this agreeable function for many years, and the stories told concerning him would fill a book.*

He was followed by Amédée Servint, the greatest mimic, joke-player, and grotesque person of his generation, and an artist of no mean talent. Not a day passed, during the many summers that he spent in Barbizon, thatsome one was not the unfortunate subject of his attention—Ganne, being of very sober nature, coming in for a large share. The harder the other forty or fifty artists worked, the more Servint played. The nights at Barbizon were in a continual turmoil. Servint did not, like Le Dieu, confine his efforts to the narrow limits of Barbizon, but carried to every hamlet for miles around the favor of his performances. For these excursions he

Hotel of the White Horse, Chailly.

their first arrival, long after Millet came, in 1849, that the peasants became reconciled to their presence. The only exception, in the earlier years, to this dislike, was on the part of the owner of the "Old Farm," Belon by name. He was a captain in the National Guard, had educated his son in Paris, and was in favor of encouraging strangers to come to Barbizon. He had horses, cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals in plenty, was fond of the artists, and did all in his power to make their stay in the village agreeable. On rainy days they flocked to his sheds, barns, and house to paint from the doors and windows.

* Le Dieu lived a checkered existence. From wealth and court favors he fell to the lowest poverty and died in misery. The following story is told concerning one period of his changing fate. Diaz called on him one day and found him in an immense and magnificently furnished studio. Expressing his surprise, Le Dieu very

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chose the fête day of the village he proposed to visit. Rigging himself up with all the solemnity of a Quixote in an indescribable costume, and mounted upon a horse similarly arrayed, he started forth to astonish the unsuspecting peasant and carry mortal terror to the hearts of innocent children. Occasionally a crowd of his brother artists would join him in a grand cavalcade, and make a pretended invasion upon some quiet hamlet to the sound of trumpets, horns, and drums. They often carried their play to an unbearable extent; the peasants would rise in hot anger, and with spears, pitchforks, and clubs, attempt to drive the pretended warriors out of their village. In such an event the artists would suddenly become tranquil spectators, and begin to treat the peasants to generous potions of wine, carrying this kind of warfare to such an extent that when night came each was in sad need of a steady friend to show him the way home. Though Servint furnished amusement for all with whom he came in contact, he, like his predecessor, died in misery.

Millet's First Habitation in Barbizon, in 1849.

Of the more serious leaders of jolly art life in Barbizon, Gérôme has left the liveliest memory. In his set were Hamon, Boulanger, Français, Diaz, Nanteuil, and many others of the subsequently eminent artists of that day. Their fun was of a quiet kind. They talked, laughed, smoked, joked, wrote funny verses, and decorated the café and dining-room of Ganne's house with pictures of every description. The artistic status of every new arrival at the hotel was tested in the following manner: Over the mantelpiece in the dining-room hung Diaz's well-colored pipe, and the uninitiated was called upon to smoke it, in order that, by the color of the smoke he should make, he could be allotted his proper place as a partisan of the two schools represented in Barbizon. If it

loftily explained that it was necessary for him to have a studio on a level with those with whom he associated. After the poor fellow had reached the foot of the ladder, Diaz came again, and noticing the change between the palace and the confined attic, looked his astonishment. "O Heavens!" exclaimed Le Dieu, impatiently, "I could not do anything in that big place, with a dozen princes spitting all over everything, so I *had* to go where I could be by myself."

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The Street of Barbizon.
(Looking east, and showing Millet's studio and house, and Sensier's house.)

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was iridescent, he was a colorist; if gray, he was counted among the classics. Ganne's hotel possessed an enormous expression, in the shape of two panels of both schools. It was expected that every artist that stayed there would leave his mark; and so he did, until every square inch of wall and furniture was covered with paintings of greater or less degree of merit. Troyon made great charcoal drawings, Diaz painted flowers and nymphs, Français, landscapes, Nanteuil, caryatides, and Nazon, fauns and satyrs.

The greatest *fête* that Barbizon ever saw was on the occasion of the marriage of Ganne's youngest daughter to Eugène Cuvelier, an artist from Arras. It took place in a barn, and all the artists assisted in its embellishment. Ivy was brought from the forest for decoration, and light was provided by placing candles in tin baskets suspended from the roof. Rousseau and Millet acted as chief decorators, and the refreshments and dancing were organized by Corot and Papeleu. Everyone knows that half of Corot's nature was unconfined joy, and it is affirmed by those who knew him intimately that he who had never seen him dance could have no idea of the man. He it was who showed on this occasion how the bottle dance should be conducted. Empty bottles were placed upon the floor at regular distances, and far enough apart so that the dancer could pass between them without tipping them over; each space being precisely alike.

The dance was begun by men and women following each other in single file, to the sound of a rustic violin, Corot leading. They went slowly at first, gradually faster, finally finishing in a grand gallop. The object being not to tip over a bottle, under penalty of leaving the dance. The one who held out the longest received, as a reward for his skill, a flower from the hand of the bride.

The men who were to begin to give fame to Barbizon, Corot, Barye, and Rousseau, came in 1832, though they had been to the forest to study before, while staying at the White Horse in Chailly. October, November, and December were their favorite months. The noisy crowd had gone and the peculiar charms of forest and plain were putting on their richest effects. The scraggy old apple-trees, of which there were hundreds, stood out in all their eccentric nakedness, the habitations of man and beast wore a retired and sombre expression, and the wild boar and deer could be easily seen and studied. All nature was open and untamed.

Corot came irregularly, Rousseau only during the summers after 1849, while Barye was there nearly every summer and fall until his death, in 1875. But the lasting fame of Barbizon was given to it by Millet. And it is both sad and curious to observe that, though its varied and beautifully abundant nature is still as he saw it, it is completely forsaken by the art world. Of all the hundreds that come, in some sort, to pay tribute to his memory, few occupy themselves with the gorgeous richness and mysterious seclusion of the forest, or of the wide and subtle-colored plain. His name, with the earth and sky, is all that remains. So far as art is concerned, Barbizon may retake the place it occupied when Le Dieu and Aligny came in 1824.

II.

MILLET IN BARBIZON.

The frivolous remark overheard by Millet in 1848, as he stood before the door of Deforge's art store, that he was nothing but a painter of the nude, has hardly received the consideration it deserves. It is said that it wounded him to the quick, and made him believe that it condemned him forever to that kind of painting. It did wound Millet, because it was a reproach for his falseness to himself. The whole tendency of his rich nature and the rare memories of his youth, long neglected, rose up before him in bitter condemnation. His life at Gruchy, the long days spent in the fields by the sea with his father, who never failed to speak to his son of the beauties that surrounded them, had long been unheeded; he had almost forgotten that he was of the earth, had forsaken its untrammelled freedom and

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urgency, and was making no effort to answer to his destiny. His present life in Paris now seemed a thousand times more unbearable. He felt the remark to be a just reproof. It awakened him to himself.

The nude, no matter what glory or profit it might bring, or what its place in art might be, was not for him.

The moment that observation was uttered was perhaps the most important of his life. It was the angelus calling him to a long, painful, and glorious prayer. He hastened home to tell his wife what he wished to do. He must follow his nature, in the open air, under the unrestrained heavens, and touch the earth. Yet, so far as Millet knew, this decision was a complete uncertainty. He had neither work nor money, Paris was shaken by a revolution, and all his friends were opposed to his going into the country, especially Diaz, who had an immense admiration for his friend's nude work. "What!" said he, "'Name of the great pontiff,' do you pretend to tell me that you have decided to live with brutes and sleep on weeds and thistles, to bury yourself among peasants, when by remaining in Paris and continuing your immortal flesh painting, you are certain to be clothed in silks and satins?" "Yes," quietly replied Millet, "the fact is I am more familiar with the first than with the last, and when I get to the ground I shall be free."

Fortune, who favored Millet oftener than she has had the credit of doing, appeared suddenly in a beautiful form.

The state gave him a commission of 1,800 francs, and paid him 700 in advance. It was an enormous sum in those days, and the artist was so happy about it that he began to paint a large canvas, as he said, in proportion with the price. His friends protested against his undertaking such an extravagant piece of work, and tried to convince him that a smaller picture would do just as well, but he persisted, until a more formidable obstacle arose. He had selected the subject of "Hagar and Ishmael in the desert," and was painting the figures without drapery. It was the nude over again.

He reproached himself, stopped his nearly completed work, went back to the memories of his youth, and painted a smaller picture which he called "Winnowers resting near hay-stacks." It was completed with great difficulty, because he could not find the right models, and delivered to the Minister of Fine Arts with the following letter:

PARIS, April 30, 1849.

SIR: I have completed the picture which you were kind enough to order of me, and have executed it with all possible care and conscientiousness. I ought to send it to the exhibition, where it could be judged. I pray you to be good enough to place at my disposition the sum of 1,100 francs, which remains due on this commission.

The very great need that I have for this money obliges me to ask you to enable me to get it in the shortest possible time. Accept, sir, the assurance of my profound respect, J. F. MILLET.

8 Rue du Delta.

The cholera was at this time raging in Paris, especially among children. Millet had three, and his friend Jacque as many more. Both fathers were in mortal fear, and in the midst of it Jacque was himself attacked. As soon as he got well enough to move about, Millet went to him and said, "My friend, I have one thousand francs; I will lend you half, and then let us go into the country. Where, I don't know; if you know of some place, so much the better; we must go anyway." "All right," gladly answered Jacque, "I know of a hole near the forest of Fontainebleau, the name of which ends with a 'zon.' We will go to the city of Fontainebleau and hunt up the rest of the word when we get there." So the two families crowded into the diligence one fine day in June, 1849, rattled over the stony road to Chailly, passed the White Horse, and entered the great forest by the grand route, so happy that they did not dream of even asking for Barbizon, although they passed within sight of it, and were going over ground that had been already trodden by two generations of their brother artists. Arriving at Fontainebleau, they stopped at the ancient and still flourishing hostelry of the "Blue Dial."

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After resting a few days Madame Millet said to her husband, "Millet, my dear, this is too costly for our purse; don't you think you had better begin to hunt up the nest you are in search of." "Oh, yes," exclaimed Jacque, "let's start at once for the rest of the zon." And they started into the forest, without thinking to ask where to go. After a long walk they found themselves on the grand route, and hailing a woodchopper, asked him where they should bring up if they kept on. "At Chailly," he answered. "That is not the place we want," they said, "for it does not end with a zon." "Oh," exclaimed the woodchopper, "perhaps you mean Barbizon." "Precisely," replied Jacque. "Then bear to your left and you will strike it." Millet and Jacque entered Barbizon from the forest by the "Cow Gate," always the principal entrance to the village, and then in all its deep-shaded wildness.

The forest was a grand revelation to Millet, and Barbizon pleased him. He returned to Fontainebleau the same day, and the next day he brought his family by the diligence back to the little path which runs through the forest from the grand route to Barbizon, as before mentioned, and there this humble party began its march on foot. Millet went ahead, carrying his two little girls on his shoulders. Madame Millet followed with the boy baby of five months in her arms, and the servant girl, bent half-double with the weight of an enormous basket of provisions, trudged along after them. They had hardly started before a pouring rain began to fall, and Madame Millet, to shield her infant, threw the skirt of her dress over her head. As this drowned-looking cortège entered the village, some old women who saw it pass cried out loud enough for the Millets to hear, "Oh, there goes a lot of strolling actors."

The first room which the Millets occupied after they found their nest was on the ground floor of a one-story building, situated off from the street and near the western end of the village. It was ten feet wide and fourteen long, and was entered through the only other room of the house, which was occupied by the owner. Both families ate in the latter room and cooked their food in the same fireplace. The door in the centre of the illustration (p. 543) leads into the Millet room, but was cut through after he left. For a studio the artist rented a little upper room across the street.*

At the other end of the village, near the entrance to the forest, was an unoccupied little peasant home, a barn-like looking structure of one story and an attic, sixty-one feet long, sixteen wide, and seventeen from the ground to the ridge-pole. There was a garden on the side toward the forest, forty-eight feet wide, and running the entire length of the house. The high wall that enclosed it had a door through which the occupants of the house were permitted to pass into the fields beyond. A part seventeen feet deep of the building, which faced the north and was on the line of the street, had been used as a barn, and its ground floor was several steps below the level of the street. There was a small door, and a window three feet square, in this end. In the rear of this barn-room were two others, each twelve by thirteen feet, and eight high, with plaster on the walls and rafter ceiling. Still farther in the rear and on the south end of the building, was a woodshed. Soon after Millet came to Barbizon he rented this property for thirty-two dollars a year, and there he lived for the

* Barbizon has always had its quota of interesting and amusing characters, and everyone, stranger or native, Millet excepted, had a more or less euphonious nickname given to him. Millet's first proprietor belonged to both categories, and though baptized as Jean Gatelier, he was called Petit Jean. He took a great fancy to the artist, and confided to him the secret ambition of his life, which was nothing less than to be a buyer and seller of rabbit-skins. The first attainment toward eventual success in this arduous profession is the acquiring of a peculiarly sonorous, shrill squeak, which its members make at short intervals as they go through the street. It is the same order of music as that used by the itinerants who mend broken window-glass. To fitly prepare himself for the exercise of this important function, "Little John" had practised in solitude long and laboriously. But Millet, perhaps incredulous of the genius of others, had not given his aspiring proprietor the credit of sufficient capacity for the carrying out of such a critical enterprise. His surprise was consequently very great when "Little John," after having killed two rabbits and slung their skins over his shoulder, appeared at his studio early one morning, and after giving an unusually loud knock, informed the painter that the long-expected *moment* had come; and, without further explanation, to Millet's immense amusement, shrieked out with a piercing cry, "Peau-d'-lapin! peau-d'-lapin!" (rabbit skins! rabbit skins!). Little John was also a good wine taster, as well as a lively, gossipy companion, and Millet used to get him to go to an adjoining hamlet to test wine that could be bought for six dollars a barrel. Flattered with this responsibility, he would invariably assure the artist, in the most solemn and confidential manner, that he was not such a fool as many people thought he was.

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remainder of his life. It became "Millet's home" in Barbizon. The two little rooms were occupied by the family, and at first he used the barn as a studio (p. 541).

In that cheerless place, for more than five long years, by the light of a little corner window, and with no fire—save, to lessen the intensity of the severest cold, an occasional flame from burning straw, the smoke of which gave a quieter color to the walls—did Millet labor at his art. He tilled the garden with his own hands, raising the needed summer vegetables, and made a hen-house at the street corner of his studio out of queer-shaped stones that he brought from the forest. Across the garden, with its end toward the house and its side on the line of the street, there was another barn twenty-two feet long, seventeen wide, and a story and a half high, which belonged to Millet's proprietor, Brézar, otherwise known as *The Wolf*. Seeing that he had a good tenant, Brézar fitted this barn over into a studio, by laying a floor of wood, putting in a window on the north side, six feet wide and nine high, making a rafter ceiling thirteen feet above the floor, and cutting a door in the end toward the house, and all for a few dollars more rent. Thus originated Millet's permanent Barbizon studio. After he moved into it the old one was changed into a dining-room, by raising the floor to the level of the other rooms, which were even with the surface of the garden, lathing and plastering the walls, cutting a door through the wall into the first room in the rear, building a chimney, closing the door on the street, and making the window a pane or two higher. These improvements Millet made at his own expense, but further conveniences in the shape of a little kitchen in the place of the hen-house, and a door from it to the dining-room, were made by the accommodating *Wolf*. And these were the first comforts of habitation that the painter had enjoyed since he had left his father's hearthstone, twenty-two years before.

Jacque, more skilful in handling men, and more adroit in getting hold of the full and immediate returns of his labor, had bought, very soon after he came to Barbizon, a house and garden next to Millet, and similarly situated on the street. Jacque's house was a little larger than the one Millet occupied, and they were separated by a narrow garden. For a studio Jacque used a little one-story building situated beyond that just described as Millet's, and separated from it by a cartway which led into the fields.

Sensier followed Millet to Barbizon, and began to prepare himself a home near his friend by beginning to buy, as early as 1852, the house that Jacque owned. And he continued to buy land, until, by the time ten years had passed, he owned a large part of the plain in the rear of his house and garden, and finally the property that Millet occupied, with an additional strip of land beyond it, toward the forest, and upon which was Jacque's studio. Millet then became Sensier's tenant.

The negotiations for these purchases, often mentioned in Millet's letters, were carried on entirely by him. It was a task of almost endless difficulty and annoyance, and required all the Normand peasant's skill and cunning to bring them to a successful issue. The peasants of this department of France are extremely fond of their land, and they hate, next to death, to part with it. In fact, they never do sell it unless absolutely obliged to for one reason or another, and when they are, their overreaching, suspicious, ignorant, and unreliable natures make them nearly impossible parties to a bargain. No word of theirs can be depended upon; a signed bond, made at the most favorable moment for the buyer, and with a sufficient money forfeit, was then, and is now, the only basis for a business transaction in Barbizon. Millet knew how to, and did, handle the peasant for Sensier successfully, but when his own interests and comforts were at stake he could not get on with them at all. After Sensier's purchase of the property where Millet lived, and the increase in numbers of Millet's family, more room was needed and further changes and improvements were made. The woodshed was fitted over into a sleeping-room, a cellar was built under it, the only one under any part of the house, a chimney erected, and a door cut through into the room in front of

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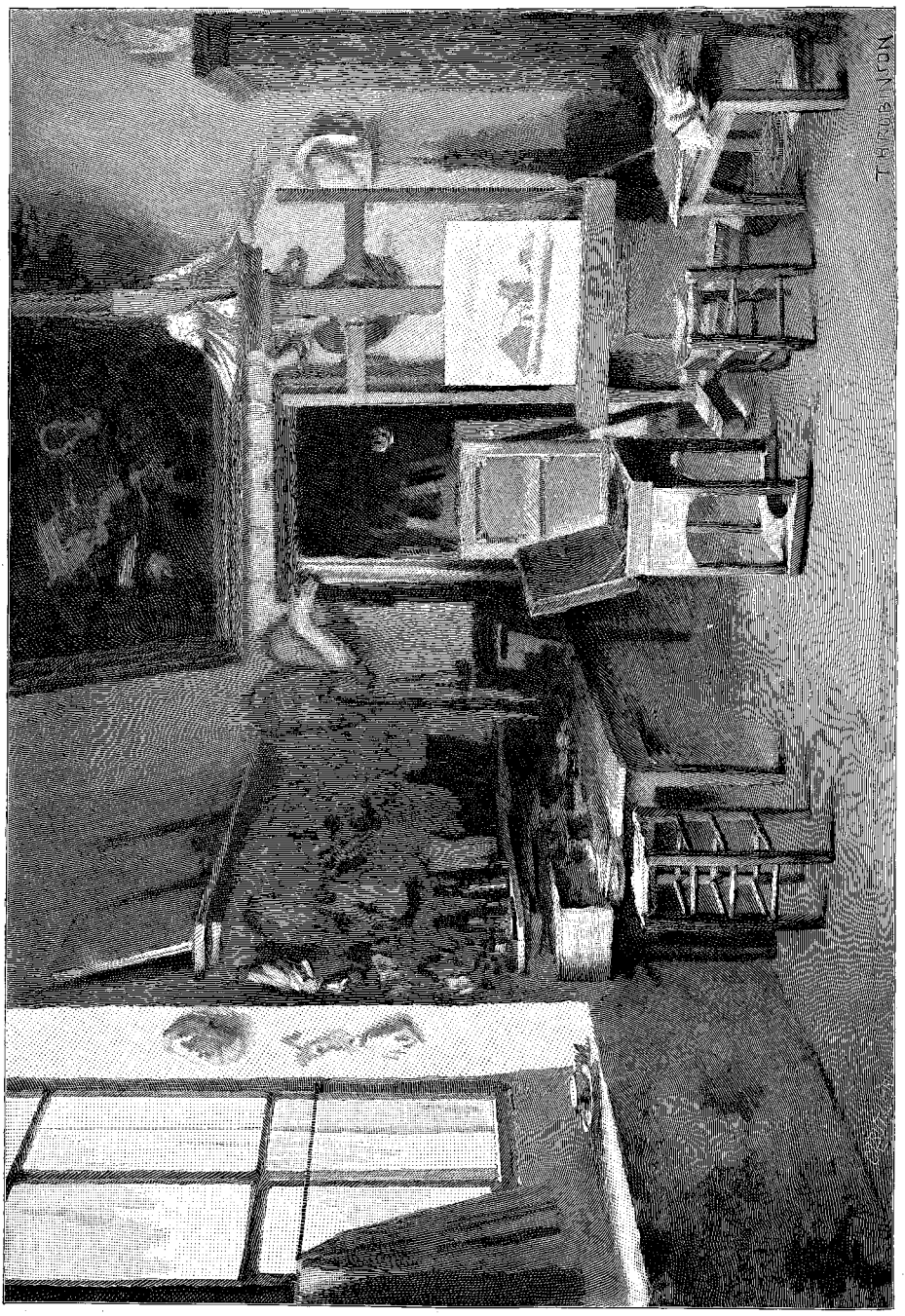

Millet's Studio.
(From a photograph by Charles Bodmer, made three months after the artist's death, giving it precisely as he left it, except that the color stand near the easel had been moved.)

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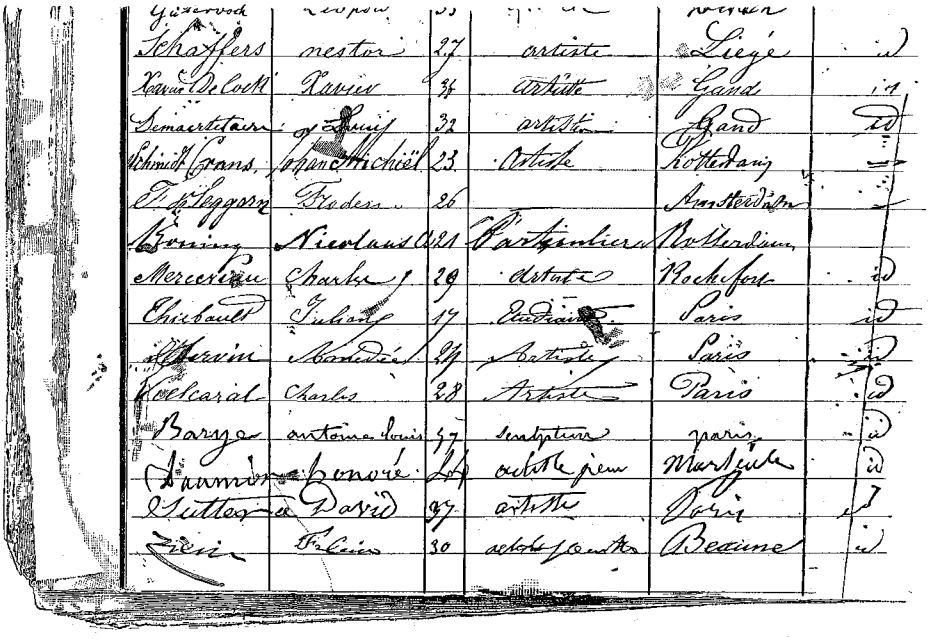
it. The Millet house then contained four rooms, three of the same size, all opening into each other, all having chimneys, two doors leading directly into the garden and another through the kitchen, while the attic was made accessible by a dormer-door.

Jacque's old studio, a narrow strip of land beyond it, the passageway between the studios, and a piece of land in the rear of all were added to the Millet estate. Jacque's studio was changed into a living-room and Millet's studio building extended to it, making an additional room for the family on the ground floor and a nice little studio for the artist upstairs. The latter had a window on both north and south sides, so that he could look out from the last upon the forest and plain beyond, as well as occasionally be at home to no one. (This was subsequently occupied by Millet's son François.) Sensier bore the expense of the addition to the studio, and Millet that of the other improvements. The rent was raised to sixty dollars a year as soon as the former came into possession, and to ninety dollars and fifty cents after the completion of the studio extension, where it remained until after Millet's death, when it was further raised by Sensier to one hundred dollars.

Beyond Jacque's old studio building was a space large enough for an entrance to the garden and a shed for a donkey-cart, all on the line of the street. Inside this space was a little barn for the donkey, a hen-house, well, dog-kennel, and a place for doves. Fruit-trees filled the garden, flowers were everywhere, and the high walls were covered with different kinds of vines. At the foot of the winding stone stairs that led from the garden to the upper studio was a beautiful elm, and near it an immense, oddly-shaped apple-tree that Millet greatly admired. By these gradual additions through a period of twenty years was the Millet home completed. It was indeed an ideal, rustic, and winning nest; a haven for the weary painter, a paradise for his family, and an envy to strangers. Yet, to an American, the house in which Millet lived would be regarded as far from comfortable, because of its dampness and lack of ventilation.

On several occasions he tried to carry out one of his fondest hopes, to have a home of his own, "a nest for my little



Corner of Ganne's Hotel Register.
(Showing autographs of Barye, Daumier, and Ziem.)

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East End of Ganne's Second Hotel in Barbizon, and Door to Yard.

toads," as he often said, but for various reasons, that, like many others of similar nature, went up in sighs.

During every summer and autumn, from the time Millet died until his family left their old home, hundreds of people came, like so many pilgrims, to see where he had lived and labored. His home became a Mecca, and the room in which so many of his masterpieces were executed, a kind of holy ground. Every spot he had delineated, every scene he had admired, and every object identified with him was sought out, asked about, and gazed upon with a wondering adoration. They came in such persistent crowds, and with such ardent zeal of curiosity and worship that François, Millet's oldest son, himself a painter, who occupied his father's studio, was obliged to lock the door, and give orders that no one should be permitted to enter the one leading from the street, in order that he might get time to execute his own pictures.*

A short time before the expiration of Madame Millet's lease, November 1, 1888, some American admirers of the great painter proposed buying the property and presenting it to her for her use as long as she lived; but as no mutually satisfactory price could be agreed upon, the project was abandoned.

Sensier left one heir, now Madame Duhamel, who, with her husband, lives in her father's house in Barbizon; and as Madame Millet and Madame Duhamel could not come to an understanding in regard to an extension of the lease, the former bought a property across the street, of an old friend of the family, for

*Here are two characteristic examples of this craze. A Belgian count came to the studio, and after having been introduced to François, and expressed his pleasure at meeting him, modestly observed, "I have just come from a visit to the medallion erected in the forest to your own and Rousseau's honor."

[In 1884 two large high-relief heads of Millet and Rousseau were set into the side of a large rock situated just inside the edge of the forest, at Barbizon, and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.]

In the autumn of 1888 a party of Americans came to Barbizon, and going to the Millet home, they found the door closed, but by dint of bell-ringing and knocking on the window of the kitchen, they aroused the servant and asked to be permitted to see the studio. As the servant hesitated about letting them in, the leader of the party, an enterprising dame, informed her that they were *Americans*, and as an irresistible recommendation for admission, assured her that one gentleman of the party had missed being President of the United States. They were admitted.

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View of the Plain of Barbizon at Night.

six thousand dollars, much larger than the one she had so long occupied.

It was especially painful for François Millet to leave his father's studio. As the favorite child, he had spent years of the closest and most precious intimacy with his parent. They had worked, talked, cried in sorrow, and laughed in joy together. And so many strange and varied scenes had passed in that old place. The air of it had a touch of tender familiarity; the dust itself had become a veritable incense, and the great old chair near the door, in which had sat time and again all the great souls of the master's day, Barye, Daumier, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Decamps, seemed a throne that could not be moved. "The studio was overflowing with souvenirs," said he. "Behind the looking-glass were marked the heights of all of father's friends, Diaz, Hunt, Rousseau, and many others, as well as his own. There were sketches, mottoes, and verses. I rubbed them all out. It was my right. There were things too fine to be preserved outside

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of one's own heart. I would do it again, in spite of anyone or anything. Such things do not belong to the world. Then I burned other things. I had a real *auto-da-fé* in memory of my father."

With the exception of a space of twenty-five feet, serving as an entrance to Sensier's garden, the Millet home embraced the entire street front of the former's estate; but after M. Duhamel came into possession, he tore down the rear portion of the Millet house, containing the three little rooms, and left standing the street end in which was the dining-room. The part thus destroyed was too near ruin for preservation and repair, and besides, its proprietor wanted the space it occupied. The walls of the garden and the outhouses were also destroyed, and in place of the latter new ones were built. The falling wall between the Millet house and studio was removed, and a large entrance gate erected in its place. The old door of the studio was closed, and a new one cut through from the garden side. The studio itself has been put in modern order by the cleaning and coloring of the walls, and adorned with such of the master's works as remain in the hands of M. and Madame Duhamel, as well as examples of the handiwork of nearly all of Millet's contemporaries. It is in reality a little museum of art and literature, free of access to all.

III.

MILLET'S LIFE.

While Millet had nothing to do in a social way either with the inhabitants or the artists of Barbizon, the former occupied themselves about him, and were able in one way and another to annoy him. They, and those who furnished him with the necessaries of life, were avaricious, jealous, suspicious, and ignorant. They were obliged, in order to live and save a *sou*, to scrimp, and scrape, and starve, and, almost without exception, each succeeding generation lost in physical vigor and native character. Any trifling superiority on the part of anyone of them was a proper reason for defamation and insinuating gossip by the others. Each watched every movement of his neighbor with the eyes of a lynx, and the loss of a chicken was enough to set the whole hamlet in an uproar and—until the bird was found—everyone save the owner was a thief. Peasant life in Barbizon was a desperate struggle for existence, a kind of reduced condition of poaching, and with a variety and intensity of means that would tax the utmost credulity of an American. Gossip, scandal, and tale-bearing were the principal social resources, and a recommendation to respect consisted in the indulgence of this habit united to a familiarity with the dirty wine-shop, card-playing, and joining in the rude sports of the place. Two generations of artists had, as Jacque observed, "cut the eye-teeth" of these people so far as their smaller interests were concerned.

It was into these surroundings that Millet came, and to none of them was he responsive. He was reserved, dignified, and minded his own business—three mortal sins. He was called a bear. Though Millet was a peasant himself, and proud of it, it was not after the Barbizon pattern.

The peasants of Barbizon knew that he earned more money than all of them put together; that he should spend it all in living was another unpardonable sin. The Millets lived like generous Normands, their table was always bountifully spread, and their children were fed for health and good blood. It was not to a shamed hospitality that a friend was invited. Every old gossip in the village knew when Madame Millet bought good meat, but when a filet was selected a cry of horror went up. "Such extravagance! How could they lay up anything! Can you expect them to have credit?" Never had busybodies such food for uneasy tongues; and they recount to this day, in all their old-time protesting wonder, the story of the luxurious habits of the Millets, of the immense dishes of meat and vegetables that loaded their table and filled the whole house with their nourishing smell. That they did not starve their children into idiots, in imitation of the custom of the locality, was a mistake that could not be overlooked. The

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comparison between mutton cutlets and cabbage soup could not be borne. These unfortunates do not see now any clearer than they did then the distance that separated them from the artist, or his happy offspring from their sorrowful ones.

The screws of these protestations and envy were applied when he wanted credit, and with an insolence that cannot be exaggerated; but he could not always prevent the turning. There was another inconvenience. He who lives by credit is quite enough a slave, and if an imaginative mind, his eye runs over an accumulating sea of bondage. For everything thus bought Millet had not only to pay from fifty to seventy-five per cent. more than he would if he could have gone to the market of Melun or Fontainebleau, but he lost a like amount in the quality of the articles purchased. When he wrote to Sensier that he "dreaded to be stripped naked before these creatures," there was a weight in the words that cannot be overestimated.

These were the principal enemies the painter had in Barbizon. He combated them as best he could. When he wrote to Sensier to send him letters stamped with the great seal of the Minister of the Interior, it was asking for aid that meant a great deal; credit, patience on the part of those he owed, and knowledge that he had business with the government, because the letter-carrier was sure to tell everyone of this impressive event. There were times, also, when it was necessary to have money without the useful interference of this personage, and then Sensier sent it to Fontainebleau, and Millet would walk over and get it. It is true that he was harassed for money nearly every year of his life, and that he died worrying about the future of his family; and it is quite probable that it would have been much the same had he been in receipt of ten thousand dollars a year. He had no idea of money save to make his family and his friends happy.

But all this is of minor importance, or of no importance at all, when it is borne in mind what he was and what he did. He brought up a large family of children, nine in all, in health and strength, and gave them a good practical education, so that they could go out into the world on fair terms with any. They had everything that could give them pleasure — flowers, doves, hens, goats, and a donkey. They lived happy lives, and knew no suffering.

For himself, who can estimate the professional contribution he made to the world? Even an imperfect examination of the long list of masterpieces in oil, and the almost innumerable drawings that he executed, obliges one to think that he was a mighty magician, whose head was never below the clouds, and who called out of an endless world the chosen expressions of his fancy. True, he walked, as he said, in "a pair of sabots as smooth as a shuttle," and oftentimes was obliged to take them off for fear of slipping; but what an immortal head and heart he carried above them!

It was not always dark in that little nest. There were four distinct sources of undeviating comfort and light. His own undisturbed and unswerving courage; the joy of a growing family; the social meetings of his professional brethren, and above all, the serene consciousness of an increasing power of production.

Millet walked with the gods, and ate their meat. He never complained. There was always great mental health in him, no matter what might be the degree of momentary annoyance. His art and his love for his flesh and blood were one, and nothing came between him and them. Nor were there any moments when he lost sight of the respect due his art, or of that which he knew would be paid it by all art lovers, sooner or later. It is doubtful if any artist ever lived who had a more thoroughbred art sensibility, or felt more clearly what was due it. He understood what is now formulated as making art popular, and dreaded it as a plague. His sense of self-protection was high and just.

Millet was fortunate in many things. All that could be got out of the association of the greatest minds in art of his day, he had, under the most favorable conditions. That little dining-room in Barbizon contained, on many occasions

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during his life, what I think may be truly called the most illustrious company of artists that ever sat around a table together. Four were great, and all distinguished. They were Corot, Daumier, Barye, Rousseau, Diaz, and the host himself. Not only were the first three and the last great, but they were four of the greatest artists of modern times, and of such difference of temperament as none but nature could have conceived. There was no levelling of individuality, no conciliation of temperaments, no common fund of fraternal sympathy. Each stood for himself, though filled with the same food and warmed by the same wine—a review of giants, each thinking aloud and all listening.

Everyone knows that Corot was the happiest, sweetest spirit that ever painted poetry, with an ease and clearness of vision without rival. Everyone also knows that Daumier was the greatest caricaturist the later centuries have seen; but few understand why Millet should always and only say of his things, "Quel sacrée grandeur!" and Barye, chary of praise, "the divinest draughtsman of his age." Barye, as man and artist, has always been an enigma. The best thing to say of him now is, that he was very unsatisfactory to those who could not understand him, and a master of all situations.

At all these gatherings, when Diaz was present, there was the accustomed break in the ceremony. He had a wooden leg, and hated above all things talk on art; and whenever the moment of exhausted patience came he would pound the table with his hands, imitate a trumpet with his mouth, bring the end of his stump up against the under side of the table with a fearful thump, and cry out like a wild man, "Thunder of all the Gods, give us peace! Can't you content yourself by making art all day without gabbling about it all night? Close up!" For each and everyone he had some special designation: of Rousseau, whenever he began to speak, "O there, Rousseau is going to unscrew his chair." When his own opinion was sought he would always reply, "Oh, yes, oh, yes," no matter what the question was or subject discussed. As they did not "close up," Diaz would get up and leave in high indignation, hearing as he passed out of the room this comforting assurance, "Blessed is the door that hides you."

Millet's daily and evening walks in the fields and forest, alone, or with his son, Rousseau, Sensier, Babcock, or Hunt, were a continued source of inspiration and freedom. And there was also a yearly journey through a country "so beautiful," says François, "that we never thought of describing it." It was to Larchant, an ancient walled village of about seven hundred inhabitants, situated fifteen miles south of Barbizon. It contained the ruins of a magnificent castle, with a high tower still standing, and the celebrated church of St. Mathurin. This journey, taken in the superb month of October, with his son, Sensier, or Rousseau, was like a constant and familiar discovery to Millet.

These are some of the pleasures that the artist enjoyed, and though they do not represent the fullest variety, their quality was of the best. He knew all that was worth knowing of the best men of his day, was conversant with the best literature of all days, and carried his burden in a way altogether worthy of himself. And all this in Barbizon.

(To be concluded in June.)

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"AS HAGGARDS OF THE ROCK."

By Mary Tappan Wright.

OCTOBER was drawing to a close, and the shores of Deep Cove had a sombre and forbidding aspect; soft purple shadows lurked amid the slowly turning foliage of the oaks and apple-trees overhanging the waters, and above the crest of the hill one might see here and there the bare branches of some solitary maple outlined black against the hard gray of the autumn sky. A strong northwest wind was blowing, and far back in all the little bays and inlets, the waves had been covered with white caps throughout the day. It was now almost evening, and the tide, running out around the Point at Wanasquam, left visible the twisting channel which flowed, leaden and sullen, between slippery masses of brownish-green eel-grass.

The sun had just set, leaving a threatening red edge to fringe the heavy clouds that lowered over the sand-hills across the harbor, when a young woman carrying a load of sketching materials came forward from under the trees, and leaping from stone to stone, deposited her burden on the flat top of a great boulder that lay far out on the edge of the current. She stood there for some time noting the dark red shadows on the black buildings of the opposite wharf; the wind, flapping her heavy skirts in spiral folds about her and roaring stoutly in the branches of the oaks behind, so filled her ears with its din that she was wholly unconscious of the approach of a small dory, and deaf to the first greeting of the old man who rowed it. Leaning forward on his oars he waited, turning upward his thin bronzed face with a smile of mingled approval and derision.

"When you've got done admirin' the coal wharf, we'll just start home!" he shouted at last. "Mrs. Banks 'll be waitin' supper." The girl turned, and with very little show of hurry, handed down to him her sketching materials.

"Have you been here long?" she asked.

"Long enough —— Be careful! By King and Great Judas, you had a close shave that time!" he exclaimed, somewhat angrily, for letting herself as far down the face of the rock as she dared, the girl had jumped lightly into the boat and seated herself in the stern.

"The doctor must have had long legs," she said, looking at him with a shade of triumph in her eyes.

"It don't make any difference what kind of legs he had," answered the old man, crossly. "'Tain't safe to jump into a dory that way unless you know how."

"But did he have long legs?"

"Oh, leave his legs alone!" said Captain Banks. "I'm sick of him. You haven't let a day go by, since you came in June, without pesterin' me about the doctor, or the Doctor's Rock. I have told you all I mean to."

The girl looked at him mischievously. "It is your last chance, you know," she said; "I am going with the Sanbornes to-morrow. I hope Mrs. Banks broke the news to you gently."

Banks's eyes shifted; he looked out over the water with affected unconsciousness, while a slow, provoking smile pervaded every feature.

"I know it is a blow to you," continued she. "Do not hesitate to let your natural grief have its course."

"Thank you," he answered, dryly, "but I'm not goin' to give way till you're out of sight;" and falling to with a sudden access of vigor, he sent the dory flying gayly along toward an old gambrel-roofed house on the next cove, rounding in at the pier with a turn equivalent to a whole flourish of trumpets. Something seemed to be pleasing the old man, for, as the girl turned at the head of the ladder to take her sketches, she caught him furtively wiping his mouth to hide an irrepressible grin.

"Be along to supper pretty soon?" he asked, carelessly. "Mrs. Banks expects you. Mrs. Sanborne fixed it all up with her when she left."

"Mrs. Sanborne!" said the girl, with

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a movement of surprise. "She has not gone! Do you mean to say that she has left me alone in this dismal house with no one but the cook?"

"Well, no—" said Banks, with an air of virtuous candor; "she hasn't, because she had a row with the cook after breakfast, and the cook—she left first."

The girl stood still. Some long streamers of chestnut hair had blown from under her close-fitting boy's cap, and the wind tossed them wildly about her face; drawing her heavy eyebrows angrily together, she frowned down upon him resentfully.

A look of curiosity and of horror slowly replaced the smile on the old man's face.

"By Godfrey Dumm Sir!" he said, in a slow, reflective voice. "You'd ought to sit for a photograph of the knocker."

Annoyed and provoked, Miss Langford turning away in silence, crossed through the tangled grass and mounted the three rough-hewn steps at the rear entrance of the house; from the upper panel of the door a small, scowling Medusa face vividly reflected the expression of her own. Raising herself on tiptoe, she gazed intently at its stormy features.

"He may be right," she said, thoughtfully. "How did it come here?" and turning the knob she entered, reluctantly. A long, narrow hall, with a door at either end, ran directly through the middle of the house. At the front, in the far corner, stood a tall clock of some dark reddish wood; she moved toward it and tried to read the hour, but its gray face glimmered dim and undistinguishable in the shadows.

Drawing back the little curtain that hung at the side-light of the front door, she pressed close to the glass and looked out. Between the house and the water, the few trees that stood on the lawn were rocking slowly in the wind, and beyond, long stretches of marsh and winding channel spread out toward the low hills that in the gathering darkness dimly marked the horizon. Shuddering slightly, she turned away. A last, pale remnant of day shone through the glass that framed in the door through which she had entered; faint creaking noises issued from the dusky rooms on either hand, and the ticking of the old clock became aggressive. She looked up with startled eyes. "I am not frightened," she said to herself, dubiously, as she carefully felt her way down the hall again. Suddenly a shutter somewhere noisily swung open in the wind; with a great start she sprang forward, catching her arm as she did so in a dangling cord at the stairway which set in motion a small, angry bell. Its sudden, fretful remonstrance completed her panic and followed her half-way up the avenue, as she fled to the gate that opened upon the highway.

On the other side of the road Captain John Banks's house, with the usual inaccessible front door, stood terraced high at the brink of a little quarry. Miss Langford had a moment of indecision, but in her present state of mind the thought of the house on the cove was insupportable; half laughing at her own cowardice, she raced up the slope that led to the kitchen.

Old lady Banks—something in the little woman's refined, delicate face and gentle speech, had earned her the title—stood in the door waiting for her.

"I was just coming down for you," she said. "They've played you a nice trick, haven't they?" and her manner was almost deprecatory. Miss Langford stood straight and irresponsive.

"I am sorry to put you to this trouble," she said, coldly.

"It is no trouble at all," answered the older woman, eagerly. "We have a nice room with a warm fire. I'd be glad to have you stay a month if you wanted to."

"I must go to-morrow," said the girl, seating herself at the small table prepared for her at the window, "and—I shall stay down at the other house to-night to do my packing." She was committed to it now, and her courage rose distinctly.

"Oh! you can't do that!" cried Mrs. Banks, in great distress. "You must not think of it;" but Miss Langford went on with her supper, unmoved.

"You can't possibly stay there alone!" repeated Mrs. Banks, her voice trembling and her eyelids twitching nervously. "I am going to speak to Banks about it." She hurried out to the barn, where her husband was milking the cow.

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"She is angry," said Mrs. Banks.

"Fumin'," said he, chuckling audibly but not raising his head. "Never saw her in such a temper before. Great Judas! if she didn't nearly scare me out of my senses looking like that confounded knocker come to life."

"I am sorry," returned his wife; "she has been so friendly."

"Great King! ain't I sorry, too?" queried Banks, defensively. "But she's been so darn lively all summer — pretendin' I was in love with her—" Here he stopped milking, and with a characteristic gesture drew his horny hand across his smooth-shaven mouth. "Still, I can't say it ain't a satisfaction to see her brought up short. Come bad, come good, nothin's seemed to faze her for the last four months. 'Tain't natural."

"No," said his wife, with a sudden sigh; "I suppose it isn't. She has been happy."

He looked up keenly. "What is the matter now?" he asked, abruptly.

"She says she is going to stay down there all night."

"By—Cuss!" It was his most solemn asseveration.

"She's set on it," said Mrs. Banks, helplessly. "What shall we do?"

"Do? We can't do anything," answered Banks, irritably. "That girl's as obstinate as a little mule when she's once made up her mind."

"I'll have to tell her."

"You'll have to do nothin' of the kind!" answered Banks. "That's my house, and I'm not goin' to have the rentin' of it spoiled. Besides, who's ever seen anything?"

"Nobody's seen anything," said his wife, "but they have felt things. Why, you wouldn't be hired yourself to stay down there at night when the weather comes on like this in October!"

"I'd stay down there this very night if I hadn't 'a' promised the Browns to go out with them after herrin'." And Banks rose with the brimming milk-pail in his hand.

"Oh, not to-night! not to-night!" cried his wife, catching his arm. "It's coming. I feel it."

"Trash!" said Banks. "What's comin'? I don't believe a word of it, and if it does come—" he smiled grimly —"she's been possessed about the doctor all summer; let her find out something for herself."

"Yet you pretend to like her!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks, indignantly, leaving him and returning to the house; but the girl was gone.

Dreading interference, Miss Langford had hastily finished her supper and hurried down to the house on the cove. The wind had increased; she could hear the water lashing against the pier; to her left a dull red arc in the sky, reflected from the lights of the city further along the coast, lit up the horizon, and added menace to the scudding clouds overhead; dry leaves whirled by her like living things in haste. But her spirits had risen, and the nervousness of the early evening wholly disappeared. Singing, whistling, and talking to herself, she went about the house, lighting the lamps. Long, gleaming reflections shone from the windows far across the waters; inside, a fire crackled cheerfully in the great Franklin stove, and to all without the place put on an air of joyful festivity.

The packing for a whole summer is not done in an hour, or even in two; it was after nine o'clock when Miss Langford tucked the last articles into her trunk-trays, closed the lids, and went downstairs to the sitting-room. Drawing a large leather easy-chair to the fire, she pulled the lamp toward her and opened her book. At the end of half an hour or more she began to be unwontedly alert and watchful; the fire had burned down; she piled it up with fresh logs and fir-cones, but all her jaunty spirits were beginning to desert her. She found herself listening, startled, intent, and became conscious of ominous corners in the narrow hall, which she dared not investigate. A smoking lamp was going out somewhere, but she could not turn her head, and the swollen front door had opened of itself, allowing the wind to blow in upon her shoulders.

"My dear?" The voice, scarcely more than a breath, came from a shadowy figure at the door. "Aren't you about ready to come up?"

"Mrs. Banks!" The girl sprang to her feet and stood trembling. "How

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you startled me! But I am not in the least afraid. No; I think I'd better stay where I am. The coach will be here early in the morning."

"You don't mean you think of staying here all night?"

"Why not?"

Mrs. Banks came forward to the fire and seated herself in one of the tall black chairs.

"Don't do it!" she entreated.

Miss Langford wavered a moment. "Nothing can hurt me," she answered.

Mrs. Banks made no answer; for a whole minute she remained silent, thoughtful, struggling with herself.

"You won't come?" she asked, at last.

The girl shook her head, half smilingly; there was another long pause.

"Then I must stay with you," answered Mrs. Banks, with a heavy sigh.

"The captain will not know what has become of you," objected Miss Langford.

"You are not the only wilful fool in 'Squam to-night," said Mrs. Banks, hotly, borrowing for once something of her husband's plainness of speech. "Banks is out after herring!" and pressing her lips tightly together, she drew from her pocket a long strip of knitting, and commenced to work.

"May I make a sketch of you?" asked Miss Langford, taking up a pencil and block.

"Well, you may try," said Mrs. Banks, with a slightly reluctant manner, and the sitting began.

"How still you are!" said the girl.

"Oh, I've done it before," said Mrs. Banks; "when I was young I used to 'pose'—as he called it—for the doctor by the ——" She stopped.

"The doctor was an artist, then?" queried Miss Langford with triumphant curiosity.

"I suppose so," answered Mrs. Banks, unwillingly.

"I thought that he was a physician. Somebody over in the village told me that the people brought their children to him for miles around, and that he seemed to know by instinct what to do for them."

"Well, they did," said Mrs. Banks. "He had a kind of genius for doctoring, but he hated it; painting was his trade."

"Rather a dangerous kind of genius for the poor children."

"I don't see why! He was educated a doctor!"

"So it was only the painting that was poor, then?" said Miss Langford, lightly, holding her little picture off at arm's length, and half shutting her eyes at it.

Gentle Mrs. Banks seemed thoroughly exasperated. She rose with decision, and drawing from her pocket a bunch of keys, unlocked an old secretary in the corner.

"There," she said, bringing out a small framed sketch. "Is that what you call poor painting?"

Miss Langford took the picture and studied it intently.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" said the old woman, wistfully.

"Pretty!" exclaimed the girl, and then slowly, without turning her eyes from it, "Why, this is wonderful! Who can have been the ——?" As she spoke she held it under the lamp and carefully examined the artist's signature in the corner. "Ah!" she said, with sudden enlightenment. "Mrs. Banks—" looking up with puzzled brows—"Did the doctor do this?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Banks. "He painted it just thirty-one years ago this summer. I was twenty then."

The girl glanced at her incredulously.

"You do not mean that you are fifty-one years old?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Banks, with a little sigh. "I'm fifty-one! I don't look it, do I?"

Miss Langford had taken her for seventy! But not being quick at convenient subterfuges, she continued to examine the sketch in silence.

"Are you sure that his name was really Brown?" she asked, laying the picture carefully on the table.

"I'm sure I never called him anything else!" The answer was given somewhat shortly.

The girl looked at her keenly for a moment, and then leaning her elbow on her knee, and resting her chin on her hand, gazed frowning into the fire. She seemed to be trying to recall and reconstruct something in her thoughts.

"Did that knocker on the back door

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belong to him?" she asked at last, looking Mrs. Banks squarely in the face, as if to prevent evasions.

"Yes"—a little defiantly—"it did. Do you think he stole it?"

Miss Langford smiled. "You needn't be so touchy," she said. "I suppose you know it is a wonderful piece of work."

"No, I don't. I don't know anything about 'work,'" answered Mrs. Banks, as if harping upon an old grievance. "All I know about it is that it isn't for sale."

"I shall not again ask you to sell it," said the girl, haughtily. "I am evidently not rich enough to buy it; but the offer I made you was not a cent less than its full value."

"There is no fault to find with your offer," retorted Mrs. Banks; "no honest woman would take all that for a little brownish-green piece of brass. But I should like to know what you want it for."

"There are reasons," said Miss Langford, with painful hesitation. "It was a portrait——" She stopped short.

"I don't want to pry," apologized Mrs. Banks, "but I've always thought that the thing was a portrait. If it wasn't, it was certainly about the best likeness I ever saw, and of course—if you've any better right to it than I, you shall have it."

"It looks like my mother, and she is dead!" said the girl, with an effort. "But—but——" Without finishing her sentence she rose and went into the hall to close the door, which had again opened silently in a lull of the wind. Returning, she seated herself at the fire; from time to time she raised her eyes as if about to speak, and then changing her mind, fell back into what Mrs. Banks, watching her furtively, called a "study."

"What was your reason for thinking it a portrait?" she asked at last.

"Because I saw her."

The girl looked at her, disquieted and uneasy.

"I cannot understand!" she said. "Her? Not Mamma? It was never meant for *her*."

"Miss Langford!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks, "you oughtn't to expect me to tell you. Here you have been all summer trying to find out what you could about the doctor, without once letting me see that you already knew more than——"

"Never mind the doctor!" cried the girl, impatiently. "Why should I care to hear of a man willing to live under an assumed name? But this other—interests me."

"You'll not hear about the one without the other," said Mrs. Banks, sternly. "And as for the doctor's name being assumed, it was no such thing. It began with the little sick children calling him the "Brown Doctor"—for he used to get about as black as an Indian before summer was half over—and then his own name being a kind of a jaw-breaker, the people just naturally dropped it. Why, even Ezra James, the man who kept this boarding-house then, had the doctor's real name in writing plain enough at first, but later on he made out all the bills to 'Doctor Brown;' I've seen them myself. I lived with the James's from the time I was a child until I left here to teach district school. I've a mind to tell you the whole thing. You've kind of forced it on me, but if ever the day comes when you're sorry you've heard it, you've only got yourself to blame. But, since you don't care to hear about the doctor, I'll begin with the lady.

"She came one dismal, misty evening about thirty years ago. I was waiting down on the pier for the men to come in from the fishing. Mrs. James had told me to watch, so that I could let her know when they were in sight, for she meant to have an omelet for the doctor. He had stayed in 'Squam that year later than usual, and James had agreed not to take any new boarders; the doctor hated strangers, and was willing to pay for having the house to himself. It was a lot prettier here then than it is now; the bridge-dam wasn't built, and this cove stretched away back into the hills. I was looking that way when I saw a boat put out from over on the Gloucester road, with a lady in it. The stage-coach had broken down, and they'd told her we took boarders; so she came to see if she could get a room for the night. I went in and spoke to Mrs. James, who sent me back to say that her rooms were all taken. But the lady

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had followed me, and was now into the sitting-room. No sooner did Mrs. James lay eyes on her than she went right down before her; and I must say I don't think I ever saw a sweeter woman myself, or one with a more taking way. Mrs. James gave her the spare chamber, the one over the room behind the one we're in, and was promising all sorts of things to make her comfortable, when there was a shout by the pier.

"'My!' said Mrs. James, starting off. 'There's the doctor, and not a sign of an omelet ready.' And sure enough, there he was, sauntering along the pier, his pipe in his mouth, his hands in the pockets of his reefer, with the kind of a powerful look big men like that 'most always have. I always liked to look at him.

"'Quick!' said the lady, 'show me to my room.' I turned around fast enough. She was leaning, deadly white, against the chair you're sitting on. 'Where can I have seen her before?' I thought, but she motioned to me to lead the way. I started, feeling as if there was some awful hurry, and when I opened the door at the top of the stairs I was as breathless as though I'd been carried up in a whirlwind. But the lady went by me with a face as unruffled as a child's.

"'Do not call anyone,' she said, softly, and then without another word she sank down on the lounge and fainted away. I never dreamed of disobeying, and before long she came to herself. She had been badly shaken in the upsetting of the coach, she said, and if I did not mind, would like to be quiet until tea-time. Of course I went down-stairs, and there I found that poor Mrs. James had fallen into trouble with the doctor. He came in, she told me afterward, and stood uneasily at the sitting-room door over yonder.

"'Someone has been here to see me,' he said, though what made him think so I never could see, and Mrs. James said she had hard work to convince him that it was not so. But when he really found that she had taken a strange lady in for the night, he lost his temper completely, and said that if they didn't send her on to the hotel at the Point, he'd go there himself.

"'The lady can't go to the Point,' I said. 'She's just fainted away.'

"'Very well,' said the doctor. 'Until she does go, I shall take my meals in my room!'

"We sent up his supper, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, he started off to be gone all day. As far as I could see, the lady did not know he was in the house. His room was the one just overhead; it is separated, you know, from the back room that she had by the two closets, and opens into the little middle room. When she asked what her inner door led to, I told her it was only a vacant chamber where our other boarder kept his rubbish. She did not seem much interested, though people generally thought that hidden room, tucked in between those two others, rather a curious thing. She was far from well, to tell the truth, and toward noon she grew so feverish that Mrs. James said she wouldn't ask her to leave, even if the doctor never set foot in the house again. But he seemed to have changed his mind about that, for toward night he came back, and going up-stairs, slammed his door in a way that made the house rattle. I was downright ashamed of him, but I took him up his supper, for it was plain he didn't mean to come down. I found him walking to and fro like a tiger in a cage.

"'When is that woman going?' he said.

"'I can't tell,' I answered; 'but I'm sure she doesn't disturb anybody.'

"'She does,' said the doctor; 'she disturbs me. She makes me intolerably nervous.'

"'I don't see how she can,' said I, 'when you haven't seen her.'

"'It is absurd,' he muttered to himself, 'I cannot account for it. Perhaps it is going to storm.'

"Sure enough the next morning it was blowing hard. When I took the doctor his breakfast, he asked to have a luncheon put up, as he meant to be gone all day again.

"'It's pretty cold,' I said, 'and very rough, a regular gale,' but he paid no attention. About eight I went up to get his dishes, and found him rummaging about in his bureau drawer.

"'Those thick shirts are on the shelf of the closet,' I said. 'I'll get you one,' and I pulled in a chair and mounted it.

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"'Where is my great-coat?' he called.

"'Hanging in the middle room,' said I.

"I suppose, Miss Langford, you've noticed that big round hole in the top of the closet wall? Well, the doctor had it put there for ventilation. It was just on a level with my face, and as he opened the door into the little room, I heard something that made me look through. There stood the lady, with one hand on the latch of her door, as if she had just closed it behind her; she seemed terribly frightened; a sort of agony was in her eyes, as she stood with her head back against the panel, and I knew where I had seen her before; she was just like the little knocker that the doctor had put up in the early summer. For a time not a word was spoken. The doctor came a step toward her.

"'So it is you!' he said, at last. 'I might have known it. Why did you come?'

"'I did not know you were here,' said the lady, 'until I saw you the first evening, and I was then too ill to leave the house. After that, when I perceived that I might remain, unknown to you—that I might be near you for a few days——'

"'You must go back to your family!' said the doctor; but in spite of the sternness of his words, his voice was tender, and it was about the sweetest voice I ever heard in a man. He looked at her, too, with a kind of adoration, as if he would like to kneel down and worship her; the lady's face changed also, and melted into a kind of reflection of the look on his.

"'Oh—' she called him some strange name I never could remember—'let me stay just for one day! Surely two old friends like ourselves can meet by accident in a place like this, and spend a few quiet hours together. Just one day, dear—!' and she came a step or two forward, and held out her hands—'one little day, a few hours of forgetfulness in the midst of this horrible, horrible life of mine!'

"The doctor shook his head, and at this the lady gave a sharp cry, and dropped her arms to her sides.

"'Ah!' she said, 'you do not care any more!'

"Before the words had left her mouth the doctor strode toward her and took her in his arms; her head fell back upon his shoulder, and he kissed her again and again.

"'Not care!' he exclaimed, with an odd little laugh, 'when for ten years——'

"'Then let me stay,' she said, softly, her head thrown back, as she looked up into his face. The doctor, taking hold of her wrists, gently unloosed her hands which she had clasped about his arm.

"'I cannot,' he answered, firmly.

"'I shall not go!' she said, with a smile.

"'Then *I* must,' he cried, loudly, and before she could stir he had caught up his great-coat and was gone. I heard him clatter down the stairs in his heavy boots, and then in a fright I jumped from my chair and ran to my own room.

"But before long Mrs. James called me and sent me up to the lady's room with a pitcher of water. I felt as if I couldn't face her; but when I screwed up my courage to go in, she was reading quietly, though I noticed that the book was shaking in her hand.

"'I meant to leave to-day,' she said, her eyes shining and her cheeks red—'but Mrs. James tells me that a little longer stay will not inconvenience her; so I think of remaining over to-morrow.'

"'Don't you think you might as well stick to your first plan?' I asked, though I felt she might any minute give me a settler for my interference. 'There is going to be some nasty weather, and this place is dreadfully gloomy and sad in bad weather.'

"'Do you mean that it is going to storm?' she asked, looking at me in a nervous kind of a way.

"'Storm?' said I, bent on getting her off, 'don't you see it's storming now? Look at the white caps up the cove, and outside it'll be running harder than this. The wind is rising every minute. Nothing could live in it!'

"'But I saw a man put off in a little boat from the pier out here, not ten minutes ago!' said the lady, and she started up and went to the window.

"'Oh, that must have been the doctor,' I said. 'He's a good sailor. I guess he only wants to see whether his

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moorings are all right down by the Rock, where he keeps his big boat.'

"'Where is this Rock?' said the lady. 'I think I should like to take a walk. Can't you show it to me?'

"'I can't leave my work,' I said, 'or I would; besides you'd better be getting ready. The coach will be here before long.'

"The lady looked me over from head to foot in a way I'd never been looked at before, and throwing on a big cloak, she wrapped something black, with a soft fur edge, around her head and started down-stairs. Pretty soon Mrs. James came after me.

"'Come down here,' she said. 'This lady's bent on going for a walk. I told her the wind 'd blow her off her feet, and it will, if she hasn't someone with her. She's as set on her own way as the doctor himself,' she added, in a whisper.

"The lady was waiting for me just outside the front door, and as the wind blew her hair against the edge of her hood, I noticed that on the deep black of the fur border it showed full of gray.

"'Where do you want to go?' I said, and I expect I was pretty sulky, for she looked at me and laughed, as much as to say, 'Come, I have beaten you fairly. Let us be good friends!' But she only answered:

"'I want to see your Doctor's Rock.'

"'It's a pretty long way,' I said, 'and not easy walking.'

"We ploughed through the high wet grass and went down the sloping ground toward the shore. Even in that sheltered place the strong wind nearly took us off our feet, and all the bright color went out of the lady's face. I began to see that she was worn and thin, and older than I had imagined. Just then a sudden gust nearly sent us both over; she reached out and caught my wrist. She had no gloves, and her bare hand burned like fire.

"'Do you know you're ill?' I said. 'You've got a fever.' By that time we'd come near the shore, and stooping under the trees, went and looked at the Rock. There was the cutter, but the doctor was nowhere in sight.

"'It would be easy to get out there,' she said.

"'Not so easy as you think,' I answered, 'for the stones are slippery, and when the tide's high, it's plenty deep enough to drown any woman I ever saw.'

"Just then a loud halloo from the direction of Deep Cove made us turn around, and we saw a big dory come sweeping along, rowed by a lot of the men. Banks was steering. 'Tell Mrs. James there's a wreck over on Long Beach,' he shouted; 'James and the doctor are going with us to help.'

"'Are there many people on it?' I called.

"'Six people,' yelled Banks, over his shoulder, 'and a woman!'

"Something in that upset the lady. She sank down suddenly on the wet ground and began to laugh, and then to cry. I was frightened out of my wits. With a dreadful effort she stopped short, and looked up at me panting and breathless.

"'My poor girl!' she said, 'forgive me! I have been ill of late, very ill, and should not have ventured out. Will you try and get me home?'

"It was not an easy task, and by the time we got back again I was worn out, and the lady sank on the stairs unconscious. Mrs. James was worse than no help at all, for as soon as she heard of the wreck, she sent me flying right and left for brandy and flannels, and started off to the light-house to see the fun. And I'll own that if it hadn't been for the lady, I'd have been there myself. There wasn't a single dinner cooked in Wanasquam that day; even the coach didn't go round—the driver was one of the men in Banks's dory—so there was no question of the lady's leaving; but she was too ill for travel, anyhow. All day long she lay on the lounge in her room, and looked out of the window with that horrible, hopeless look on her face; the tears rolled down one by one; she never put up a hand to dry them, and her cheeks burned red with fever. Sometimes she would fall into an uneasy sleep, and sigh and sigh, sobbing like a punished child. From time to time she called the doctor by the queer foreign name she had used in the morning, but the sound of her voice always woke her. She did not want me to stay with her, and so I kept away all I could, coming

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only when I heard the long sighing that meant she was sleeping.

"It was an awful day. The wind gathered itself up far off and rolled onto us like tumbling breakers, and as the night came on, it seemed to be filled with cries, and shouts, and perishing voices. Mrs. James came home about five o'clock to get something to eat. She said they had not got the people off the wreck yet, and then she took all she could find with her, for the men, and started out again.

"The night came on fast. The wind yelled and howled around us like so many ravening fiends——Oh, not like to-night!" in answer to a gesture from Miss Langford, "though, heaven knows, it's bad enough now."

And the two women sat silent for a few moments, listening, as the rising tempest raged outside.

"It is certainly horrible," said Miss Langford, with a shiver. "Only go on!"

Mrs. Banks did not answer, but continued to look thoughtfully into the fire.

"I never knew exactly how it came about that I should feel so to the lady," she said, at last. "With the doctor it had been natural; it just grew. I owed him more than I could ever pay. Why, he 'most taught me to read! And many's the weary night I'd have spent watching down here, if it had not been for the books he gave me. But in spite of the summer-boarders raving about his being a 'striking-looking man,' I never could see where the striking part came in, unless it was his eyes; they were blue, his eyes were, for all he was so dark-complected. But his gray hair, and beard, and dark mustache didn't seem to gee. Still, as I was saying, queer and foreign as he looked, and not to my taste nor to the taste of folks down here, there were times when I'd have died for him, and before that evening was half done I felt the same way to the lady. She grew more and more feverish as night went on, and I fretted over it more than I can say. She refused to move from the lounge, and I did not dare undress; but I went to my room and put on a wrapper, and tried to rest on the bed. I suppose my mind was full of the poor creatures on the wreck, and, besides—" she dropped her voice, and leaned forward. "You've not seen awful sorrow in your day, you're too young. But I have, and I have always felt that same feeling. It wasn't the thought of the sailors only that filled my mind with cries, and moans, and stifled shrieks; I have heard them often since then, and they can be heard when you come very near any dreadful suffering or grief. And I have wondered if all the air about us might not be full of weeping, mourning souls, and if there weren't times when we grew liker to them and understood their language? The nights are long down here, and when the men are away on the sea and the house is rocking in the wind, we women think strange things!

"But in spite of the clamor and din all around us that night, I must have fallen into an uneasy sleep, for suddenly a blast like fury shook the very foundations, and in the midst of it someone burst in at the front door and ran up the stairs, leaving everything open behind him. The doctor's door slammed—it was opposite mine—I jumped to my feet and was hunting for my slippers, when a great shriek rang through the house, a real shriek this time. I did not trouble about my slippers any longer, but ran into the hall. The lamps had all blown out, but as I came to the railing the lady's door flew open with another such jerk as I had given mine. By the light of the candle that I had left burning there, I saw the doctor break away from her and run two steps at a time down the stairs. He threw open the back door in the lower hall; the blaze of the candle jumped high from the wick and left us in darkness. There was quick rustle of silk against the banister, and I knew that the lady was following him. The door closed behind her, but I could hear her voice above the storm crying that curious name over and over again. Without stopping even to think, I rushed out after her; flying up the avenue, she ran calling, calling—and there was not a glimmer of light on any side. I nearly caught up with her once, and at the little rise in the road, near the gate, I saw her fall. There was some rift in the clouds, or perhaps it may have lightened,

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for I remember her little white hands flung out to save herself; but the next minute the whole thing was swallowed up in the pitchy night. I tried to follow, but I lost the path and ran so hard against a tree that it knocked me down; still I heard her calling and crying. At times it seemed to be along the Gloucester road, and then again I could have sworn it came from the opposite direction, down by the cove where we had been in the morning; but the darkness and the cut I got—see here, this scar on my cheek is the mark of it—completely bewildered me, and before I knew where I was, I'd waded waist-deep in water, for the tide that night came up among the trees and the pier was completely covered. I had all I could do to find my way back to the house, and there I lay half maddened with anxiety and terror, but too ill from my wetting and loss of blood to move. May I never spend such another night! When I heard James and his wife come home in the early morning, I was almost beyond speaking.

"'The doctor—' I called to them.

"'Oh, is he back?' said James, outside the door. 'I'm glad of that!'

"'My gracious, what a fright we've had about him,' said his wife, coming into the room; but she stopped and looked at me with her eyes popping out of her head. 'James!' she cried, 'she's all over blood.'

"'My God!' said James, coming in. 'What has happened?' But I was so broken and weak that I couldn't seem to make anything clear. They left me alone and I fell asleep. It was after ten when I woke, and I hardly had the strength to get up; but I dressed, and then plastering up my cut the best I could, I dragged myself out into the hall. Some people were standing at the foot of the stairs. I peeped over, and saw a little gentleman in a great fur overcoat talking to Mrs. James, who was crying and sobbing and wringing her hands. I don't know what he had been saying, but he seemed to have made her feel that if she wasn't a murderer she must be a thief, and all with the politest, friendliest manners possible. Suddenly, without the least warning, he looked up to where I was standing.

"'I have the honor to wish you good-morning!' he said, and took off his hat with a great sweep. He'd kept it on a-purpose while he talked to Mrs. James. The poor woman looked up as if I had been an angel of deliverance.

"'Come down here,' she called. 'This is the lady's husband.' I went down slowly, for I seemed to have no strength left. He watched me every step of the way, his little two-colored eyes boring to the marrow of my bones."

Miss Langford, who had been gazing dreamily into the fire, turned suddenly with a startled expression.

"There was something about that man that made you hate him by instinct," Mrs. Banks continued.

"'I have just been the recipient of a double piece of bad news,' he said. 'My poor, unfortunate wife, it seems, has wandered off in a fit of mania—a thing against which I thought I had taken every precaution—and good Mrs. James here informs me of the probable death by drowning of a gentleman who is a very old and dear friend of mine—a very old friend, and *very* dear.'

"'Oh, Mrs. James,' I cried, 'he can't mean the doctor?'

"Mrs. James nodded, and I sank on the high bottom stair.

"'This display of affection does credit to you—and him,' he said. Something in his tone brought me to my feet again, with all the blood left in my body ringing in my ears. 'But as the last person, presumably, who saw my wife, I must ask you to defer your present grief to urgent necessity. I hope that this really serious wound in your cheek was not inflicted by that beloved but irresponsible hand?' and he took me by the chin and turned my face none too gently up to his.

"'No!' I exclaimed, 'I did it myself. The lady was no more mad than you are!' For the touch of his hand stung me to fury, and his two-colored eyes peered down into mine as if he'd ferret out my very soul."

"What do you mean by 'two-colored eyes?'" asked Miss Langford, sitting up impatiently.

"Why, he had one brown eye and one blue eye."

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The girl fell back again. She said nothing, but the thick chestnut eyebrows drew together into her accustomed frown, and the hand resting on the arm of the chair slowly clenched until the knuckles showed white on the back of it. Mrs. Banks looked at her curiously, but went on with her story.

"'You'll carry the scar to your grave,' he said. 'Oh! the generosity of youth! to forgive a blow like that and then defend the giver!' And fixing me again with his wicked, wicked eyes, he put me through a lot of questions that made my head swim; but I never once lost my wits. I told him when the lady went, where she went, or at least where I thought, and how I started out after her; but I never once mentioned the doctor; and when I'd got done, if looks could kill, I'd have been blasted with lightning on the spot. It was plain to me he didn't care whether she lived or died, but that the one thing he'd wanted to get out of me he hadn't found.

"There was a great search made after that; they looked everywhere—but in the sea—and the little gentleman went away insisting upon it that he was still hopeful. A few days later we had a letter from him, saying we'd be glad to hear that everything had turned out 'in a manner wholly satisfactory.' I remember the exact words. But she wasn't found, whatever he meant us to believe."

Miss Langford started forward.

"But she *was* found!" she exclaimed. "What are you trying to make me believe? Would a man like that carry on such a deception for years——?" She stopped and a terrified look came into her eyes.

"She was never found! Long after, Banks was dredging around the Doctor's Rock one day, and he found her little gold bracelet—nothing else. It had got fastened in what was left of the doctor's old mooring. We sent it to the little gentleman and he returned it, saying it had never belonged to any of his family. I've got it up to the other house—and, Miss Langford, I ask no questions—you are wearing the mate to it now!"

The girl hid her arm mechanically in the folds of her dress.

"But this," she answered, "has been in my family for generations. I never heard of another."

"The lady had the other on when she stumbled at the gate. I had noticed it, for it's curious, and I saw it shine. She only wore one—and she was drowned that night."

"Are you sure?" said the girl, trying to overcome an uncontrollable shudder.

"As sure as I am that God is merciful," answered the little woman, solemnly.

"And the doctor?"

"We never knew exactly. James told me that the doctor stayed down there doing all that mortal could to get those people off the wreck, and about twelve or one o'clock at night, when nothing had come of it, he swore he'd take them off himself and rushed away. I can't think what he meant to do, for he knew enough to be sure that it was certain destruction to go out in a boat, and yet the next morning his cutter was found high on Short Beach, a complete wreck; but there was no sign of the doctor."

"Perhaps it broke away from the moorings and drifted there," said Miss Langford.

"It couldn't have," said Mrs. Banks. "Any man round here 'll tell you that. Banks says he saw it himself, in the murk, tacking down the channel."

Mrs. Banks said no more; her story was done. The girl rose and walked restlessly about the room.

"Do you feel like going to bed?" asked Mrs. Banks.

"I feel like going crazy!" she answered, fiercely. "What possessed you to invent such a tale as that?"

"Now, look here, Miss Langford," said Mrs. Banks, decidedly; "does this sound like an invention? You know it don't, and you know more about the whole thing this very minute than I do. It is not the story itself that's upset you this way."

Miss Langford went to the window and stood there staring into the night; the older woman knitted diligently, while the wind outside continued to increase in volume. Thus they remained, each in her own position, and the minutes went by, one after another, stretching into fives, tens, quarters of an hour. The fire was low and the room cold.

"Why did you not tell me this be-

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fore?" the girl asked, without turning around.

"Because I never felt you'd any call to know," said Mrs. Banks. "But to-night it's been borne in on me you'd had a right to, and perhaps it was meant so. 'Tain't natural to be so set on staying in an old house like this as you have been. I've kept watch, year in and year out, for thirty years, and when it's coming this house is empty, if I can make it so. But I couldn't compass it this time, though I tried, for your good."

Miss Langford impatiently shrugged her shoulders.

"I tell you," said Mrs. Banks, "when this wind comes around and this tide rolls in, the old house is no proper place to stay at; they bring with them—I don't know what—but you'll soon find out, for it's coming now—hark!"

"How horribly it blows," said the younger woman, under her breath. "The place is fairly rocking." She stood resting her forehead against the sash. Mrs. Banks rose and glanced quietly at the clock in the hall, and then, going back to her chair, clasped her hands in her lap and sat with bent head and closed eyes.

The wind without kept pushing, pushing, pushing against the house like the shoulder of some great giant, unwilling to put out all his strength. Then the pressure was lifted, and the whole body of the storm rolled onward; but afar off, out at sea, it could be heard gathering new force in a sullen, obstinate roar.

"This is awful!" breathed the girl, not looking away from the window. "Mrs. Banks——?" There was no answer.

Swelling, deep-mouthed, up the channel the blast was returning, and little plaintive, mourning murmurs, as if from voices weary of lamentation, crept in at every cranny and crevice.

"Why are you silent?" cried the girl, impatiently and somewhat loudly, for the roll of the gale had come nearer with every instant. Still no answer. She wheeled about, stood for a second, and then springing to the little woman's side, shook her violently by the shoulder.

"Mrs. Banks! how dare you? Stop praying instantly. You do it to frighten me. Do you want me to go mad?" Her remonstrance was drowned in the furious outbreak of the tempest. Shrieking like so many demons, its heralds assailed the house, and close in their tracks came the shock and crash of the great blast itself. The front door flew open, and in an instant the room was in darkness. A faint glow from the embers in the fireplace shone vaguely on Mrs. Banks's bowed head, on her worn clasped hands and silently moving lips—the only still spot in all that appalling orgy of sound. Half-crazed, the young girl ran toward the hall, but drew back with a harsh rattle of terror in her throat.

"Something went by me!" she said, hoarsely, and the wind, like a heavy tread, went clattering up the stairs, while all the air was full of its whistling, piercing, maddening turmoil. The door of the room overhead opened, but it immediately swung violently to, and the upper floor trembled as with the passing of heavy feet. Then came a lull in the tumult, and through the house there rang a different sound, a sound of another quality—human, broken-hearted—a long, terrible, wailing cry. The girl fell on her knees by the door of the room, and at the fireside Mrs. Banks's motionless figure began to shake a little as she faltered forth aloud the scraps of prayer she had been repeating to herself. The wind had revived the dying embers to a stronger glow, and the wash of the waters and the rustle of dead leaves came in from the outside world. But the quiet was short-lived. With another wild gust down the stairway came the heavy reckless tread, as of one careless of all but haste, flinging out into the night with a violence that made the knocker resound hollow throughout the house; and following after, softly rustling, like silken garments, or perhaps like the swirl of autumn leaves, something flew madly in pursuit.

The girl at the door stretched forth her arms, gave a short cry, and fell forward on her face; but back to her ears, fainter and fainter with each repetition, came a voice calling again and again some strange musical name in every accent of despairing sorrow. Further and further the sounds receded—and the old house was silent.

. . . . .

Reaching forward, cramped and stiff from long continuance in one position,

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the old woman softly laid a handful of pine cones on the embers. The room took on a sudden glow.

Slowly the girl on the floor raised herself on her hands, and then to her knees; sinking backward she pressed her palms to her temples, and swaying slightly from side to side with a look of horror in her eyes, and yet with relief in her tones, she murmured:

"It was not Mamma! It was *not* Mamma!"

"Did you see anything?" asked Mrs. Banks, in an awe-struck whisper.

The girl rose slowly to her feet, tottered toward the table, bracing herself against it in a cruel struggle for self-control.

Mrs. Banks leaned forward, her hands clutching the arms of her chair, her old face haggard and sunken.

"What did you see?" she demanded, hoarsely.

"Nothing," said Miss Langford, after a moment's hesitation.

There was a long silence.

"Very well!" said Mrs. Banks. "Have it your own way. *But I know better!*"

BACKLOG DREAMS.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

Above the glowing embers
  I hear the backlog sing
The music it remembers
  Of some remembered Spring;
Back to the branch forsaken
  Return the jocund choir,
And in the chimney waken
  A melody of fire.

The sparks' red blossoms glisten
  And flash their glances brief
At me who lean and listen
  And dream I hear a leaf
On some May-morning sunny,
  Low lisping in the tree,—
Or, in his haunt of honey,
  A bloom-enamoured bee:

Or 'tis the soft wind blowing
  Its sweetness from the South,—
A fragrant kiss bestowing
  Upon the rose's mouth;
And ere the spell is broken,
  Or darkness o'er it slips,
I see the scarlet token
  Of love upon her lips.

Without, the wind is bitter,
  The snowflakes fill the night;
Within, the embers glitter
  And gild the room with light;
And in the fireplace gleaming
  The backlog sings away,
And mingles all my dreaming
  With birds, and blooms, and May!

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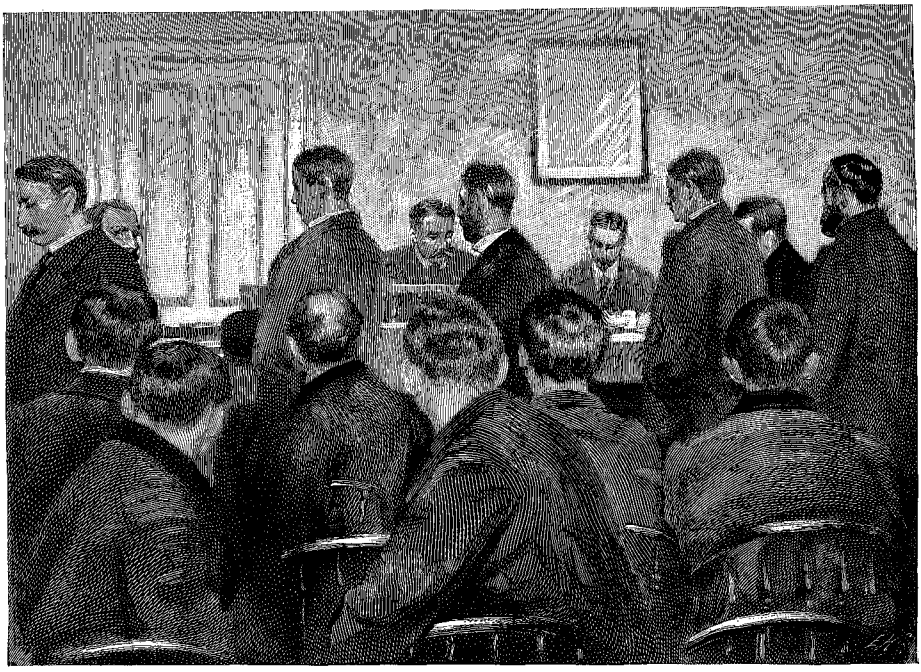

A Building and Loan Association receiving Monthly Dues.
(From an instantaneous photograph.)

CO-OPERATIVE HOME-WINNING.

SOME PRACTICAL RESULTS OF BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

By W. A. Linn.

"SO manifold are the bearings of money upon the lives and characters of mankind, that an insight which should search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations would penetrate into almost every cranny of his nature," says Henry Taylor. "He who knows, like St. Paul, both how to spare and how to abound, has great knowledge. For if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice—and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner of getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man."

While the accumulation of wealth is mixed up with many of the grievous evils of this world, this statement of the importance of a right method of saving will not be denied; and of equal importance with a knowledge of saving is the knowledge how best to use what one has saved. The great initial problem with the multitude is how to save at all. Next comes the needed lesson, how not to squander what has been accumulated.

Experience has shown that some *system* is absolutely necessary to induce a large proportion of the persons of moderate means to lay aside a part of their incomes. The smaller the income, the greater, of course, is the temptation to spend it all in order to supply wished-for comforts of life. When money saving means a denial of some creature comfort, some equivalent for the denial must be presented clearly to view. The naturally frugal spy out this equivalent for themselves. But there are so many

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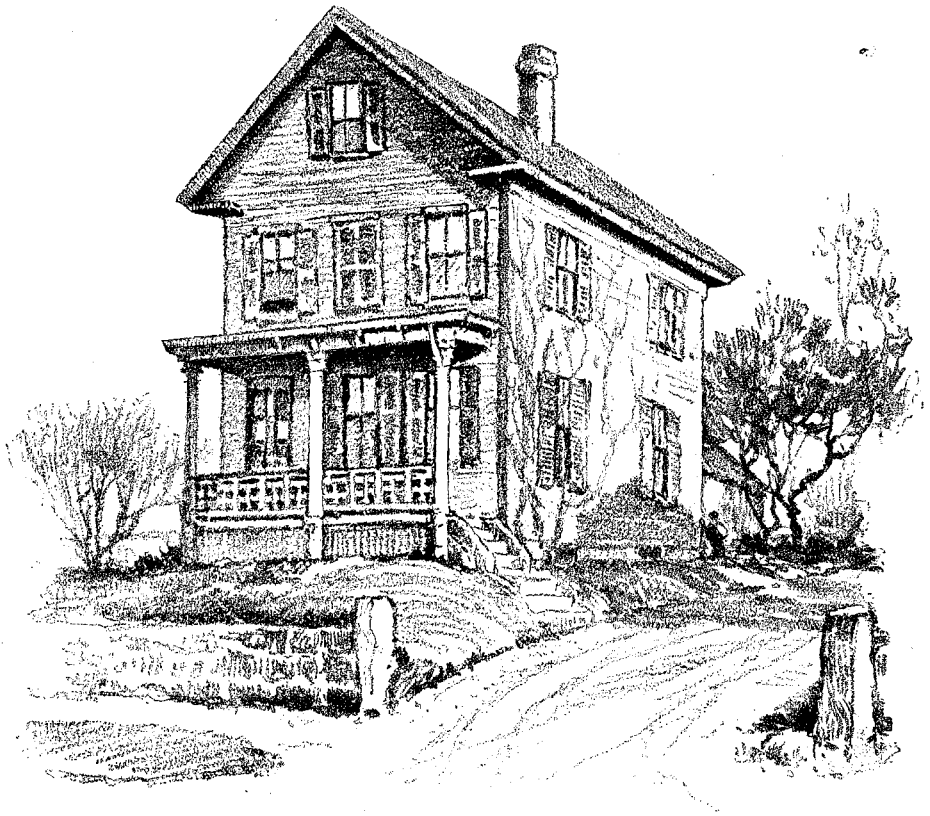
who are not by nature frugal; and it is for them that a *system* must be devised.

The most efficient system of this kind should combine three things: 1, An easily perceived inducement to save; 2, regularity in laying aside the savings; 3, as much compulsion as may be in enforcing the economy.

The most widely known system of this kind is that which is supplied by the savings banks. The value of these banks in our social economy is universally conceded. But, tested by the above requirements, it must be acknowledged that they are in part lacking. The satisfaction felt by the depositor in his growing deposit, and the knowledge of the value it will be to him in the future, supply the inducement. But as he may make his deposits at his own pleasure, and suffer no penalty if he stops them altogether, the second and third requisites named are wanting. Here another system—not so generally understood, but long tried and rapidly extending its operations—claims attention. This is the form of co-operation known most generally as the Building and Loan Association. In a former number of this Magazine * I gave a history of this kind of co-operation, and explained at length its business methods. In view of the growing interest in the subject, and the eager demand that is manifested for the opinions of members who have tested these associations, as well as the experiments of different associations with particular plans of business, I propose to bring together some experiences, gathered by personal inquiry, and by correspondence with officers of associations all over the country. A sufficient demonstration of the importance of the subject will be found in the following statistics, compiled from the reports of 4,000 of these associations in



House of a Carpenter at Wollaston, Mass., cost $1,800.

* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1889.

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Row of Houses in Reading, Pa., built by Building and Loan Associations.

the United States, and printed in the last report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania :

Shares	5,450,000
Members	872,000
Borrowers	272,000
Borrowed shares	1,496,000
Assets	$336,485,080
Receipts, one year	139,323,934
Expenses	1,375,960
Gains	70,512,200

Stated in the briefest form possible, a co-operative building and loan association is a corporation, formed under a State law, the members of which agree to pay in each a fixed sum, at stated periods, on each of their shares of stock, until the payments with the accumulated profits bring the stock to its par value. The money, as it is paid in, is lent to those members (and to members only) who wish to buy or build houses, or remove incumbrances from real estate they already own. If there are more applicants for loans than the treasury can supply, the funds on hand are put up at auction, and awarded to the member who offers the highest premium in addition to the regular interest, the statutes providing that the associations may do this without incurring a penalty for usury. As the money paid in is loaned out immediately, the interest is compounded, and in this way the period required for the stock to mature is greatly shortened. When the stock of a series matures, the borrowing members receive notice that their mortgages are cancelled, and those who have not borrowed are paid the value of their shares in cash.

Important elements of this system are regular dates for making the payments (usually a certain day of each month), and the infliction of a fine on delinquents. If a non-borrower is delinquent he knows that the fine will reduce his profits, and the borrower has the same inducement to be punctual, with the added knowledge that continued defaults will be followed by a foreclosure of his mortgage, and the consequent loss of his home. These are advantages which the Building and Loan Association system has over the savings bank. In addition it may be stated that the associations are conducted much more economically than the banks, that they consequently pay larger dividends, that they can be successfully carried on in places too small to support a bank, and that, by advancing money to members to purchase homes, they provide an immediate investment, and give the borrower the strongest possible inducement to continue his saving.

The State of Massachusetts has an excellent law governing these associations, and they have thrived there for many years without, I believe, a single failure. The

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Massachusetts law calls them Co-operative Banks, and it is very specific as to their business methods, leaving much less latitude to the by-laws than the statutes of other States do. The growth of the associations there has been especially rapid during the last year, twenty-seven new ones having been formed in that time. The number of members on October 31, 1889, was 36,747, and the assets amounted to $7,041,001. I have secured some very interesting statements of the experiences of Massachusetts members who have actually secured the ownership of homes through this system of co-operation.

J. T., a carpenter, owns the house in Wollaston, a suburb of Quincy, Mass., which is represented in the illustration on p. 570. Here is his story: "I have been connected with the Pioneer Co-operative Bank from its beginning. I took some of the very first shares, built a house, and finished paying for it last August. It has been a good thing for me. I could not have done as well in any other way. If I had borrowed the money of a savings bank I would have paid the interest, but not the principal. I had about $1,000 of my own to start with, and the loan of $700 I got enabled me to put up the house. It was eleven years ago last July that I borrowed the money. My monthly payment, including principal and interest, was $7.70. The house cost $1,800. Things were cheaper then than they are now. It would cost $2,100 to build the same house to-day. I have had a family of six children, so that there have been eight of us to support. We had no money coming in from any source except what I earned; the children were too small to earn anything. We had to live pretty close, but we did it, and now we have the house all paid for, so there is no longer any rent. I like the co-op-

House of a Clerk in Pittsburg, Pa., cost about $2,200.

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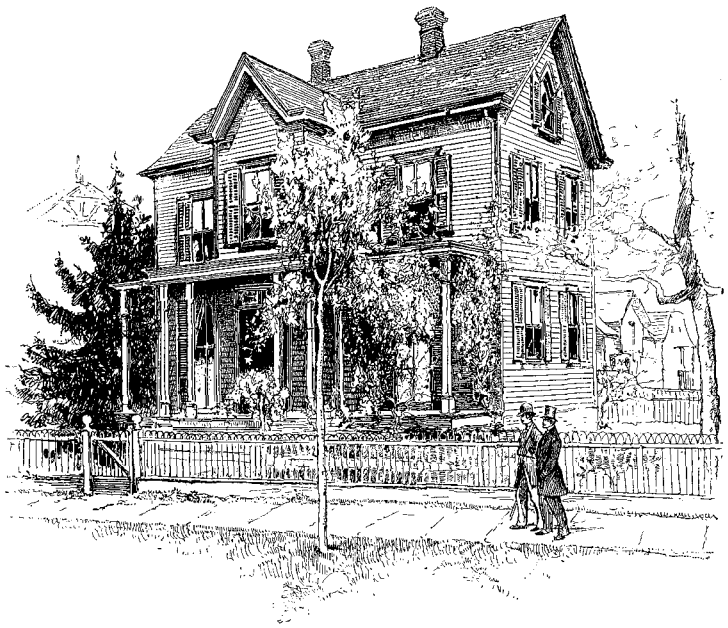
erative system well. I would always have been in debt if it had not been for the co-operative bank. The money cost me six per cent. I have had work right along in the same place for thirty-three years. I am now fifty-three years of age. A young man cannot do better than to try this system if he wants to get a home of his own. I am going to build again on the same plan. I shall borrow the money of the bank and build another house. The rent will pay the interest and all of the dues, and at the end of eleven years I shall own the house clear. The rent will cover the taxes and insurance, too. The house I now own has seven rooms, with city water."



House of a Western Union Telegraph Superintendent at Mount Vernon, N. Y., cost $2,200, exclusive of ground.

Here is the story of another Massachusetts borrower, John J. F., a coachman, living at No. 39 Sawyer Street, Boston (Roxbury):

"It was eleven years ago, the twenty-second of January, 1890, that I bought nine shares of the co-operative bank. There was much building going on then, and I had to pay nine per cent. for my loan. But all stockholders have a privilege of buying the money over again, and I bought again and got it for seven and a half, after three years. It cost me about $20 to get my papers renewed. My monthly payments were $23.80 at first, but afterward they were $18.80. I bought the house and 904 feet of land for $1,900, paying $200 down. Inside of eleven years I held the place with a clear title. The house has eleven rooms, city water, and sewer connection. I have had but one child to support. I have had only $35 a month since I bought the house, and for the last six years I have had nothing to do for three months every summer. I did not have a cent coming to me outside my wages, and nobody gave me a cent to make my payments. But I had to work hard and save my money. I did not dress in expensive clothing and go like a dude on the streets with a cane. If a man does that he will never get anything done. I got the idea of saving and building from some other coachmen I met at Newport, from Philadelphia, who owned their own homes in this way.

"Now, I am rather fond of giving advice, and I would say to any laboring man who is industrious and wants a home for himself and his family—especially if he is a mechanic, or one who works by the day or month, or piece-work—get into some corporation like this. When they are paying their monthly dues they are really paying for their own houses."

It should be explained that this investor receives his board from his employer, which permitted him to make his payments on the wages he received. His house is a small two-story brick one, with a mansard roof, standing at the end

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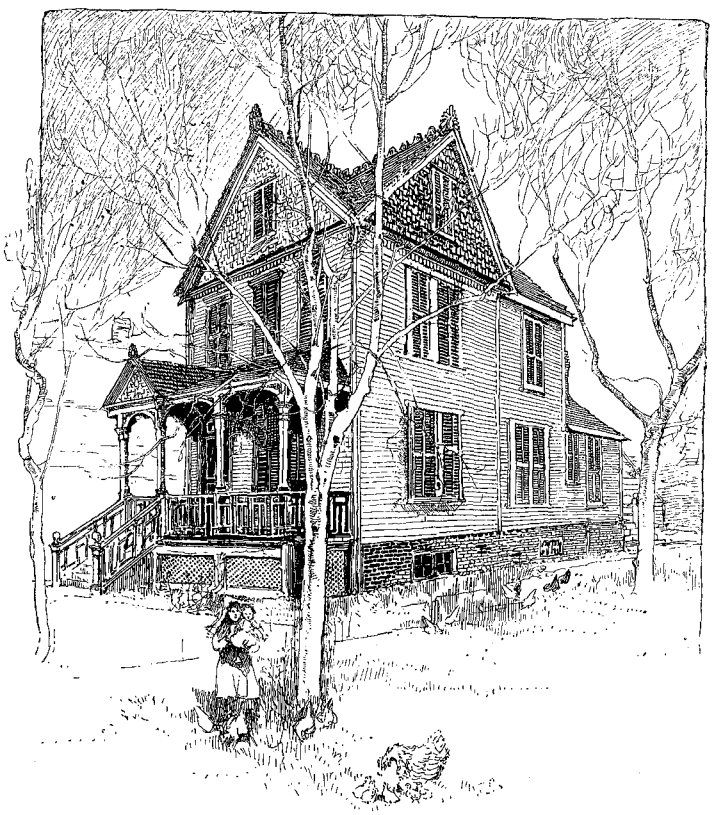
of a block. It is well built, neatly kept, and tastefully furnished.

Co-operation of this kind has been tested longer and more thoroughly in Pennsylvania than in any other of our



House in Sixty-seventh Street, Bay Ridge, L. I., cost $2,500.

States. As a consequence, many variations in the methods of transacting the associations' business have been introduced in different cities and towns, none of them, of course, in conflict with the co-operative principle. In Reading, where there are forty associations, the "terminating," or single series plan, is very popular. This plan is not so generally adopted throughout the country as the "serial," because in the latter the addition of new members from time to time at the starting price of the original stock keeps up the supply of borrowers. A "terminating" association, in time, requires a large payment to become a member (all the stock being kept at the same price), and it becomes difficult to find use for the funds. But many of the Reading co-operators, a large number of whom are wage-earners, and many of foreign birth, have always manifested a disposition to see one series of stock attain its par value before another is begun. All the terminating associations there are operated on practically the same principle, which may be thus described: The par value of shares is usually $200, $300, or $500, the most popular amount being $300 or $500. The monthly dues on the $200 shares are $1 per share, while on the others they are $2. An unusual feature is that there is a fixed premium demanded of both borrowers and non-borrowers; on a $300 share this is $30, and on a $500 share $50. In the first three years of an association's life, the competition of bidders for the money in the treasury is generally so brisk that the premiums are run up to $5 a share above the fixed amount.

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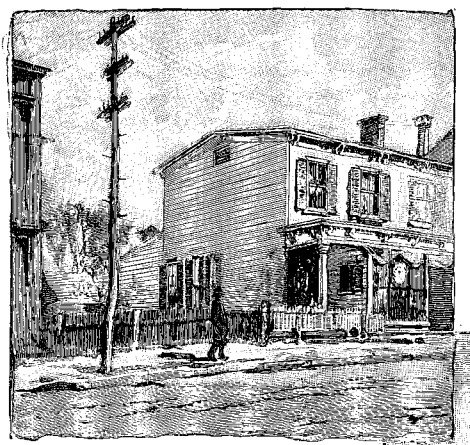
After that, a borrower can generally get accommodation at the fixed rate, upon good security. The regular interest rate is six per cent. When the bidding for loans by members becomes slack, or falls off, as it does when an association has run five years or more, then the directors look out for other means of investment. Sometimes the money is loaned to other associations whose funds in hand do not satisfy their borrowers. A larger use, however, is found in buying lots of ground, and erecting buildings thereon, which are sold at prices varying from $2,000 to $7,000 each. The picture on p. 571 shows a row of these houses. I

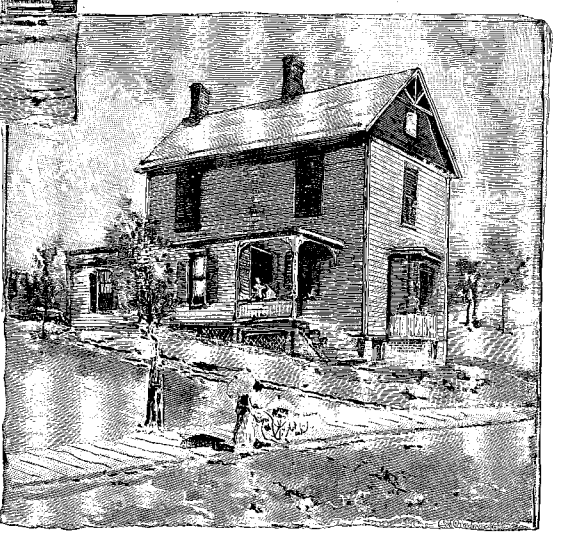


"Then and Now." Four rooms rented in the upper floor of this building at $9 per month.

am informed that a ready market is almost always found for them; if a season of hard times comes on, the associations are "easy" with the purchasers. I have said that non-borrowers also pay the fixed premium in these associations. To illustrate: Z invests in four $500 shares, paying in $8 a month as dues for eleven or twelve years, as the case may be. When the final distribution of assets is made he receives four times $500 ($2,000), less the fixed premium of $200.

The growth of Reading has been so assisted by the building and loan associations, that a few months ago, the Board of Trade there tried to induce them to lend out their funds to stimulate new business enterprises, particularly manufactures. Only one favorable response was received, however, to the proposition, wise conservatism having prevailed. A new association has since been started there, with a large amount of capital subscribed, whose constitution contains a special provision for loaning funds to manufactories. Innovations of this kind endanger the good reputation of the building and loan association system. They are mixed up with speculation, and are certain in time to incur disaster. When this system of co-operation has had its excellence and safety proved, its friends should insist that it be not endangered by speculative experiments. If co-operative manufacturing offers a field anywhere, let it be conducted under its own name.

Of the general results of co-operative home-winning in Reading, a resident of that city writes me: "Though building associations have been in continuous operation here over thirty years, the management of their business has been in such able and safe hands that only one has had a defaulting treasurer in all that period. The community, almost without



House built and occupied by the same man in Hackensack, N. J., cost $1,050, monthly payment $11.50.

exception, holds them in high esteem. When the Schiller Association terminated, it paid its stockholders twelve per cent. The Franklin expired in ten years, and its stockholders realized twelve per cent."

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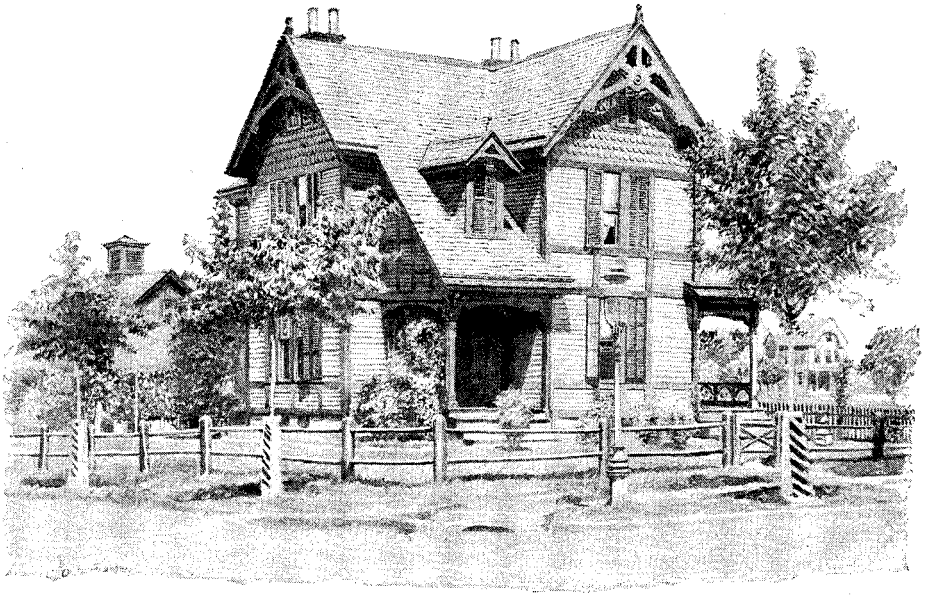

House of a Wholesale Dry-Goods Merchant at Bayonne, N. J.

Another Pennsylvania city where this form of co-operation has stood the test of long trial is Pittsburg, its extensive industries furnishing a large population who can hope to become house owners in no other way. The picture on p. 572 represents the house which a Pittsburg clerk owns by the aid of one of these associations. His story shows how economically a business of this kind can be conducted, and how capable wage-earners are to manage it.

"When I had purchased my lot, I took twenty-two shares of building association stock. The par value in my association was $100. I was permitted to borrow $2,200 on my stock and lot. At our second meeting, as many slips of paper as there were stockholders, and numbered from one up, were put into a hat, and each man took out one. The drawer of No. 1 was entitled to borrow the first money paid in. I got a big number, which would have prevented me from borrowing for about six years. Fortunately the man who drew No. 2 was not in a hurry, and I exchanged with him. Every week I paid 30 cents a share principal, and 12 cents a share interest, a total of $9.24, a heavy drain on my pocketbook; but I kept it up until our stock reached par and the association expired, which happened after five years and six months. At the final settlement we found that $82 had been paid in dues on each share, the par of which was $100. So I made $18 on each share. I had paid in interest $732.16. To sum up my experience, I had been allowed to pay back the loan in such small weekly instalments as would not be accepted by a big corporation, and virtually I only paid $1.15 a week interest, or less than three per cent. I place the actual interest paid as the amount left after subtracting $396, the gain on the shares, from $732.16, the amount I was credited on my book as interest paid. I never could have secured a home in any other way, and I had the pleasure of living in my own house from the start.

"Our association was operated on economical principles. We met in a cigar store, paid no rent, and the only salaried officer was the secretary. The initiation fee of 25 cents a member, with the fines, paid the biggest part of our expenses. Before the association expired the stockholders had all become borrowers. A Pittsburg blacksmith, who is still working at his trade, and who has never earned over $3 a day, owns $75,000 of

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real estate, while a city official in Municipal Hall owns $30,000 worth, all secured by the aid of building and loan associations. As a general rule, these men bought improved property and made the rent pay both dues and interest."

New York is far behind not only Philadelphia, that great city of co-operative homes, but cities insignificant in size by comparison, as regards these associations. A principal reason for this is her insular situation, and the consequent lack of any suburban district of her own where land is within the reach of men of moderate means. The system, too, received a set back in New York State through mismanagement some years ago, from which it has been slow to recover.

Hall built by the Columbia Association, Jersey City, cost, with lot, $4,730.

The reaction has begun, however, and a number of associations are doing good work in the city, although the majority of their loans are made on property outside the city limits. Some of these associations are in the hands of newspaper workers; one, with over a thousand members, is conducted by teachers in the public schools, with ladies in the board of directors, and one takes the well-known name, "Western Union." The latter claims the honor of starting the renewal of interest in this subject in New York City after the long period of inactivity. The association was incorporated in January, 1885, after two years of preliminary effort on the part of a few New York telegraphers. The management is very conservative, all temptation to speculation by the association being prevented by a clause in the constitution which forbids it to buy property. During the last five years it has received and invested $153,000, loaned to ninety members, who are now in possession of their own homes, for which they are paying in easy instalments. It is conducted on the serial plan. It makes loans on accepted real estate anywhere within one hundred miles of the city, and it does not restrict its membership to telegraphers. I select this association for notice only in order to show that building and loan

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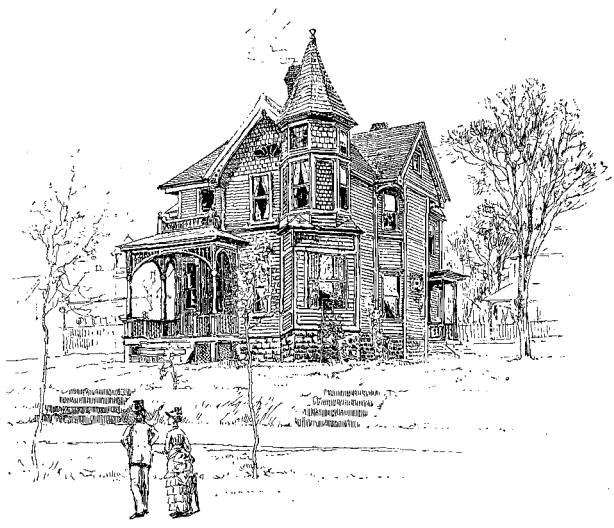


House of a Young Business Man in Rochester, N. Y. Built on a weekly payment of $7.25, for a period of about nine years.

associations are a possibility even in a metropolis like New York.

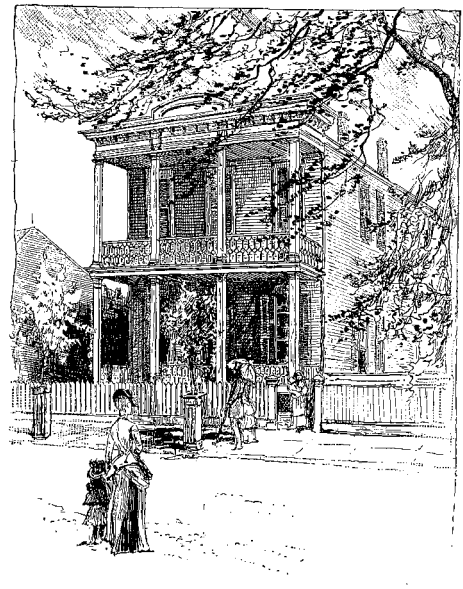
As none of the series is old enough to have matured, none of the borrowers can be said strictly to "own" his home. But a good example is afforded of the satisfactory working of the system by the statement of Mr. F. A. C., the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Office in the Windsor Hotel. His house is in Mount Vernon, three miles outside the city limits. A view of it is given in the illustration on p. 573. "I had in 1885," said Mr. C., "a lot valued at $700. In March, 1885, I borrowed of the association $2,000, and in March, 1886, I borrowed $200 more, which completed my house. Since the last date my monthly payments have been: dues, $11; interest, $11; premium, $4.35; a total of $26.35. Since the house was built I have added the corner lot to my plot, and I now value the house and lot at $3,370. My house would easily rent for $30 a month, which is more than all my monthly payments."

If this borrower's association closes out his series in nine years, his interest account will stand as follows:

Total payments per year ($26.35 a month)	$316 20
In nine years	2,845 80
Interest charge (deducting $2,200 principal)	645 80
Interest charge per year	71 76

which is at the rate of but a little over three per cent. a year.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has a large extent of adjoining unimproved property, not held at exorbitant prices, and it is therefore a good field for co-operative building. The latest list of associations there numbers twenty-seven. Among the best known of these is the "Arcanum," some of whose business methods are worthy of mention. This association, of which Mr. J. J. Ashforth is secretary, was organized in December, 1885; it is not old enough, therefore, to have matured a series. It gives members the privilege of withdrawing at any time. It is conducted now on the instalment premium plan. A balance is struck every April and October, and withdrawing members receive all their accrued profits. The premium is kept practically fixed at three per cent. a year. This is done by educating the members to pay that amount, not by any compulsory clause in the constitution. The demand for loans makes it easy to



House of a Pressman in New Orleans, cost, with lot, $4,227.

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maintain that limit. If any anxious borrower wants to exceed it, he is given to understand that the officers will not look favorably on his application, and that a large margin will be required on the loan. The secretary informs me that this matter of regulation gives them little trouble. One of the special features of this association is the formation of a "safety fund." Out of the premiums, entrance fees, and fines, all the expenses are first paid. The balance goes into the "safety fund" which is allowed to accumulate, the income from it going to the profit of the members, and the principal being held to make good any possible losses.

House of a Tailor in St. Paul, Minn., cost $1,860.

The illustration on p. 574 represents one of the houses acquired by the members of this association. It is in Sixty-seventh Street, Bay Ridge, within five blocks of the Brooklyn boundary. It measures 20 × 30 feet, with an extension, two stories, and attic; has a parlor, dining-room, and kitchen on the first floor, three bedrooms and bath-room on the second, and three finished rooms in the attic. It is built in the best manner, with furnace, range, hot and cold water, and gas, and it cost $2,500. The owner borrowed $2,400, and his monthly payments, including interest, premium, and dues are $30. His balance sheet stands thus:

Former annual payment for rent		$420 00
Payments to association	$360 00	
Taxes (less than)	20 00	
Insurance	7 50	
Extra car fare now required	20 00	
Total	$407 50	
Allow four per cent. interest on owner's equity in premises ($600)	24 00	
Grand total		$431 50

or $11.50 a year more than he expended as a rent payer. The present estimate is that the interest rate of this association's borrowers, when their stock matures, will be about five and a half per cent.

Mr. Ashforth has given me this further illustration: "A teacher in one of the public schools in Brooklyn borrowed

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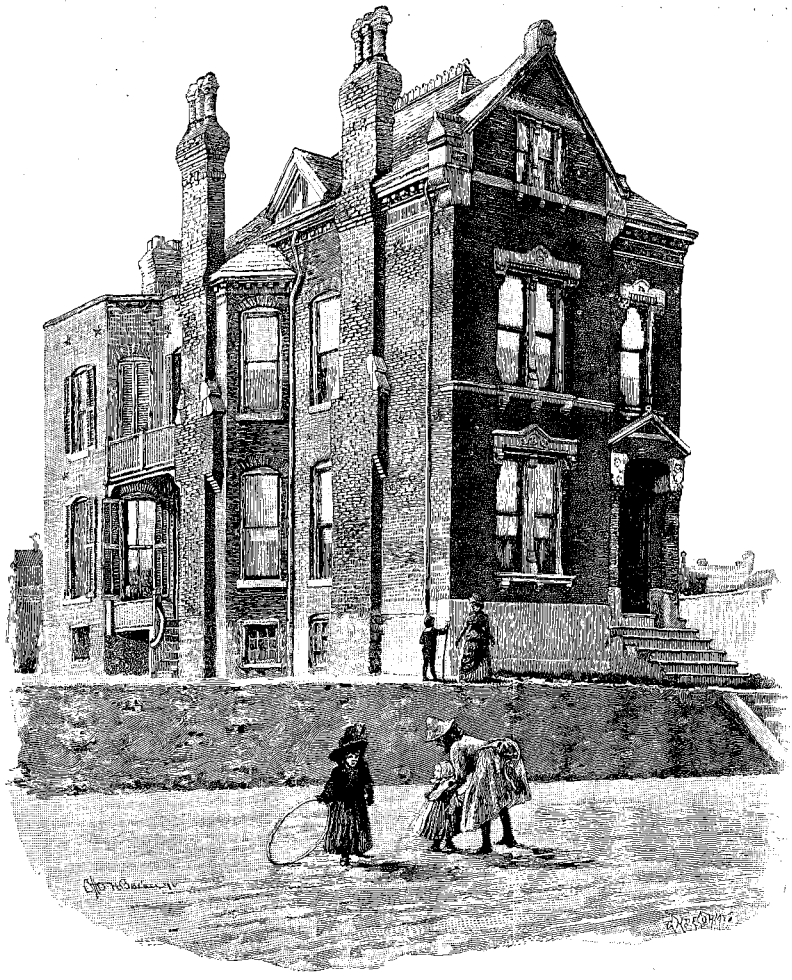

House of a Building and Loan Association Secretary in St. Louis, cost, without lot, $7,000.

$4,000 of the association, and built a three-story apartment-house, with all modern improvements. She was paying $25 a month rent for a flat when she built. She now occupies a flat in her own building, and rents the remaining two for $25 and $24, respectively. Her account stands thus:

Mortgage	$4,000 00
Equity	3,000 00
Payments to association per annum	$600 00
Taxes	100 00
Insurance	6 00
Interest (four per cent.) on equity	120 00
Total	$826 00
Deduct rentals received	588 00
Leaves her net rent	238 00

or at the monthly rate of $19.84, while all the time she is paying off her debt."

The illustration on p. 575 shows at a glance what a poor man who lives in rented apartments may gain by building a house of his own through the co-operative system. Mr. H. is a man of family, in the employ of a New York business firm. He rented four rooms in a building on a business street in Hackensack, N. J., paying $9 a month rent. The lower floor was used for business purposes. His apartments were crowded and inconvenient, and by no means safe in case of fire. In the spring of 1888, he bought three lots near the town, where some farm land had been recently cut up into building lots, paying $75 each. Then he

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borrowed $1,100 of the Hackensack Building and Loan Association, on the three lots, and put up his house, at a cost of $1,050, the association lending him very close because of the smallness of the loan, the certain rise in the value of his property, and his excellent character. His premium (gross) was $38.50. Now he pays to the association, as dues and interest, only $11.50 a month—which is only $2.50 a month more than he paid as rent — and in about eleven years he will have the premises free and clear. Meanwhile, he has a house all to himself. And a very neat and attractive house it is, although it cost so little, with a parlor, a dining-room, and a kitchen on the first floor, and three bed-rooms above. His wife said to me when they were settled: "It came very hard to pay out that $9 a month for rent, but now we know the money we pay to the association is paying for our home."

An association which has had a remarkable history is the Mutual No. 1, of Bayonne, N. J. (a suburb of Jersey City). It was organized on the terminating plan, in June, 1879, and its final statement was dated August 12, 1889. The original estimate was that its stock would mature in ten years. It actually matured in one hundred and twenty-three months. The secretary's final report says: "Loans since 1885 had to be made outside the association, mostly on call, realizing whatever interest could be obtained, and only while the money was employed. The serial plan has a decided advantage in this respect; the introduction of new series provides employment for money, and prevents accumulation. . . . Membership, whether investors or borrowers, was not confined to any class of society; professional persons, merchants, wage-earners of all degrees, and others of independent means, men and women, shared in the prosperity. The officers of the association, except the secretary and treasurer (one person), served without compensation or emolument of any kind. No one ever lost a cent by any act of the association. The association never lost a cent of dues, interest, or fines; never foreclosed a mortgage, never had a fire insurance case to settle, and never owned an inch of real estate."

The picture on p. 576 represents one of the homes bought through this association. I give it to show that it is not only wage-earners who may be benefited by this form of co-operation. This house is owned and occupied by a wholesale dry-goods merchant, doing business in this city, or, to be exact, by his wife, as he deeded it to her. "I went to Bayonne to live," said this gentleman, "about the time the association was started. A friend mentioned the enterprise to me, and I took five shares to see what it amounted to. Soon I bought some lots and decided to build. As I did not care to take the money for the house out of my business, I borrowed it from the association after taking more shares. My dues and interest were $40 a month, and my payments ceased in ten years and two months. My experience was altogether satisfactory, and I would recommend the same course to any man in my position, who does not feel like taking out of his business the money to buy or build a home."

Some associations in Jersey City, N. J., have found it advisable to erect buildings to serve as their headquarters. The picture on p. 577 represents one of these, the building of the Columbia Association. The reasons which induced the erection of this building were as follows: The association was organized in the outskirts of the city, and in the heart of a district which, after being occupied for farm purposes, had recently been cut up into lots. A change of ownership in the building where the association met having compelled it to seek new quarters, the proposal was made to erect a building of its own, which took definite shape. The necessary money was taken from the general funds. The building complete, with lot, cost $4,730.65. It was occupied in August, 1888. In the first fourteen months it brought in a net revenue of $346.14, which was a little over six per cent. on the investment. The ground floor is used as a hall, with a real estate office in front. The upper floor contains six large rooms, with bath and all other modern improvements. Arrangements have been made to rent the hall for the present year, which will increase the income.

As the association is a serial one, and the building will be a permanent asset,

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as each series matures the value of the building will be estimated, and a settlement be made with the retiring shareholders on that basis, as would be done in a business firm on the retirement of a partner. It is probable that the association will eventually realize a handsome profit on the investment.

An association with a very interesting history, to which I would be glad to devote more space than I can command, is the Mutual of Newark, N. J. This association was organized in June, 1867, and is still in prosperous operation. I can call attention only to two points in regard to it. The period of its existence covers the panic and the hard times of the '70s. Although, up to 1877, it had loaned in Essex County (a manufacturing district) $156,800, it had been obliged to foreclose on only three pieces of property. During the latter part of 1877 and in 1878, twelve pieces of property came into possession of the association, on some of which losses were made. There has been no foreclosure in the last eleven years. It received from 1867 to 1889, cash, from all sources, $659,603.61; has lent on bond and mortgage $443,925; has collected $5,501.43 in fines, and $105,376.86 as interest; and its total expenses for twenty-two years were only $11,483.25. It has always been conducted on the "gross" premium plan. A second point worth noting, is the long terms of its officers. On the publication of its history in pamphlet form, in 1886, the president had held his office for ten years (after three years as vice-president, and four as director); the treasurer for nineteen years; and the secretary, Mr. John Pardue, for sixteen years, after three years as director. The same treasurer and secretary are still in office.

Building and loan associations flourished in central and western New York during the period when the movement was at a standstill in the southeastern part of the State. The first picture on p. 578 shows the house of a young business man in Rochester. He figures as follows on his investment: "My total payments to the association are $7.25 each week. If the association pays annual dividends of an average of ten per cent., as, from its record, there is every reason to believe it will do, my mortgage will be paid off in a little less than nine years, and I shall have paid but 3.95 per cent. interest for the use of the money."

Building and loan associations have been in operation in St. Paul, Minn., for over twenty years, and nowhere have they vindicated their object more conclusively than in that city and its twin, Minneapolis. The illustration on p. 579 is the picture of the house (in its winter dress) of D. H., a tailor, at No. 183 E. Belvidere Street, St. Paul. Here is his own story of the way in which he acquired it:

"I was induced to join a building association in 1876, when I began by saving $10 a month. I was in several series at different times, but it seemed that, as often as I got a few hundred dollars ahead, I would have to use it to meet some pressing need. But I always began over again, until in March, 1883, having about $350 to my credit, I thought I would 'plant it' where I couldn't get it out so easily. So I bought two lots for $700 and paid $350 cash on them. In about a year and a half I had paid off the mortgage and a street assessment. Times were rather flush in 1885, and I bought thirteen shares of stock of the St. Paul B. and L. Association No. 1, for about $375. I had been paying rent for years (I am over fifty now), at from $20 to $25 a month. I now found that I could borrow enough money of the association on my lots (which had increased in value to $1,500) and stock to build a good house, and have only $26 a month to pay on it. I got $1,860 net, of the association, with which I put up an eight-room house, two stories high. I have as fine a view as any of the nabobs of Summit Avenue, and can see up the river half-way to Minneapolis.

"I shall have to pay for thirty-one months more, at $26 a month, when I will be out of debt, and own a place worth $4,000. I have refused an offer of $3,000 for the house and one lot."

I am indebted to Mr. Thomas A. Rice, of St. Louis, author of a useful work on building association book-keeping, for the following account of the growth of this system of co-operation in his city, coupled with his own personal experience:

"I joined my first building associa-

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tion, the Hibernia, at its organization, in July, 1873 ; I was totally in the dark as to its methods, but I took some shares on the advice of friends. Some three years later, on the resignation of the secretary, being a practical accountant, I was put in his place, and was thus forced to study the subject in all its bearings. I now say, unhesitatingly, that there is nothing on the face of the earth so beneficial to all who join it—especially to wage-earners who need help and encouragement in saving their money and getting a home, as a well-managed building association.

"The six associations of which I am now secretary have loaned out $891,200 to two hundred and ninety-two borrowers, the majority of whom used the money for building houses. When the Hibernia was about five years old I, myself, borrowed $2,500 on my five shares and bought a house and lot, living there for ten years, and now renting it for $25 a month. Of course, since the association matured (in 1882, having run just nine years), I have had nothing to pay on it. A year and a half before the Hibernia matured it retired all its free shares, paying the stockholders the full amount of money paid in by them, and interest on the same at the rate of seventeen per cent. per annum for the average time.

"Seeing the success of this association, I easily persuaded its members, and some other persons, to organize the Laclede Association, now eight and a half years old. Of this association I was secretary for the first two years, and I still hold fifty-five shares of its stock. On these I borrowed $11,000, and bought a five-story stone front building, No. 322 Chestnut Street. My monthly dues and interest on this loan are $110, and I receive $125 a month rent. I spent some $2,000 of my own money on it.

"When the Hibernia, whose capital was $250,000, divided into five hundred shares of $500 each, matured in 1882, the members were so well pleased that the Hibernia No. 2 was organized the same day, with a capital of $500,000, divided into $200 shares. Every share of this stock was taken at the first meeting, and the stock sold the next day at a premium of fifty per cent. To accommodate those who could not get into this association, I organized the Mound City six months later, with a capital of $600,000, divided into $300 shares. This association, during the last seven years, has handled $511,742.50, at a total expense of $6,221.82—or only one and a quarter cent on every dollar. To-day we have in St. Louis about one hundred and ten associations, of an average capital of $600,000, and a total membership of about forty thousand.

"In May, 1886, I borrowed from the Mound City Association $11,100, with which I purchased a lot at Garfield and Spring Avenues, and put up the house shown in the picture, [p. 580] ; $7,000 of the money was used to erect the house. My monthly payments on this loan are $129.50, $2 dues on each of thirty-seven shares, and $55.50 interest. This is pretty heavy, but my lot is 141 × 120, paid for out of this loan, and the vacant part has advanced in value to about $5,000."

Cincinnati supports about four hundred building associations, with an average capital of about $2,000,000. In the twenty years of their history there, not half a dozen of those properly organized have met with disaster, and in no case has there been a total failure. At least ten thousand houses, mostly in the suburbs, have been paid for through the associations, their average cost being about $3,500. The picture at the top of p. 585 shows one of these suburban houses, owned by the bookkeeper of a Cincinnati firm. He took two shares, worth at par $500 each. The weekly dues are $2 ; his weekly interest on $1,000 borrowed is $1.20, and his weekly premium 16 cents, making an annual payment of $174.72, which is about what he paid for rent before building. It is calculated that his shares will mature in less than eight years. The house and lot cost $2,400.

The associations have found a secure hold in the far West—in Utah, California, and Oregon. The lower picture on p. 585 shows the pretty home of one of the members of the Citizens' Building and Loan Association of San Francisco, Cal., at Berkeley, just across the bay. The owner, a bookkeeper, borrowed $2,000, and had his mortgage cancelled in one hundred and eleven months.

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While, for some reason, savings institutions have not gained so general a foothold in our Southern States as they have in the North, the building association system is doing an excellent work in many Southern cities. I have space to speak of their work in only three of these cities, but this may be looked upon as typical.

There are a number of associations in Washington, D. C., the Equitable being, perhaps, the most prominent. It has about four thousand members, at least ninety-five per cent. of whom are clerks in the Government departments, clerks in stores, small merchants, and wage-earners. Some five hundred are colored people, and probably thirty-three per cent. are females. The loans have ranged from $100 to $8,000. There have been eighteen issues of stock, embracing 42,623 shares, of which 28,213 have been redeemed. The association has made about one thousand nine hundred loans, has foreclosed on only one, and has never lost a dollar.

The illustration on p. 586 represents the house of one of the members of this association, a clerk in the Surgeon-General's office. It is situated on "Mt. Pleasant," a northern suburb of the city. It was built two years ago at a cost of $4,000, with money borrowed of the association.

The building and loan (or "homestead associations," as they are locally called in some instances) are a recognized feature among the business institutions of New Orleans, and a considerable part of the annual "trade editions" of the *Picayune* and the *Times-Democrat* are devoted to them. There are fifteen associations in the city, and six or eight in other parts of Louisiana. The *Times-Democrat*, in its trade edition of last September, said: "All of those in the city are in excellent financial condition, and hundreds of homes have been secured for members. The solidity of these organizations is demonstrated by the fact that, while several of them have gone out of business during the year, or consolidated with other associations owing to lack of membership, not a single shareholder has lost a nickel. While the number of residences has been materially increased, the number of renters has been proportionately diminished, and landlords have been compelled to pay more attention to the comfort of their tenants."

A representative Southern home, secured by co-operation, is shown in the second picture on p. 578, the house of Mr. P. K., a pressman on the *Picayune*. It is situated at No. 81 Bolivar Street. Mr. K. has held his present position since 1886. When the People's Homestead Association was organized in New Orleans, the business manager of the *Picayune* advised the employees to join it. Mr. K. subscribed for eight shares, and a few years later took twenty more. He had been a rent-payer since 1866, but his savings in the association now enabled him to enjoy the independence of a home of his own. He paid $3,400 for his house and lot, and has land enough to set off another building lot if he were inclined. By the time he has paid in full for the property, his outlay, including taxes and insurance, will amount to $4,227.50. The place is said to have cost originally over $12,000.

Atlanta, Ga., has enjoyed the benefits of these associations for a number of years, and the members there have given some interesting testimony to the benefits they have received. The secretary of the People's Mutual Loan and Building Association sent out postal cards to all the members, about a year ago, asking them to give him a statement of their experience. Here are a few of the answers:

"The association has been the means of my saving $1,600."

"The association has kept our boys' money safely invested, and they are $925 better off than two years ago." (These boys had formerly spent all their money for drink.)

"I owe all I have in the world to the association."

The secretary of this association, Mr. E. P. McBurney, writes to me: "A negro who, when he joined, had but $500, has built a store costing $4,500 in which he does business, and he is worth $6,000. The rent of half the building more than pays his dues. Another negro member has built the house in which he lives through the association. A mechanic told me the other day that he had for four years been increasing his holding of

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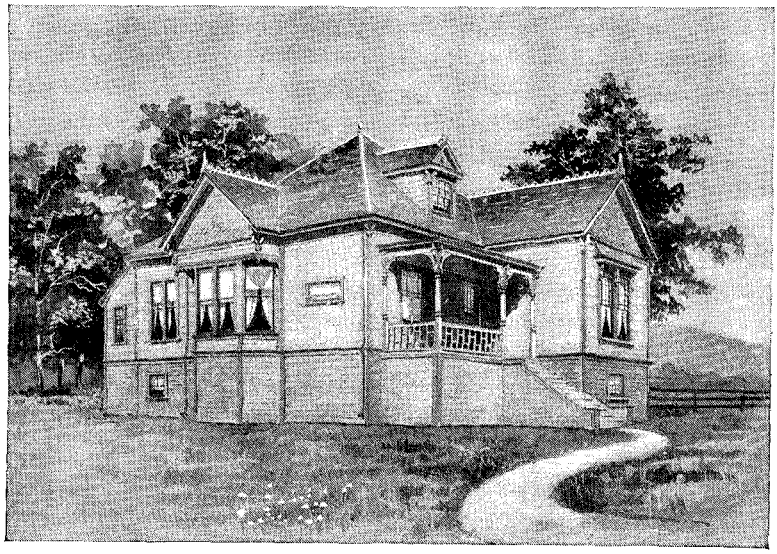
House of a Cincinnati Bookkeeper, cost, with lot, $2,400.

stock, until he now paid in $30 a month, whereas, four years ago, he did not think he could save a cent."

If this testimony to the beneficial operations of co-operative building and loan associations, gathered from so wide a territory, seems one-sided, I have only to say that in all the correspondence I have had on the subject I have not received one complaint. But the testimony should be accepted as proving, not that the system is not open to abuses and losses under bad management, but that beyond



House of a Bookkeeper at Berkeley, a suburb of San Francisco, Cal., cost $2,000.

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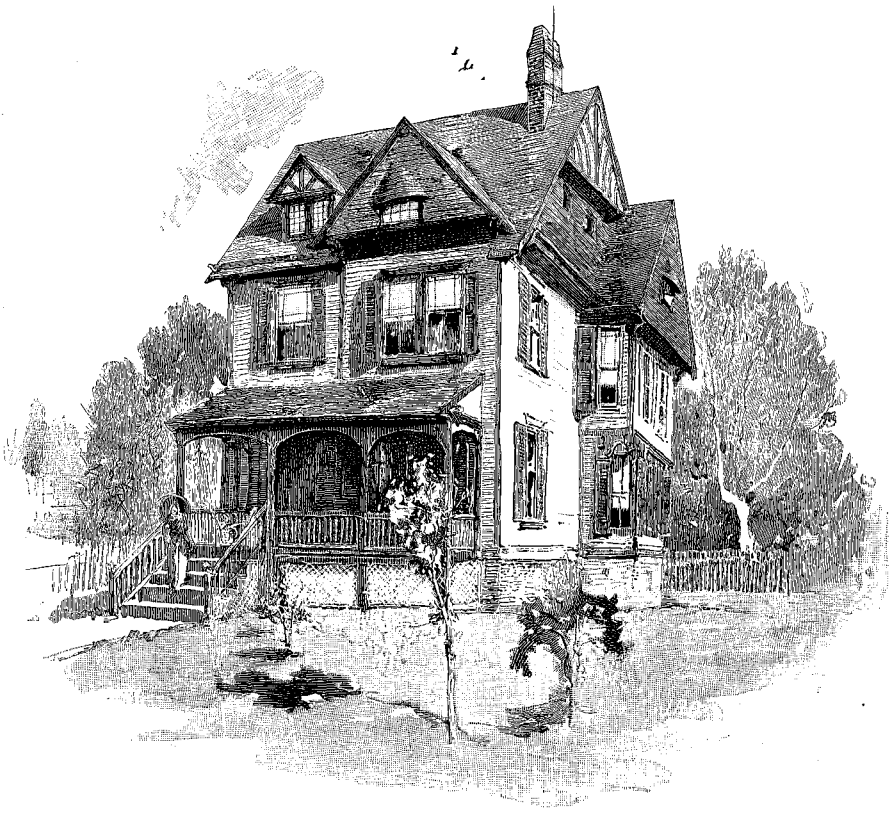

House of a Government Clerk in Washington, D. C., cost $4,000.

dispute it is one of the greatest means for the encouragement of thrift that man has devised. No method has ever been invented, in public or private affairs, to render the custody of funds entirely safe. But no investment and management can nearer approach safety than that of a mutual building and loan association, in which the officers are well chosen and in which *all* do their duty.

I have received many requests, while writing this article, to sound a warning against those so-called "national" associations, which are trying to use the good fame of the genuine co-operative associations to build up a business whose real object is the acquisition of profits for a set of officers.

I do not think that the co-operative associations have anything to fear from the "nationals," except the confusion that may exist with a large part of the public about the two systems, causing the actually co-operative associations to share in any discredit and disappointments that must, sooner or later, fall to the others. Any man can see that a "national" association, with heavy expenses for office hire, agents, etc., while the risk on its loans must be infinitely greater, cannot be as profitable to its members as a local association whose expenses a few hundred dollars will cover. The "nationals" are still young, but State officers are already "gathering them in," and time to prove the falsity of their system is, I think, all that will be required to get rid of them, even if the vigorous enforcement of State laws does not sooner weed them out.

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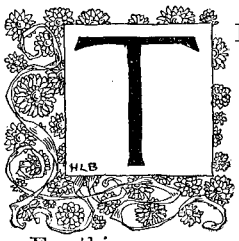
IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MESSAGE SENT AHEAD FROM THE INVADING ARMY.



HE whole forenoon of this eventful day was occupied in transmitting to the proper authorities the great tidings which had so fortuitously come to us.

For this purpose, after breakfast, John Frey, who was the Brigade Major as well as Sheriff, rode down to Caughnawaga with me, four soldiers bringing Enoch in our train. It was a busy morning at the Fonda house, where we despatched our business, only Jelles Fonda and his brother Captain Adam and the staunch old Samson Sammons being admitted to our counsels.

Here Enoch repeated his story, telling now in addition that one-half of the approaching force was composed of Hanau Chasseurs—skilled marksmen recruited in Germany from the gamekeeper or forester class—and that Joseph Brant was expected to meet them at Oswego with the Iroquois war party, Colonel Claus having command of the Missisagues or Hurons from the far west. As he mentioned the names of various officers in Sir John's regiment of Tories, we ground our teeth with wrath. They were the names of men we had long known in the Valley—men whose brothers and kinsmen were still among us—some even holding commissions in our Militia. Old Sammons could not restrain a snort of rage when the name of Hon-Yost Herkimer was mentioned in this list of men who wore now the traitor's "Royal Green" uniform, and carried commissions from King George to fight against their own blood.

"You saw no Sammons in that damned snake's nest, I'll be bound!" he shouted fiercely at Enoch.

"Nor any Fonda, either," said Major Jelles, as firmly.

But then both bethought them that these were cruel words to say in the hearing of the stalwart John Frey, who could not help it that his brother, Colonel Hendrick, was on parole as a suspected Tory, and that another brother, Bernard, and a nephew, young Philip Frey, Hendrick's son, were with Johnson in Canada. So the family subject was dropped.

More or less minute reports of all that Enoch revealed, according to the position of those for whom they were intended, were written out by me, and despatched by messenger to General Schuyler at Albany; to Brigadier-General Herkimer near the Little Falls; to Colonel Campbell at Cherry Valley; and to my old comrade Peter Gansevoort, now a full colonel, and since April the commandant at Fort Stanwix. Upon him the first brunt of the coming invasion would fall. He had under him only five hundred men—the Third New York Continentals—and I took it upon myself to urge now upon General Schuyler that more should be speeded to him.

This work finally cleared away, and all done that was proper until the military head of Tryon County, Brigadier Herkimer, should take action, there was time to remember my own affairs. It had been resolved that no word of what we had learned should be made public. The haying had begun, and a panic now would work only disaster by interfering with this most important harvest a day sooner than need be. There was no longer any question of keeping Enoch in prison, but there was a real fear that if he were set at large he might reveal his secret. Hence John Frey suggested that I keep him under my eye, and this jumped with my inclination.

Accordingly, when the noon-day heat was somewhat abated, we set out down the Valley road toward The Cedars. There was no horse for him, but he

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"I turned the sheet over and over in my hands, re-reading lines here and there."—Page 590.

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walked with the spring and tirelessness of a greyhound, his hand on the pommel of my saddle. The four soldiers who had come down from Johnstown followed in our rear, keeping under the shade where they could, and picking berries by the way.

The mysterious letter from Philip to his deserted wife lay heavily upon my thoughts. I could not ask Enoch if he knew its contents—which it turned out he did not—but I was unable to keep my mind from speculating upon them.

During all these fourteen months Daisy and I had rarely spoken of her recreant ruffian of a husband — or, for that matter, of any other phase of her sad married life. There had been some little constraint between us for a time, after Mr. Stewart's childish babbling about us as still youth and maiden. He never happened to repeat it, and the embarrassment gradually wore away. But we had both been warned by it—if indeed I ought to speak of her as possibly needing such a warning—and by tacit consent the whole subject of her situation was avoided. I did not even tell her that I owed the worst and most lasting of my wounds to Philip. It would only have added to her grief, and impeded the freedom of my arm when the chance for revenge should come.

That my heart had been all this while deeply tender toward the poor girl, I need hardly say. I tried to believe that I thought of her only as the dear sister of my childhood, and that I looked upon her when we met with no more than the fondness which may properly glow in a brother's eyes. For the most part I succeeded in believing it—but it is just to add that the neighborhood did not. More than once my mother had angered me by reporting that people talked of my frequent visits to The Cedars, and faint echoes of this gossip had reached my ears from other sources.

"You did not stop to see Mistress Cross open her letter, then?" I asked Enoch.

"No! why should I? Nothing was said about that. He paid me only to deliver it into her hands."

"And what was his mood when he gave it to you?"

"Why, it was what you might call the Madeira mood — his old accustomed temper. He had the hiccoughs, I recall, when he spoke with me. Most generally he does have them. Yet, speak the truth and shame the devil! he is sober two days to that Colonel Sillinger's one. If their expedition fails, it won't be for want of rum. They had twenty barrels when they started from La Chine—and it went to my heart to see men make such beasts of themselves."

I could not but smile at this. "The last time I saw you before to-day," I said, "there could not well have been less than a quart of rum inside of you."

"No doubt! But it is quite another thing to guzzle while your work is still in hand. That I never would do! And it is that which makes me doubt these British will win, in the long run. Rum is good to rest upon—it is rest itself—when the labor is done; but it is ruin to drink it when your task is still ahead of you. To tell the truth, I could not bear to see these fellows drink, drink, drink, all day long, with all their hard fighting to come. It made me uneasy."

"And is it your purpose to join us? We are the sober ones, you know."

"Well, yes and no! I don't mind giving your side a lift—it's more my way of thinking than the other — and you seem to need it powerfully, too. But" —here he looked critically over my blue and buff, from cockade to boot-tops—"you don't get any uniform on me, and I don't join any regiment. I'd take my chance in the woods first. It suits you to a 't', but it would gag me from the first minute."

We talked thus until we reached The Cedars. I left Enoch and the escort without, and knocked at the door. I had to rap a second time before Molly Wemple appeared to let me in.

"We were all upstairs," she said, wiping her hot and dusty brow with her apron—"hard at it! I'll send her down to you. She needs a little breathing spell."

The girl was gone before I could ask what extra necessity for labor had fallen upon the household, this sultry summer afternoon.

Daisy came hurriedly to me, a moment later, and took both my hands in

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hers. She also bore signs of work and weariness.

"Oh! I am *so* glad you are come!" she said, eagerly. "Twice I have sent Tulp for you across to your mother's. It seemed as if you never would come."

"Why, what is it, my girl? Is it about the letter from—from——"

"You know, then!"

"Only that a letter came to you yesterday from him. The messenger—he is an old friend of ours—told me that much—nothing more."

Daisy turned at this, and took a chair, motioning me to another. The pleased excitement at my arrival—apparently so much desired—was succeeded all at once by visible embarrassment.

"Now that you are here, I scarcely know why I wanted you, or—or how to tell you what it is," she said, speaking slowly. "I was full of the idea that nothing could be done without your advice and help—and yet, now you have come, it seems that there is nothing left for you to say or do." She paused for a moment, then added: "You know we are going back to Cairncross."

I stared at her, aghast. The best thing I could say was, "Nonsense!"

She smiled wearily. "So I might have known you would say. But it is the truth, none the less."

"You must be crazy!"

"No, Douw, only very, very wretched!"

The poor girl's voice faltered as she spoke, and I thought I saw the glisten of tears in her eyes. She had borne so brave and calm a front through all her trouble, that this suggestion of a sob wrung my heart with the cruelty of a novel sorrow. I drew my chair nearer to her.

"Tell me about it all, Daisy—if you can."

Her answer was to impulsively take a letter from her pocket, and hand it to me. She would have recalled it an instant later.

"No—give it me back!" she cried, "I forgot! There are things in it you should not see!"

But even as I held it out to her, she changed her mind once again.

"No! Read it," she said, sinking back in her chair; "it can make no difference—between *us*. You might as well know all!"

The "all" could not well have been more hateful. I smoothed out the folded sheet over my knee, and read these words, written in a loose, bold character, with no date or designation of place, and with the signature scrawled grandly like the sign-manual of a Duke, at least:

"MADAM:—It is my purpose to return to Cairncross forthwith, though you are not to publish it.

"If I fail to find you there residing, as is your duty, upon my arrival, I shall be able to construe the reasons for your absence, and shall act accordingly.

"I am fully informed of your behavior in quitting my house the instant my back was turned, and in consorting publicly with my enemies, and with ruffian foes to law and order generally.

"All these rebels and knaves will shortly be shot or hanged, including without fail your Dutch gallant, who, I am told, now calls himself a Major. His daily visits to you have all been faithfully reported to me. After his neck has been properly twisted, I may be in a better humor to listen to such excuses as you can offer in his regard, albeit I make no promise.

"I despatch by this same express my commands to Rab, which will serve as your further instructions. PHILIP."

One clearly had a right to time for reflection, after having read such a letter as this. I turned the sheet over and over in my hands, re-reading lines here and there under pretence of study, and preserving silence, until finally she asked me what I thought of it all. Then I had perforce to speak my mind.

"I think, if you wish to know," I said deliberately, "that this husband of yours is the most odious brute God ever allowed to live!"

There came now in her reply a curious confirmation of the familiar saying that no man can ever comprehend a woman. A long life's experience has convinced me that the simplest and more direct of her sex must be, in the inner workings of her mind, an enigma to the wisest man that ever existed; so impressed am I with this fact that several times in the course of this narrative I have been at pains to disavow all knowledge of why the women folk of my tale did this or that, only recording the fact that they did do it—and thus to the end of time, I take it, the world's stories must be written.

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This was what Daisy actually said :

"But do you not see, running through every line of the letter, and but indifferently concealed, the confession that he is sorry for what he has done, and that he still loves me ?"

"I certainly see nothing of the kind !"

She had the letter by heart : "Else why does he wish me to return to his home ?" she asked. "And you see he is grieved at my having been friendly with those who are not his friends ; that he would not be if he cared nothing for me. Note, too, how at the close, even when he has shown that by the reports that have reached him he is justified in suspecting me, he as much as says that he will forgive me."

"Yes—perhaps—when once he has had his sweet fill of seeing me kicking at the end of a rope ! Truly I marvel, Daisy, how you can be so blind, after all the misery and suffering this ruffian has caused you."

"He is my husband, Douw," she said, simply, as if that settled everything.

"Yes, he is your husband—a noble and loving husband, in truth ! He first makes your life wretched at home—you know you *were* wretched, Daisy ! Then he deserts you, despoiling your house before your very eyes, humiliating you in the hearing of your servants, and throwing the poverty of your parents in your face as he goes ! He stops away two years—having you watched meanwhile, it seems—yet never vouchsafing you so much as a word of message ! Then at last, when these coward Tories have bought help enough in Germany and in the Indian camps to embolden them to come down and look their neighbors in the face, he is pleased to write you this letter, abounding in coarse insults in every sentence. He tells you of his coming as he might notify a tavern wench. He hectors and orders you as if you were his slave. He pleasantly promises the ignominious death of your chief friends. And all this you take kindly — sifting his brutal words in search for even the tiniest grain of manliness. My faith, I am astonished at you ! I credited you with more spirit."

She was not angered at this outburst, which had in it more harsh phrases than she had heard in all her life from me before, but, after a little pause, said to me quite calmly :

"I know you deem him all bad. You never allowed him any good quality."

"You know him better than I — a thousand times better, more's the pity. Very well ! I rest the case with you. Tell me, out of all your knowledge of the man, what 'good quality' he ever showed, how he showed it, and when !"

"Have you forgotten that he saved my life ?"

"No, but he forgot it — or rather made it the subject of taunts, in place of soft thoughts."

"And he loved me—ah ! he truly did —for a little !"

"Yes, he loved you ! So he did his horses, his kennel, his wine-cellar—and a hundred-fold more he loved himself, and his cursed pride."

"How you hate him !"

"Hate him ? Yes ! Have I not been given cause ?"

"He often said that he was not in fault for throwing Tulp over the gulf-side. He knew no reason, he avowed, why you should have sought a quarrel with him that day, and forced it upon him, there in the gulf, and as for Tulp —why, the foolish boy ran at him. Is it not so ?"

"Who speaks of Tulp ?" I asked impatiently. "If he had tossed all Ethiopia over the cliff, and left me *you*—I—I——"

The words were out !

I bit my tongue in shamed regret, and dared not let my glance meet hers. Of all things in the world, this was precisely what I should not have uttered —what I wanted least to say. But it had been said, and I was covered with confusion. The necessity of saying something to bridge over this chasm of insensate indiscretion tugged at my senses, and finally—after what had seemed an age of silence—I stammered on :

"What I mean is, we never liked each other. Why, the first time we ever met, we fought. You cannot remember it, but we did. He knocked me into the ashes. And then there was our dispute at Albany—at the Patroon's Mansion,

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you will recall. And then at Quebec. I have never told you of this," I went on, recklessly, "but we met that morning, in the snow, as Montgomery fell. He knew me, dark as it still was, and we grappled. This scar here," I pointed to a reddish seam across my temple and cheek, "this was his doing."

I have said that I could never meet Daisy in these days, without feeling that, mere chronology to the opposite notwithstanding, she was much the older and more competent person of the two. This sense of juvenility overwhelmed me now, as she calmly rose and put her hand on my shoulder, and took a restful, as it were maternal, charge of me and my mind.

"My dear Douw," she said, with as fine an assumption of quiet, composed superiority as if she had not up to that moment been talking the veriest nonsense, "I understand just what you mean. Do not think, if I seem sometimes thoughtless or indifferent, that I am not aware of your feelings, or that I fail to appreciate the fondness you have always given me. I know what you would have said——"

"It was exactly what I most of all would *not* have said," I broke in with, in passing.

"Even so. But do you think, silly boy, that the thought was new to me? Of course we shall never speak of it again, but I am not altogether sorry it was referred to. It gives me the chance to say to you," her voice softened and wavered here, as she looked around the dear old room, reminiscent in every detail of our youth, "to say to you that, wherever my duty may be, my heart is here, here under this roof where I was so happy, and where the two best men I shall ever know loved me so tenderly, so truly, as daughter and sister."

There were tears in her eyes at the end, but she was calm and self-sustained enough.

She was very firmly of opinion that it was her duty to go to Cairncross at once, and nothing I could say sufficed to dissuade her. So it turned out that the afternoon and evening of this important day were devoted to convoying across to Cairncross the whole Cedars establishment, I myself accompanying Daisy and Mr. Stewart in the carriage around by the Johnstown road. Rab was civil almost to the point of servility, but, to make assurance doubly sure, I sent up a guard of soldiers to the house that very night, brought Master Rab down to be safely locked up by the Sheriff at Johnstown, and left her Enoch instead.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM THE SCYTHE AND REAPER TO THE MUSKET.

And now, with all the desperate energy of men who risked everything that mortal can have in jeopardy, we prepared to meet the invasion.

The tidings of the next few days but amplified what Enoch had told us. Thomas Spencer, the half-breed, forwarded full intelligence of the approaching force; Oneida runners brought in stories of its magnitude, with which the forest glades began to be vocal; Colonel Gansevoort, working night and day to put into a proper state of defence the dilapidated Fort at the Mohawk's headwaters, sent down urgent demands for supplies, for more men, and for militia support.

At the most, General Schuyler could spare him but two hundred men, for Albany was in sore panic at the fall of Ticonderoga and the menace of Burgoyne's descent in force through the Champlain country. We watched this little troop march up the river road in a cloud of dust—and realized that this was the final thing Congress and the State could do for us. What more was to be done, we men of the Valley must do for ourselves.

It was almost welcome, this grim, blood-red reality of peril which now stared us in the face, so good and wholesome a change did it work in the spirit of the Valley. Despondency vanished; the cavillers who had disparaged Washington and Schuyler, sneered at stout Governor Clinton, and doubted all things save that matters would end badly, ceased their grumbling and took heart; men who had wavered and been lukewarm or suspicious came forward now and threw in their lot with their neigh-

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bors. And if here and there on the hillsides were silent houses whence no help was to come, and where, if the enemy once broke through, he would be welcomed the more as a friend if his hands were spattered with our blood—the consciousness, I say, that we had these base traitors in our midst only gave us a deeper resolution not to fail.

General Herkimer presently issued his order to the Tryon militia, apprising them of the imminent danger, and summoning all between sixteen and sixty to arms. There was no doubt now where the blow would fall. Cherry Valley, Unadilla, and the Sacondaga settlements no longer feared raids from the wilderness upon their flanks. The invaders were coming forward in a solid mass, to strike square at the Valley's head. There we must meet them!

It warms my old heart still to recall the earnestness and calm courage of that summer fortnight of preparation. All up and down the Valley bottom-lands the haying was in progress. Young and old, rich and poor, came out to carry forward this work in common. The meadows were taken in their order, some toiling with scythe and sickle, others standing guard at the forest borders of the fields to protect the workers. It was a goodly yield that year, I remember, and never in my knowledge was the harvest gathered and housed better or more thoroughly than in this period of genuine danger, when no man knew whose cattle would feed upon his hay, a month hence. The women and girls worked beside the men, and brought them cooling drinks of ginger, molasses, and vinegar, and spread tables of food in the early evening shade for the weary gleaners. These would march home in bodies, a little later, those with muskets being at the front and rear, and then, after a short night's honest sleep, the rising sun would find them again at work upon some other farm.

There was something very good and strengthening in this banding together to get the hay in for all. During twenty years of peace and security, we had grown selfish and solitary — each man for himself. We had forgotten, in the strife for individual gain and preferment, the true meaning of that fine old word "neighbor"—the husbandman or *boer* who is nigh, and to whom in nature you first look for help and sympathy and friendship. It was in this fortnight of common peril that we saw how truly we shared everything—even life itself—and how good it was to work for as well as to fight for one another—each for all, and all for each. Forty years have gone by since that summer, yet still I seem to discover in the Mohawk Valley the helpful traces of that fortnight's harvesting in common. The poor *bauers* and squatters from the bush came out then, and did their share of the work, and we went back with them into their forest clearings and beaver-flies, and helped them get in their small crops in turn. And to this day there is more brotherly feeling here between the needy and the well-to-do than I know of anywhere else.

When the barns were filled, and the sweet-smelling stacks outside properly built and thatched, the scythe was laid aside for the musket, the sickle for the sword and pistol. All up the Valley the drums' rattle drowned the drone of the locusts in the stubble. The women moulded bullets now and filled powder-horns instead of making drinks for the hay-field. There was no thought anywhere save of preparation for the march. Guns were cleaned, flints replaced, new hickory ramrods whittled out, and the grindstones threw off sparks under the pressure of swords and spear-heads. Even the little children were at work rubbing goose-grease into the hard leather of their elders' foot-gear, against the long tramp to Fort Stanwix.

By this time, the first of August, we knew more about the foe we were to meet. The commander whom Enoch had heard called Sillinger was learned to be one Colonel St. Leger, a British officer of distinction, which might have been even greater if he had not embraced the old-world military vice of his day—grievous drunkenness. The gathering of Indians at Oswego under Claus and Brant was larger than the first reports had made it. The regular troops, both British and German, intended for our destruction, were said to alone outnumber the whole militia force which we could hope to oppose to them. But most of all we thought of the hundreds of our old Tory

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neighbors, who were bringing this army down upon us to avenge their own fancied wrongs. And when we thought of them we moodily rattled the bullets in our deerskin bags, and bent the steel more fiercely upon the whirling, hissing stone.

I have read much of war, both ancient and modern. I declare solemnly that in no chronicle of warfare in any country, whether it be of great campaigns like those of Marlborough and the late King of Prussia, and that strange Buonaparte, half god, half devil, who has now been caged at last at St. Helena; or of brutal invasions by a foreign enemy, as when the French overran and desolated the Palatinate; or of buccaneering and piratical enterprises by the Spaniards and Portuguese; or of the fighting of savages or of the Don Cossacks—in none of these records, I aver, can you find so much wanton baseness and beast-like bloodthirstiness as these native-born Tories showed toward us. Mankind has not been capable of more utter cruelty and wickedness than were in their hearts. Beside them the lowest painted heathen in their train was a Christian, the most ignorant Hessian peasant was a nobleman.

Ever since my talk with Colonel Dayton I had been trying to look upon these Tories as men who, however mistaken, were acting from a sense of duty. For a full year it seemed as if I had succeeded—indeed, more than once, so temperately did I bring myself in my new philosophy to think of them, I was warned by my elders that it would be better for me to keep my generous notions to myself. But now, when the stress came, all this philanthropy fell away. These men were leading down to their old home an army of savages and alien soldiers; they were boasting that we, their relatives, or whilom school-fellows, neighbors, friends, should be slaughtered like rats in a pit; their commander, St. Leger, published at their instigation general orders offering his Indians twenty dollars apiece for the scalps of our men, women, and children! How could one pretend not to hate such monsters?

At least I did not pretend any longer, but worked with an enthusiasm I had never known before to marshal our yeomanry together.

Under the pelting July sun, in the saddle from morning till night—to Cherry Valley, to Stone Arabia, to the obscure little groups of cabins in the bush, to the remote settlements on the Unadilla and the East Creek—organizing, suggesting, pleading, sometimes, I fear, also cursing a little, my difficult work was at last done. The men of the Mohawk District regiment, who came more directly under my eye, were mustered at Caughnawaga, and some of the companies that were best filled despatched forward under Captain Adam Fonda, who was all impatience to get first to Fort Dayton—the general rendezvous. In all we were likely to gather together in this regiment one hundred and thirty men, and this was better than a fortnight ago had seemed possible.

They were sturdy fellows for the most part, tall, deep-chested, and hard of muscle. They came from the high forest clearings of Kingsland and Tribes Hill, from the lower Valley flatlands near to Schenectady, from the bush settlements scattered back on Aries Creek, from the rich farms and villages of Johnstown, and Caughnawaga, and Spraker's. There were among them all sorts and conditions of men, thrifty and thriftless, cautious and imprudent, the owners of slaves along with poor yokels of scarcely higher estate than the others' niggers. Here were posted thick in the roll-call such names as Fonda, Starin, Yates, Sammons, Gardenier, and Wemple. Many of the officers, and some few of the men, had rough imitations of uniform, such as home-made materials and craft could command, but these varied largely in style and color. The great majority of the privates wore simply their farm homespun, gray and patched, and some had not even their hat brims turned up with a cockade—but they had a look on their sunburned, gnarled, and honest faces which the Butlers and Johnsons might well have shrunk from.

These men of the Mohawk district spoke more Dutch than anything else, though there were both English and High German tongues among them. They had more old acquaintances

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among the Tories than had their Palatine friends up the river, for this had been the Johnsons' own district. Hence, though in numbers we were smaller than the regiments that mustered above at Stone Arabia and Zimmerman's, at Canajoharie, and Cherry Valley, we were richer in hate.

At daybreak on August 2d, the remaining companies of this regiment were to start on their march up the Valley. I rode home to my mother's house late in the afternoon of the 1st, to spend what might be a last night under her roof. On the morrow, Samson Sammons and Jelles Fonda, members of the Committee of Safety, and I, could easily overtake the column on our horses.

I was greatly perplexed and unsettled in mind about Daisy and my duty toward her, and, though I turned this over in my thoughts the whole distance, I could come to no satisfactory conclusion. On the one hand, I yearned to go and say farewell to her; on the other, it was not clear, after that letter of her husband's, that I could do this without unjustly prejudicing her as a wife. For the wife of this viper she still was, and who could tell how soon she might not be in his power again?

I was still wrestling with this vexatious question when I came to my mother's house. I tied the horse to the fence till Tulp should come out for him, and went in, irresolutely. At every step it seemed to me as if I ought instead to be going toward Cairncross.

Guess my surprise at being met, almost upon the threshold, by the very woman of whom of all others I had been thinking! My mother and she had apparently made up their differences and stood together, waiting for me.

"Were you going away, Douw, without coming to see me—to say good-by?" asked Daisy, with a soft reproach in her voice. "Your mother tells me of your starting to-morrow — for the battle."

I took her hand and, despite my mother's presence, continued to hold it in mine. This was bold, but there was little enough of bravery in my words.

"Yes, we go to-morrow; I wanted to come—all day I have been thinking of little else—yet I feared that my visit might—might——"

Very early in this tale it was my pride to explain that my mother was a superior woman. Faults of temper she may have had, and eke narrow prejudices on sundry points. But she had also great good sense — which she showed now by leaving the room.

"I came to you instead, you see," my dear girl said, trying to smile, yet with a quivering lip; "I could not have slept, I could not have borne to live almost, it seems, if I had let you ride off without a word, without a sign."

We stood thus facing each other for a moment — I mumbling forth some commonplaces of explanation, she looking intently into my eyes. Then with a sudden deep outburst of anguish, moaning piteously, "*Must you truly go?*" she came, nay, almost fell into my arms, burying her face on my shoulder, and weeping violently.

It is not meet that I should speak much of the hour that followed. I would, in truth, pass over it wholly in silence—as being too sacred a thing for aught of disclosure or speculation—were it not that some might, in this case, think lightly of the pure and good woman who, unduly wrung by years of grief, disappointment, and trial, now, from very weariness of soul, sobbed upon my breast. And that would be intolerable.

We sat side by side in the little musty parlor. I did not hold her hand, or so much as touch her gown with my knee or foot.

We talked of impersonal things—of the coming invasion, of the chances of relieving Fort Stanwix, of the joy it would be to me if I could bear a good part in rescuing my dear friend Gansevoort, its brave young commandant. I told her about Peter, and of how we two had consorted together in Albany, and later in Quebec. And this led us back—as we had so often returned before during these latter hateful months — to the sweet companionship of our own childhood and youth. She, in turn, talked of Mr. Stewart, who seemed less strong and contented in his new home at Cairncross. He had much enjoyment now, she said, in counting over a rosary of beads which had been his mother's, reiterating

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a prayer for each one in the Romish fashion, and he was curiously able to remember these long-disused formulas of his boyhood, even while he forgot the things of yesterday. I commented upon this, pointing out to her that this is the strange quality of the Roman faith—that its forms and customs, learned in youth, remain in the affections of Papists to their dying day, even after many years of neglect and unbelief; whereas in the severe, Spanish-drab Protestantism to which I was reared, if one once loses interest in the tenets themselves, there is nothing whatever left upon which the mind may linger pleasantly.

Thus our conversation ran—decorous and harmless enough in all conscience. And if the thoughts masked by these words were all of a forbidden subject—if the very air about us was laden with sweet influences—if, when our eyes met, each read in the other's glance a whole world of meaning evaded in our talk—were we to blame?

I said "no" then, in my own heart, honestly. I say it now. Why, think you! This love of ours was as old as our intelligence itself. Looking back, we could trace its soft touch upon every little childish incident we had in common memory; the cadence of its music bore forward, tenderly, sweetly, the song of all that had been happy in our lives. We were man and woman now, wise and grave by reason of sorrow and pain and great trials. These had come upon us both because neither of us had frankly said, at a time when to have said it would have been to alter all—"I love you!" And this we must not say to each other even now, by all the bonds of mutual honor and self-respect. But not any known law, human or divine, could hold our thoughts in leash. So we sat and talked of common things, calmly and without restraint, and our minds were leagues away, in fields of their own choosing, amid sunshine and flowers and the low chanting of love's cherubim.

We said farewell, instinctively, before my mother returned. I held her hands in mine, and, as if she had been a girl again, gently kissed the white forehead she as gently inclined to me.

"Poor old father is to burn candles for your safety," she said, with a soft smile, "and I will pray too. Oh, do spare yourself! Come back to us!"

"I feel it in my bones," I answered stoutly. "Fear nothing, I shall come back!"

The tall, bright-eyed, shrewd old dame, my mother, came in at this, and Daisy consented to stop for supper with us, but not to spend the night with one of my sisters, as was urged. I read her reason to be that she shrank from a second and public farewell in the morning.

The supper was almost a cheery meal. The women would have readily enough made it doleful, I fancy, but my spirits were too high for that. There were birds singing in my heart. My mother from time to time looked at me searchingly, as if to guess the cause of this elation, but I doubt she was as mystified as I then thought.

At twilight I stood bare-headed and watched Daisy drive away, with Enoch and Tulp as a mounted escort. The latter was also to remain with her during my absence—and Major Mauverensen almost envied his slave.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE RENDEZVOUS OF FIGHTING MEN AT FORT DAYTON.

I SHALL not easily forget the early breakfast next morning, or the calm, yet serious air with which my mother and two unmarried sisters went about the few remaining duties of preparing for my departure. For all they said, they might have been getting me ready for a fishing excursion, but it would be wrong to assume that they did not think as gravely as if they had flooded the kitchen with tears.

Little has been said of these good women in the course of my story, for the reason that Fate gave them very little to do with it, and the narrative is full long as it is, without the burden of extraneous personages. But I would not have it thought that we did not all love one another, and stand up for one another, because we kept cool about it.

During this last year, in truth, my mother and I had seen more of each other than for all the time before since

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my infancy, and in the main had got on admirably together. Despite the affectation of indifference in her letter, she did not lack for pride in my being a Major; it is true that she exhibited little of this emotion to me, fearing its effect upon my vanity, doubtless, but her neighbors and gossips heard a good deal from it, I fancy. It was in her nature to be proud, and she had right to be—for what other widow in the Valley, left in sore poverty with a household of children, had, like her, by individual exertions, thrift, and keen management, brought all that family well up, purchased and paid for her own homestead and farm, and laid by enough for a comfortable old age? Not one! She therefore was justified in respecting herself and exacting respect from others, and it pleased me that she should have satisfaction as well in my advancement. But she did ruffle me sometimes by seeking to manage my business for me — she never for a moment doubting that it was within her ability to make a much better major than I was—and by ever and anon selecting some Valley maiden for me to marry. This last became a veritable infliction, so that I finally assured her I should never marry—my heart being irrevocably fixed upon a hopelessly unattainable ideal.

I desired her to suppose that this referred to some Albany woman, but I was never skilful in indirection, and I do not believe that she was at all deceived.

The time came soon enough when I must say good-by. My carefully packed bags were carried out and fastened to the saddle. Tall, slender, high-browed Margaret sadly sewed a new cockade of her own making upon my hat, and round-faced, red-cheeked Gertrude tied my sash and belt about me in silence. I kissed them both with more feeling than in all their lives before I had known for them, and when my mother followed me to the horse-block, and embraced me again, the tears could not be kept back. After all, I was her only boy—and it was to war in its deadliest form that I was going.

And then the thought came to me—how often in that cruel week it had come to fathers, husbands, brothers, in this sunny Valley of ours, leaving homes they should never see again! — that nothing but our right arms could save these women, my own flesh and blood, from the hatchet and scalping-knife.

I swung myself into the saddle sternly at this thought, and gripped the reins hard and pushed my weight upon the stirrups. By all the gods, I should not take this ride for nothing!

"Be of good heart, mother!" I said, between my teeth. "We shall drive the scoundrels back—such as we do not feed to the wolves."

"Aye! And do you your part!" said this fine old daughter of the men who through eighty years of warfare broke the back of Spain. "Remember that you are a Van Hoorn!"

"I shall not forget!"

"And is that young Philip Cross—*her* husband—with Johnson's crew?"

"Yes, he is!"

"Then if he gets back to Canada alive you are not the man your grandfather Baltus was!"

These were her last words, and they rang in my ears long after I had joined Fonda and Sammons at Caughnawaga, and we had started westward to overtake the regiment. If I could find this Philip Cross, there was nothing more fixed in my mind than the resolve to kill him.

We rode for the most part without conversation along the rough, sun-baked road, the ruts of which had here and there been trampled into fine dust by the feet of the soldiers marching before. When we passed houses near the highway, women and children came to the doors to watch us; other women and children we could see working in the gardens, or among the rows of tall corn. But save for now and then an aged gaffer, sitting in the sunshine with his pipe, there were no men. All these who could bear a musket were gone to meet the invasion. Two years of war in other parts had drained the Valley of many of its young men, who could not bear peace at home while there were battles at the North, or in the Jerseys, and were serving in every army which Congress controlled, from Champlain and the Delaware to Charleston. And now this levy for home defence had swept the farms clean.

We had late dinner, I remember, at

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the house of stout old Peter Wormuth, near the Palatine church. Both he and his son Matthew—a friend of mine from boyhood, who was to survive Oriskany only to be shot down near Cherry Valley next year by Joseph Brant—had of course gone forward with the Palatine militia. The women gave us food and drink, and I recall that Matthew's young wife, who had been Gertrude Shoemaker and was General Herkimer's niece, wept bitterly when we left, and we shouted back to her promises to keep watch over her husband. It is curious to think that when I next saw this young woman, some years later, she was the wife of Major John Frey.

It was a stiff ride on to overtake the stalwart yeomen of our regiment, which we did not far from a point opposite the upper Canajoharie Castle. The men had halted here, weary after their long, hot march, and were sprawling on the grass and in the shade of the bushes. The sun was getting low on the distant hills of the Little Falls, and there came up a refreshing stir of air from the river. Some were for encamping here for the night; others favored going on to the Falls. It annoyed me somewhat to find that this question was apparently to be left to the men themselves, Colonel Visscher not seeming able or disposed to decide for himself.

Across the stream, in the golden August haze, we could see the roofs of the Mohawks' village—or castle as they called it. Some of the men idly proposed to go over and stampede or clear out this nest of red vermin, but the idea was not seriously taken up. Perhaps if it had been much might have been changed for the better. Nothing is clearer than that Molly Brant, who with her bastard brood and other Mohawk women was then living there, sent up an emissary to warn her brother Joseph of our coming, and that it was upon this information he acted to such fell purpose. Doubtless if we had gone over and seized the castle and its inmates then, that messenger would never have been sent. But we are all wise when we look backward.

By the afternoon of the next day, August 3, the mustering at Fort Dayton was complete. No one of the thirty-three companies of Tryon County militia was absent, and though some sent barely a score of men, still no more were to be expected. Such as the little army was, it must suffice. There were of more or less trained militiamen nearly six hundred. Of artisan volunteers, of farmers who had no place in the regular company formations, and of citizens whose anxiety to be present was unfortunately much in excess of their utility, there were enough to bring the entire total up to perhaps two score over eight hundred. Our real and effective fighting force was about half-way between these two figures—I should say about seven hundred strong.

It was the first time that the whole Tryon militia had been gathered together, and we looked one another over with curiosity. Though called into common action by a common peril, the nearness of which made the Mohawk Valley seem a very small place and its people all close neighbors, the men assembled here represented the partial settlement of a country larger than any one of several European monarchies.

As there were all sorts and grades of dress, ranging from the spruce blue and buff of some of the officers, through the gray homespun and linsey-woolsey of the farmer privates, to the buckskin of the trappers and huntsmen, so there were all manner of weapons, all styles of head-gear and equipment, all fashions of faces. There were Germans of half a dozen different types; there were Dutch, there were Irish and Scotch Presbyterians, there were stray French Huguenots, and even Englishmen, and here and there a Yankee settler from New England. Many there were who with difficulty understood each other, as when the Scotch Campbells and Clydes of Cherry Valley, for example, essayed to talk with the bush-Germans from above Zimmerman's.

Notable among the chief men of the communities here, so to speak, huddled together for safety, was old Isaac Paris, the foremost man of Stone Arabia. He should now be something over sixty years of age, yet had children at home scarce out of the cradle, and was so hale and strong in bearing that he seemed no

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less fit for battle and hardship than his strapping son Peter, who was not yet eighteen. These two laid their lives down together within this dread week of which I write. I shall never forget how fine and resolute a man the old colonel looked, with his good clothes of citizen make, as became a member of the State Senate and one of the Committee of Safety, yet with as martial a bearing as any. He was a Frenchman from Strasbourg, but spoke like a German; no man of us all looked forward to fighting with greater appetite, though he had been always a quiet merchant and God-fearing, peaceful burgher.

Colonel Ebenezer Cox, a somewhat arrogant and solitary man for whom I had small liking, now commanded the Canajoharie regiment in place of Herkimer, the Brigadier-General; there were at the head of the other regiments stout Colonel Peter Bellinger, the capable and determined Colonel Jacob Klock, and our own Colonel Frederick Visscher. Almost all of the Committee of Safety were here, most of them being also officers in the militia, but others, like Paris, John Dygert, Samson Sammons, Jacob Snell, and Samuel Billington coming merely as lookers-on. In short, no well-known man of the Valley seemed absent as we looked the gathering over —and scarcely a familiar family name was lacking on our lists, which it was now my business to check off.

Whole households of strong men marched together. There were nine Snells, all relatives, in the patriot ranks; as well as I can remember, there were five Bellingers, five Seebers, five Wagners, and five Wollovers—and it may well be five of more than one other family.

The men of the different settlements formed groups by themselves at the first, and arranged their own separate camping places for the night. But soon, as was but natural, they discovered acquaintances from other parts, and began to mingle, sitting in knots or strolling about the outer palisades, or on the clearing beyond. The older men who had borne a part in the French War told stories of that time, which, indeed, had now a new, deep interest for us, not only in that we were to face an invading force greater and more to be dreaded than was Bellêtre's, but because we were encamped on historic ground.

From the gentle knoll upon which the block-house and stockade of Fort Dayton were now reared we could see the site of that first little Palatine settlement that had then been wiped so rudely from the face of the earth; and our men revived memories of that dreadful night, and talked of them in a low voice as the daylight faded.

The scene affected me most gravely. I looked at the forest-clad range of northern hills over which the French and Indian horde stole in the night, and tried to picture their stealthy approach in my mind. Below us, flowing tranquilly past the willow-hedged farms of the German Flatts settlers, lay the Mohawk. The white rippling overcast on the water marked the shallow ford through which the panic-stricken refugees crowded in affright in the wintry darkness, and where in the crush that poor forgotten woman, the widow of an hour, was trampled under foot, swept away by the current, drowned!

How miraculous it seemed that her baby girl should have been saved, should have been brought to Mr. Stewart's door, and placed in the very sanctuary of my life, by the wilful freak of a little English boy! And how marvellous that this self-same boy, her husband now, should be among the captains of a new and more sinister invasion of our Valley, and that I should be in arms with my neighbors to stay his progress! Truly here was food enough for thought.

But there was little time for musing. After supper, when most of the rest were free to please themselves, to gossip, to set night-lines in the river against breakfast, or to carve rough initials on their powder-horns in emulation of the art-work displayed by the ingenious Petry boys, I was called to the council held by General Herkimer in one of the rooms of the Fort. There were present some of those already mentioned, and I think that Colonel Wesson, the Massachusetts officer whose troops garrisoned the place, was from courtesy also invited to take part, though if he was there he said nothing. Thomas Spencer, the Seneca half-breed blacksmith, who had

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throughout been our best friend, had come down, and with him was Skenandoah, the war-chief of the Oneidas, whom Dominie Kirkland had kept in our interest.

The thing most talked of, I remember, was the help that these Oneidas could render us. General Schuyler had all along shrunk from the use of savages on the Continental side, and hence had required only friendly neutrality of the Oneidas, whose chief villages lay between us and the foe. But these Indians now saw clearly that, if the invasion succeeded, they would be exterminated not a whit the less ruthlessly by their Iroquois brothers because they had held aloof. In the grim code of the savage, as in the softened law of the Christian, those who were not for him were against him. So the noble old Oneida war-chief had come to us to say that his people, standing as it were between the devil and the deep sea, preferred to at least die like men, fighting for their lives. Skenandoah was reputed even then to be seventy years of age, but he had the square shoulders, full, corded neck, and sharp glance of a man of forty. Only last year he died—at a great age, said to be 110 years—and was buried on Clinton Hill beside his good friend Kirkland, whom for half a century he had loved so well.

There were no two opinions in the Council; let the Oneidas join us with their war-party by all means.

After this had been agreed upon, other matters came up—the quantity of stores we should take, the precedence of the regiments, the selection of the men to be sent ahead to apprise Gansevoort of our approach. But these do not concern the story.

It was after this little gathering had broken up, and the candles been blown out, that General Herkimer put his hand on my shoulder and said, in his quaint German dialect:

"Come, walk with me outside the fort."

We went together across the parade in the growing dusk. Most of those whom we passed recognized my companion, and greeted him—more often, I am bound to say, with "Guten abend, Honnikol!" than with the salute due to his rank. There was, indeed, very little notion of discipline in this rough, simple militia gathering.

"We walked outside the ditch to a grassy clearing toward the Flatts where we could pace back and forth without listeners—and yet could see the sentries posted at the corners of the forest enclosure. Then the honest old Brigadier laid open his heart to me.

"I wish to God we were well out of this all," he said, almost gloomily.

I was taken aback at this. Dejection was last to be looked for in this brave, stout-hearted old frontier fighter. I asked "What is wrong?" feeling that surely there must be some cause for despondency I knew not of.

"*I* am wrong," he said, simply.

"I do not understand you, Brigadier."

"Say rather that *they*, who ought to know me better, do not understand me."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"All these men about us—Isaac Paris, Ebenezer Cox, the colonel of my own regiment, Fritz Visscher, and many more. I can see it—they suspect me. Nothing could be worse than that."

"Suspect *you*, Brigadier! It is pure fancy! You are dreaming!"

"No, I am very much awake, young man. You have not heard them—I have! It has been as much as flung in my face to-day that my brother, Hon-Yost, is a colonel with Johnson—up yonder!"

The little man pointed westward with his hand, to where the last red lights of day were paling over the black line of trees.

"He is with them," he said, bitterly, "and I am blamed for it! Then, too, my brother Hendrick hides himself away in Stone Arabia, and is not of us, and his son *is* with the Tories—up yonder."

"But your brother George is here with us, as true a man as will march to-morrow."

"Then I have a sister married to Dominie Rosencranz, and he is a Tory; and another married to Hendrick Frey, and *he* is a Tory, too. All this is thrown in my teeth. I do not pass two men with their heads together but I feel they are talking of this."

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"I wish to God we were well out of this all," he said, almost gloomily.

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"Why should they? You have two other brothers-in-law here in camp—Peter Bellinger and George Bell. You imagine a vain thing, Brigadier. Believe me, I have seen or heard no hint of this."

"You would not. You are an officer of the line—the only one here. Besides, you are Schuyler's man. They would not talk before you."

"But I am Valley born, Valley bred, as much as any of you. Wherein am I different from the others? Why should they keep me in the dark? They are all my friends—just as—if you would only believe it, they are yours as well."

"Young man," said the general, in a low, impressive voice, and filling and lighting his pipe as he slowly spoke; "if you come back alive, and if you get to be of my age, you will know some things that you don't know now. Danger makes men brave; it likewise makes them selfish and jealous. We are going out together, all of us, to try what, with God's help, we can do. Behind us, down the river, are our wives, or our sweethearts—some of you leave children, others leave mothers and sisters. We are going forward to save them from death or worse than death, and to risk our lives for them and for our homes. Yet, I tell you candidly, there are men here—back here in this fort—who would almost rather see us fail, than see me win my rank in the State line."

"I cannot credit that!"

"Then—why else should they profess to doubt me? Why should they bring up my brothers' names to taunt me with their treason?"

Alas! I could not tell. We walked up and down, I remember, until long after darkness fell full upon us, and the stars were all aglow—I trying my best to dissuade the honest brigadier from his gloomy conviction.

To be frank, although he doubtless greatly exaggerated the feeling existing against him, it, to a degree, did exist.

The reasons for it are not difficult of comprehension. There were not a few officers in our force who were better educated than bluff, unlettered old Honnikol Herkimer, and who had seen something of the world outside our Valley. It nettled their pride to be under a plain little German, who spoke English badly, and could not even spell his own name twice alike. There were at work under the surface, too, old trade and race jealousies, none the less strong because those upon whom they acted scarcely realized their presence. The Herkimers were the great family on the river, from the Little Falls westward, and there were ancient rivalries, unexpressed but still potent between them and families down the Valley. Thus, when some of the Herkimers and their connections—a majority for that matter—either openly joined the enemy or held coldly apart from us, it was easy for these jealous promptings to take the form of doubt and suspicions as to the whole-hearted loyalty of the brigadier himself. Once begun, these cruelly unjust suspicions rankled in men's minds and spread.

All this I should not mention were it not the key to the horrible tragedy which followed. It is this alone which explains how a trained Indian fighter, a veteran frontiersman like Herkimer, was spurred and stung into rushing headlong upon the death-trap, as if he had been any ignorant and wooden-headed Braddock.

We started on the march westward next day, the 4th, friendly Indians bringing us news that the van of the enemy had appeared on the evening of the 2d before Fort Stanwix, and had already begun an investment. We forded the river at Fort Schuyler, just below where Utica now stands, and pushed slowly forward through the forest, over the rude and narrow road, to the Oneida village of Oriska, something to the east of the large creek which bears the name Oriskany.

Here we halted a second time, encamping at our leisure, and despatching, on the evening of the 5th, Adam Helmer and two other scouts to penetrate to the Fort and arrange a sortie by the garrison, simultaneous with our attack.

(To be continued.)

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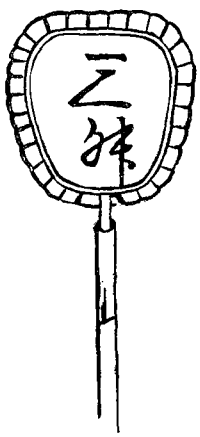
THE THEATRES OF JAPAN.

By T. J. Nakagawa.

I.



THE origin of the stage in Japan is of comparatively recent date. At the time when Shakespeare was occupied with his last works, nothing existed in the Land of the Rising Sun that could be classed with the dramatic exhibitions of the present day. The stately and ceremonious entertainment known as *Sarugaku*, of which the more modern designation is *No*, was undoubtedly established as early as the middle of the thirteenth century; but this was, and still continues, an especial diversion for the aristocracy, who themselves frequently take part in the representations. It is distinguished by the employment of disguising masks, and the performers move in measured steps to music supplied by simple instruments and a descriptive chorus. It is reasonable to suppose that, in the earlier period of its development, our theatre borrowed much from this classical art; yet the one is essentially distinct in method and purpose from the other, and will always so remain.

In the year 1603 a party of strolling female dancers opened a species of ballet show in Kioto, the old capital of Japan. Their crude productions were exhibited in the open air, within spaces temporarily inclosed by bamboo-fences and screens constructed of reeds. They appeared in various parts of the districts of Gojio and Gihon, and also on the dry bed, or *kawara*, of the Kamo River—a spot which has for centuries been given up to popular amusements. From this last-named locality was derived the term of "*kawara*-beggar," ever since applied in contumely to all actors. These early entertainments were known as *O-Kuni-kabuki*, or dancing by O-Kuni, which was the name of the leading performer. They were found so attractive that similar displays were presently introduced into other large cities of the empire, and in the course of a few years were firmly established in public favor at Osaka and Yedo. By the middle of the seventeenth century the *kabuki* had spread to the remotest parts of the country, but at the moment of its highest success prejudice was excited against it on the alleged ground that the exhibitions were of a demoralizing tendency, and orders were issued by the Government of the Shogun, first forbidding the appearance of female dancers, and afterward prohibiting the business altogether. In consequence of urgent protests from many whom these edicts had deprived of the means of subsistence, the authorities were induced to grant permission that the entertainments should be re-

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Sarugaku, or No.

(The earliest form of Japanese dramatic entertainment, established in the thirteenth century. From a Japanese engraving.)

sumed, upon condition that men alone should take part in the proceedings. This marked a new departure in theatrical development. While the performances were confined to women, their range was restricted to a few showy divertisements; but as soon as they were given over to the other sex, efforts were made to improve their quality by numerous devices. The monotonous dancing and singing were varied by fantastic imitations of some of the lighter and more humorous pieces in the *No* repertory, and, a little later, by attempts to illustrate popular traditions and familiar events of history in more or less coherent form. Although too artificial and grotesque to possess an artistic value, these exhibitions gradually opened the way to representations of a genuine histrionic character.

At the end of the eighteenth century Osaka had become the recognized home of the national drama. This city was the rendezvous to which all ambitious aspirants were drawn, and no actor could rise prominently in his vocation unless it were known that he had been trained upon its stages, and in accordance with its peculiar æsthetic principles. The ascendency of Osaka continued undisputed until the restoration of the imperial government, in 1868. Upon the removal of the court and the seat of administration from that part of the country to Tokio, three hundred miles away, the supremacy of the theatres was likewise transferred, and during the past twenty years no energy has been spared by the managers and players of the Eastern capital to elevate their art to the highest grade of perfection. There are still companies of great merit at Osaka, and in some particulars their performances are said to surpass those of their successful rivals. But the taste of connoisseurs has declared itself overwhelmingly in approval of the Tokio school. In the majority of the provincial theatres, including at present those of Kioto, nothing better can be seen than extravagant and gaudy reproductions of plays once worthily applauded, but now represented by troops of wandering players of no standing whatever. It is only on rare and exceptional occasions that actors of metropolitan repute can be persuaded to leave their own sphere and partici-

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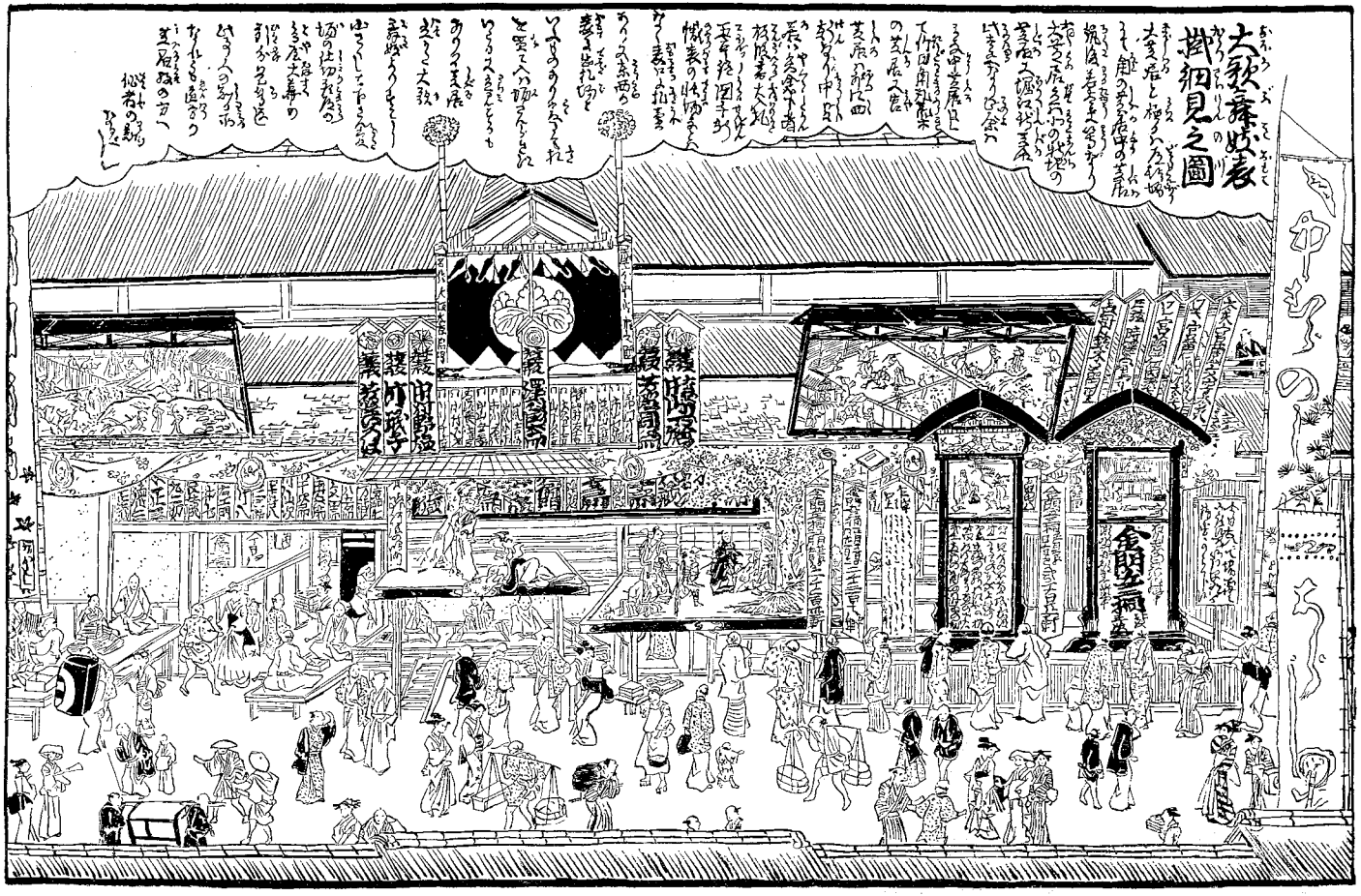

Exterior of a Japanese Theatre.
(From an engraving in Nen-dai-ki.)

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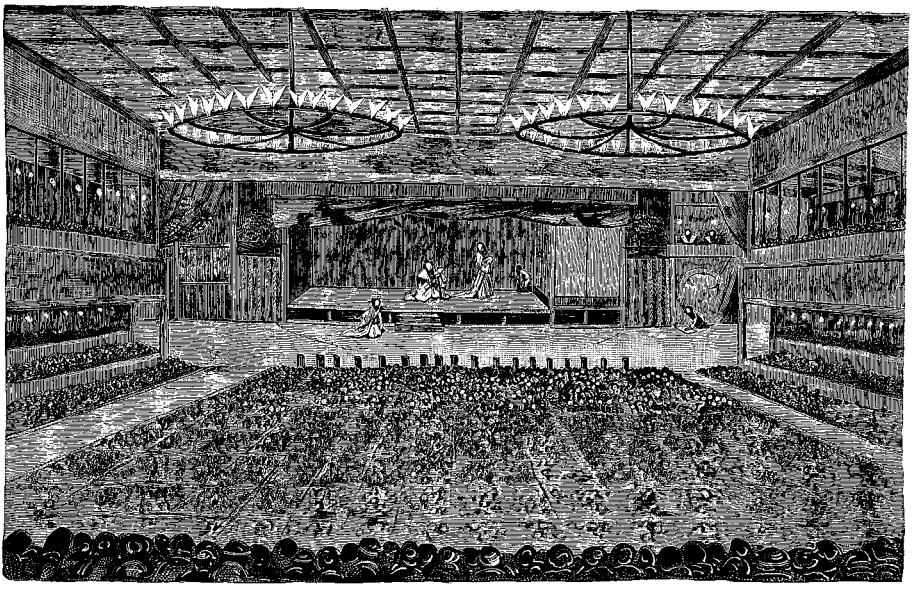

Interior of the Shintomi Theatre.
(From a drawing made for this article by the Japanese artist, Kiyokichi.)

pate in entertainments elsewhere. I shall therefore confine myself, in describing the present condition of the Japanese stage, to a review of what the leading theatres of Tokio now provide.

II.

It will first be convenient to speak of scenic and mechanical effects, although it must be admitted, at the outset, that these are unquestionably defective in Japan. We have as yet no proper estimate of the importance of pictorial and structural accessories. The mimic views of landscapes, architecture, and interiors are never intrusted to really capable hands, but are almost invariably executed by painters and machinists of mediocre talent. Elaborate settings, for the purpose of increasing the illusion, are almost unknown. Gradations of light and shade are rarely attempted, and colored illuminations were experimentally introduced for the first time only about a year ago, in the Shintomi Theatre, and then without sufficient care or dexterity to produce a satisfactory impression. It is difficult to supply an explanation for the various imperfections in this department of the theatre. No sustained effort at amendment appears to have been made in the last fifty years. But occasional indications have latterly been given of a willingness to introduce practical reforms. A movement has been set on foot by travelled Japanese who have made themselves familiar with the theatrical processes of Europe and America, the object of which is to compel the attention of managers to the required improvements. Societies have been formed, not alone for the purpose of making good the superficial deficiencies of the stage, but also to enhance its influence as an instrument of popular education. If their endeavors have thus far been unproductive of large results, it is probably because the innovations proposed are of too radical a nature. The advocates of foreign methods and appliances had known little or nothing of the Japanese drama before they went abroad, for the theatre in their own land was in many cases so degraded by evil repute that the better class of society was reluctant to patronize it. Without sufficient investigation, they are eager rather to destroy utterly, and build anew, than to graft the advantages of Western growth upon the native foundation. It is unfortunate that they are frequently found recom-

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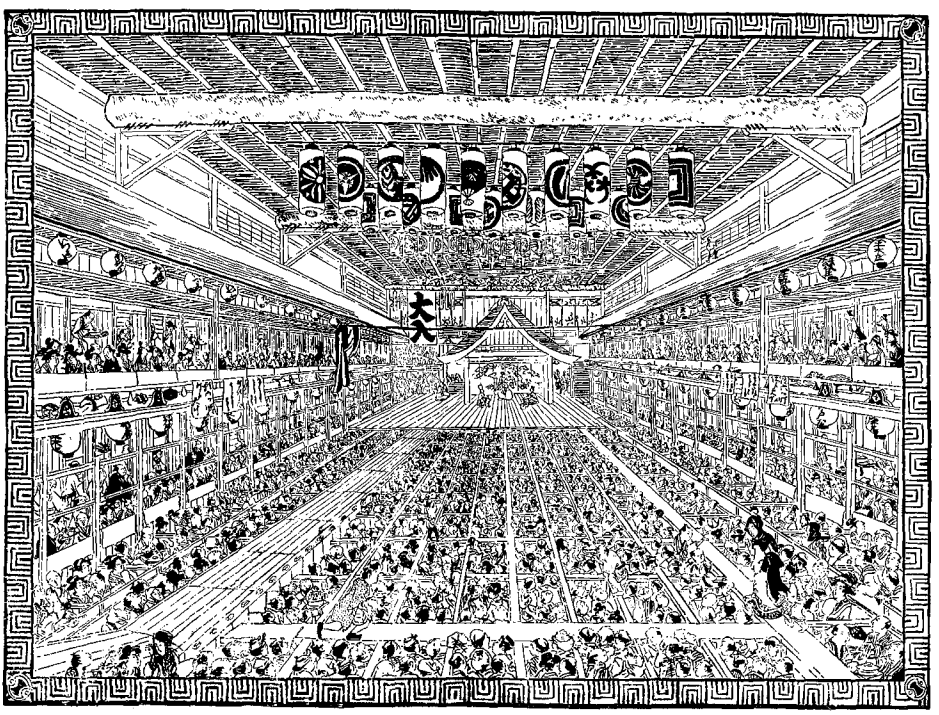
mending a degree of change which cannot for the present possibly be tolerated by the community. If the entire system should be remodelled according to their plan, the theatre would inevitably lose much of its national character, and become in many respects an imperfect and spiritless exponent of uncongenial principles. Nevertheless, their exertions have had the beneficial end of directing the minds of all concerned to the importance of casting off the old-time conventionalities and traditions, which are utterly inconsistent with a proper respect for art. Of the immediate consequences of their proceedings a few examples may be given.

Several months ago, at the Shintomi Theatre, a new piece was produced, upon the subject of the martyrdom of the early Dutch scholars. The supposed time of year was the end of November, when the leaves turn yellow and are blown off the trees by the least breath of the wind. This also is the season of continuous misty rain. It is evening. The scene reveals a physician's study, which opens upon a small garden entirely exposed to the weather. At the request of Danjiuro, the actor who assumed the principal character, machinery was contrived by which rain was made to fall, and leaves were shaken from the trees as if by the breeze. The slender branches of the willows were seen vibrating to and fro; the fragile bamboo-fence swayed from side to side; the wind was heard moaning and wailing, and the raindrops pattered against the walls of the house and into the pools that had collected upon the ground. It was a perfectly realistic representation, so far as external effects were concerned. Unluckily it had the result of entirely diverting the attention of the audience from the action of the play. The performer was not, however, deterred from making further experiments. His next appearance was in a historical drama, one of the incidents in which was a destructive earthquake. For the first time in Japanese theatrical history, a house



Another Theatre Interior.
(From a Japanese engraving.)

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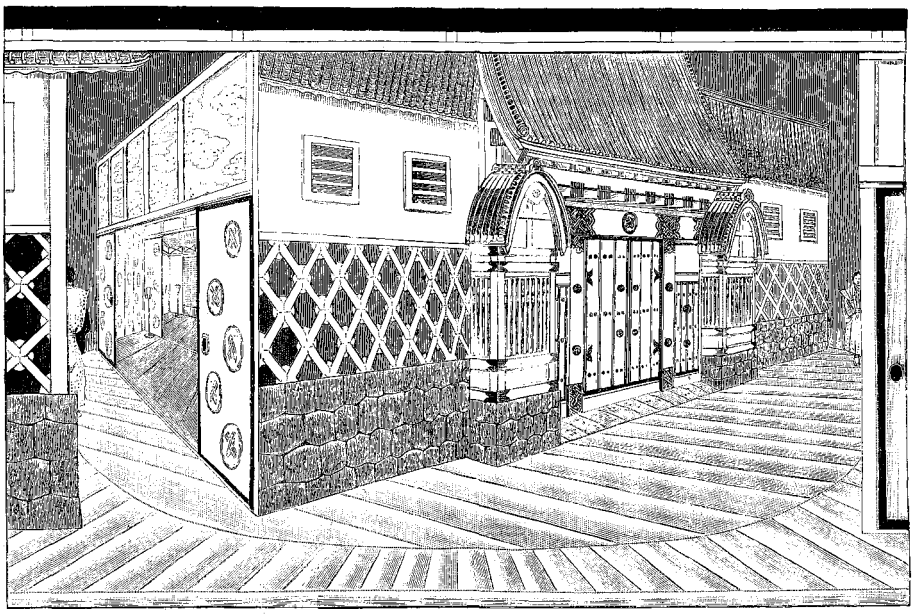
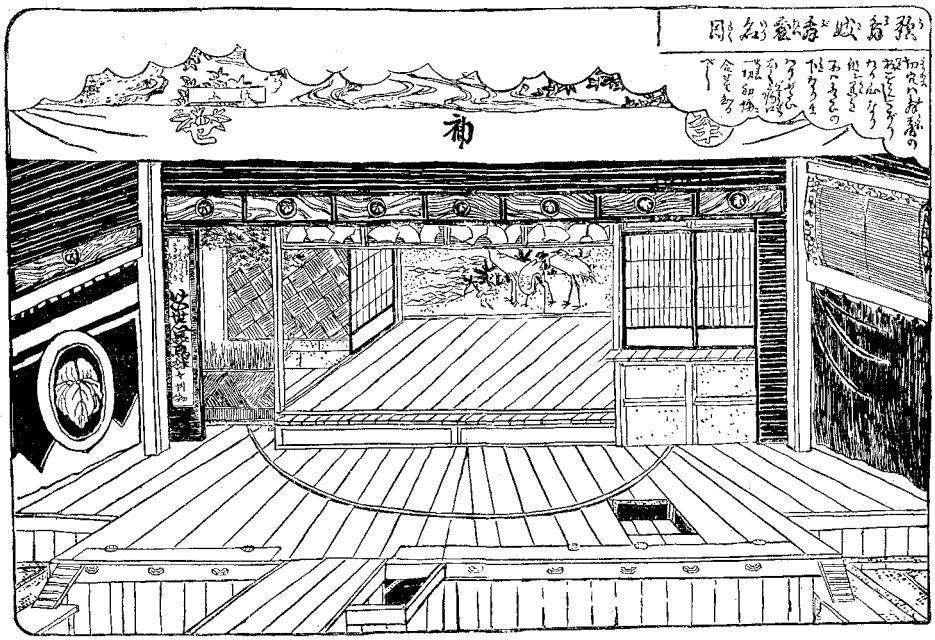


Two Views of a Japanese Revolving Stage.
(From a drawing by the Japanese artist, Tankei, and from an engraving in Gaku-ya Zukai.)

was built upon the stage in fragments, and was thrown to the ground with a violence and a disorder which startled the beholders into the belief that an actual convulsion was in progress.

During the same season the celebrated actor Kikugoro, our foremost representative of pathetic characters, was cast in the part of a cormorant fisherman supposed to be living on the eastern shore of the Bay of Yedo. In order to ac-



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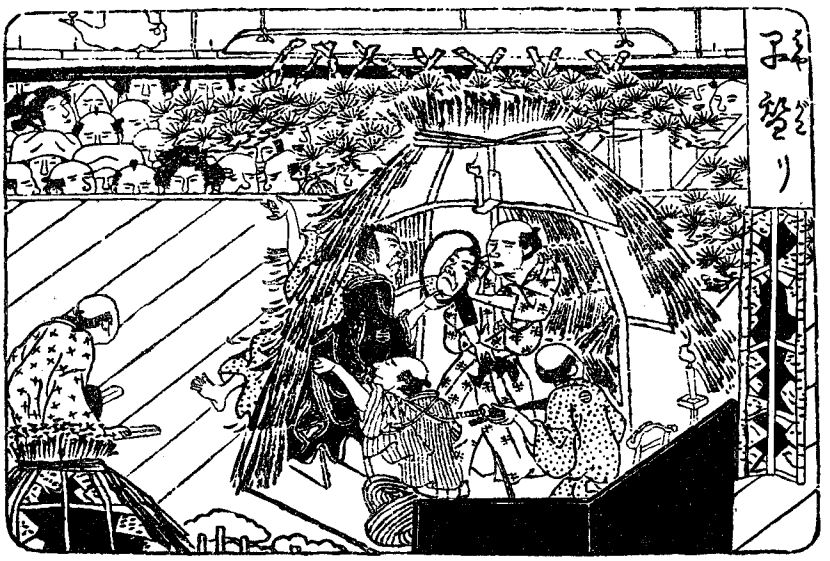
quaint himself with the habits of life and occupation of this humble class, he took up his abode in the very neighborhood, and practised fishing with cormorants until he became an adept in the pursuit. Toward the end of his rural sojourn he sent for the manager and the scene-painters of his theatre, in order that an exact likeness of the locality might be presented to the public. In this instance the result was so satisfactory that the experiment was soon after repeated on a more extensive scale. Kikugoro was charged with the preparation of a romantic drama illustrating the adventurous career of a notorious bandit who was for years the terror of the district surrounding the famous temples of Nikko. The natural beauties of this region, as well as the picturesque and majestic shrines erected in memory of the early Shoguns, are well known to great numbers of Japanese; and the actor added largely to his reputation for faithfulness of scenic reproduction by visiting the temples as a pilgrim, in company with artists and machinists, and securing models of the edifices in and around which the action of the play was understood to take place. He went so far as to join, with his associates, in one of the great religious festivals for which Nikko is celebrated, and was thus enabled to represent the various ceremonies, processions, etc., with a spirit and a precision which excited the most unbounded popular enthusiasm.

The indifference to ingenious mechanical devices appears the more remarkable when it is considered that the Japanese stage has one peculiarity of construction which fits it for effects that can nowhere else be produced. This is the revolving stage (*mawari-butai*), which in any other country would probably have suggested an infinite variety of interesting and surprising illusions. The greater part of the stage, in our playhouses, consists of a large circle which can be turned around so that separate divisions are successively presented to the eyes of the spectators. Only one-half of this circle, at most, is disclosed at any one time. It is customary, while a scene is in progress before the audience, to prepare the following scene upon the hidden part of the movable platform. A change of view can thus be effected without abruptly interrupting a dialogue, or disturbing the continuity of action. In the favorite play of "Chiushingura," an adaptation of the



A Scene in "Chiushingura."

(The play is adapted from the famous historical record of the "Forty-seven Ronins." From an engraving in Gaku-ya Zukai.)

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historical record of the famous "Forty-seven Ronins," this contrivance is turned to excellent account. The last scene but one of the chivalrous drama represents the devoted band of avengers about to break into the fortified mansion of their dead master's enemy. It is a chilly December night, and the snow is falling. The assailants first endeavor to gain admission by stratagem, but finding the gate strongly blockaded, they throw aside all artifice and attack the defences with axes and heavy battering-rams. Having forced the barrier and made a sufficient opening, some of the party rush to the interior, while others scale the walls by means of rope-ladders or by climbing upon one another's shoulders. Meanwhile the stage turns and the inner court-yard of the edifice comes into view. The *ronins* are seen in fierce combat with the ill-prepared and terrified inmates. In no other manner could so stirring and impressive a picture of assault and conquest be realized in theatrical representation. The objection to employing this device in European or American cities is that twice the ordinary space behind the scenes would be required. Fully one-half of the Japanese stage is never visible from the front. I have described only the effect produced by dividing the revolving platform into two parts; but additional subdivisions can be made whenever required. In the theatres of Osaka, especially, four and even six views are sometimes presented before the stage completes its circuit.

Another striking characteristic of our theatres is the *hana-michi* — literally, "flower-path." This is an open passage extending from the front of the stage to the extreme rear of the auditorium, at the left of the pit or parterre. It is about six feet in breadth, and is elevated two feet above the flooring of the pit, to the level of the shoulders of those who sit in that part of the house. Under certain circumstances this passage is utilized for the entrances and exits of actors. If the character is imagined to have come from a great distance, or if his approach is hurried or precipitate, he proceeds to his position on the stage directly through the audience, and his arrival is thus made to appear much more vivid and life-like than if he made his way from the side. The use of the *hana-michi* is, of course, a severe trial even to the most experienced and self-possessed performers. It is only by the exercise of great discretion, and by a complete abandonment to the spirit of the part, that the illusion can be preserved. But the real masters of the stage have proved that the danger of close contact with spectators is only fanciful, and that by exposing themselves, as it were, to the very touch of the public they are enabled to exercise a magnetic influence which can be asserted under no other conditions. When a perfect sympathy is established between artist and audience, this daring expedient is sometimes carried to startling extremes. After a scene of great distress and sorrow, the retiring actor will linger until the surrounding multitude is utterly subdued by the pathos of his spell. On the other hand, a bold and impetuous advance, in the execution of some desperate errand, or in obedience to a necessitous appeal for help, will frequently kindle the wildest excitement. At the close of the above-mentioned drama, "Chiushingura," the friends and allies of the besieged nobleman are made to swarm upon the stage from various directions, with a remarkable and thrilling increase to the effect of confusion and strife. For most purposes the *hana-michi* I have described as running through the left side of the pit is considered sufficient, but a corresponding passage exists at the opposite side, of somewhat smaller proportions, which is opened whenever required for more elaborate evolutions.

III.

As regards the accuracy and taste of its wardrobe, the Japanese stage is second to none in the world. No representation is considered worthy of the public in which the minutest and most patient attention has not been given to every detail of personal attire. Audiences may always safely reckon upon seeing a literal and faultless presentment of the dresses of any age or locality selected for dramatic illustration. In

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satisfying the requirements of this department the question of expense is rarely considered. Managers are always ready to provide the costliest materials and to engage the most skilful workmen for fashioning the garments selected by the leading actors. It is understood that the players are in the first place responsible for the choice and style of raiment, the managers being content to follow their instructions implicitly, and to be guided entirely by their practised judgment. Sometimes this blind faith leads to awkward misunderstandings. A few years ago an old historical drama, entitled "The Two Brothers of the House of Soga," was revived with exceptional splendor, the leading parts being confided to the distinguished tragedians Sojiuro and Naritaya, both of whom are recognized as unimpeachable authorities in matters of costume. On this occasion their views as to the appropriate garb of the two brothers were totally antagonistic. Each claimed to have discovered the precise mode of attire in the period set forth, and each professed to be abundantly supplied with evidence in support of his pretensions. Neither was willing to yield, and the play was finally brought out with dresses of undoubted brilliancy and sumptuousness, but which could not be made to harmonize by any reference to history or tradition. Theatrical circles were greatly agitated by the conflict of discussion that ensued, but the question whether Naritaya or Sojiuro were entitled to greater confidence was never satisfactorily decided.

Scene from "The Two Brothers of the House of Soga."
(From an engraving in Nen-dai-ki.)

As an example of the diligence with which apt and suggestive effects of costume are sought, I may mention an incident in the career of an actor who identified himself with the wild and lawless heroes of the stage. In his youth he was cast for the part of a *ronin* named Sadakuro — the subordinate vassal of a nobleman who, having been expelled from his master's service, took to highway robbery for a livelihood. The conventional dress provided for this rôle, which had long been familiar to the public, failed to satisfy the performer's conception of what was suitable for a person in the situation of the discarded retainer. It occurred to him that if he could invent a new and more appropriate costume, the effect of his impersonation

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would be greatly increased. For many weeks he dwelt upon this subject until it became the absorbing occupation of his mind. The day of performance approached, but no satisfactory design presented itself to his imagination. Returning home from rehearsal one afternoon, he passed the imposing Buddhist temple of Zozo, in Shiba, in which stood the image of Kuwan-on, to which many of the populace were in the habit of praying for the realization of their dearest hopes. Impelled by the thought that he might obtain aid from this source, the actor entered the shrine and devoutly appealed for guidance in his dire emergency. For seven successive days he repeated his adjuration in vain; but on the last day, as he turned away dejected, and was about to descend the gilded steps of the temple, he was restrained by a sudden downfall of rain. Having no umbrella or overcoat with him, he stood awhile under the shelter of the broad, projecting roof. He was presently joined by a young man, apparently a profligate outcast from some family of rank, who had given himself up to the most dissolute habits of life. He wore a stained and threadbare robe, which was caught up to the knees with slovenly carelessness. He had no outer garment; his feet were bare; he carried in his right hand a torn and broken paper umbrella, and a pair of swords in tarnished lacquered sheaths were negligently stuck through his soiled silken sash. At first the actor did not notice the new-comer, but his attention was gradually attracted, and as he became aware of what was before him his heart beat with joy and gratitude at the revelation which had thus been miraculously vouchsafed. Speeding homeward, he summoned his wife and servants, and impressed upon them the necessity of imitating with scrupulous minuteness the costume and the properties which had happily fallen under his observation. The dress was hastily made ready for the opening performance, and the result of the bold departure from habitual usage was awaited with lively interest and anxiety. The secret had been carefully guarded. Upon the first appearance of the ruined *ronin* the audience stared in astonishment, and for a moment appeared undecided whether to accept or reject the unlooked-for novelty. But the spirit of truthfulness and propriety soon prevailed. A tumult of applause testified to the appreciative recognition of the actor's intentions, and from that time the costume and general "make-up" of the character of Sadakuro has been in accordance with the precedent established by the inspired votary of Kuwan-on.

IV.

Although the theory of dramatic art in Japan excuses, and even encourages, indifference to many superficial and external accessories, it is extremely severe in demanding the closest attention to the illustration of feeling and emotion. Audiences are accustomed to the most subtle and delicate analysis of character, and are mercilessly critical in all that relates to the portrayal of human life and nature. An artist is forgiven many shortcomings if he shows evidence of a determination to identify himself personally with the ideal creation he endeavors to embody. The method of study adopted in the fulfilment of this purpose may be exemplified by incidents in the career of those who have successfully pursued it.

Two years ago the tragedian Otowaya was called upon to personate a merchant who had been driven insane by financial disasters and still heavier domestic calamities. For several days previous to the general rehearsal this actor began to accustom himself to the conditions of his part by a complete change in his habits of private life. He dressed negligently, selecting the oldest and most worthless of his garments; partook of indifferent and ill-prepared food; omitted his daily bath, which is an unheard-of deviation from Japanese usage; became moody and irritable, and seemed resolved to simulate, in every particular, the actions and demeanor of lunacy. To such an extent was this carried that those nearest to him became alarmed, and without his knowledge took counsel with the family physician, apprehending that his excessive devotion to artistic principle would seriously endanger his health.

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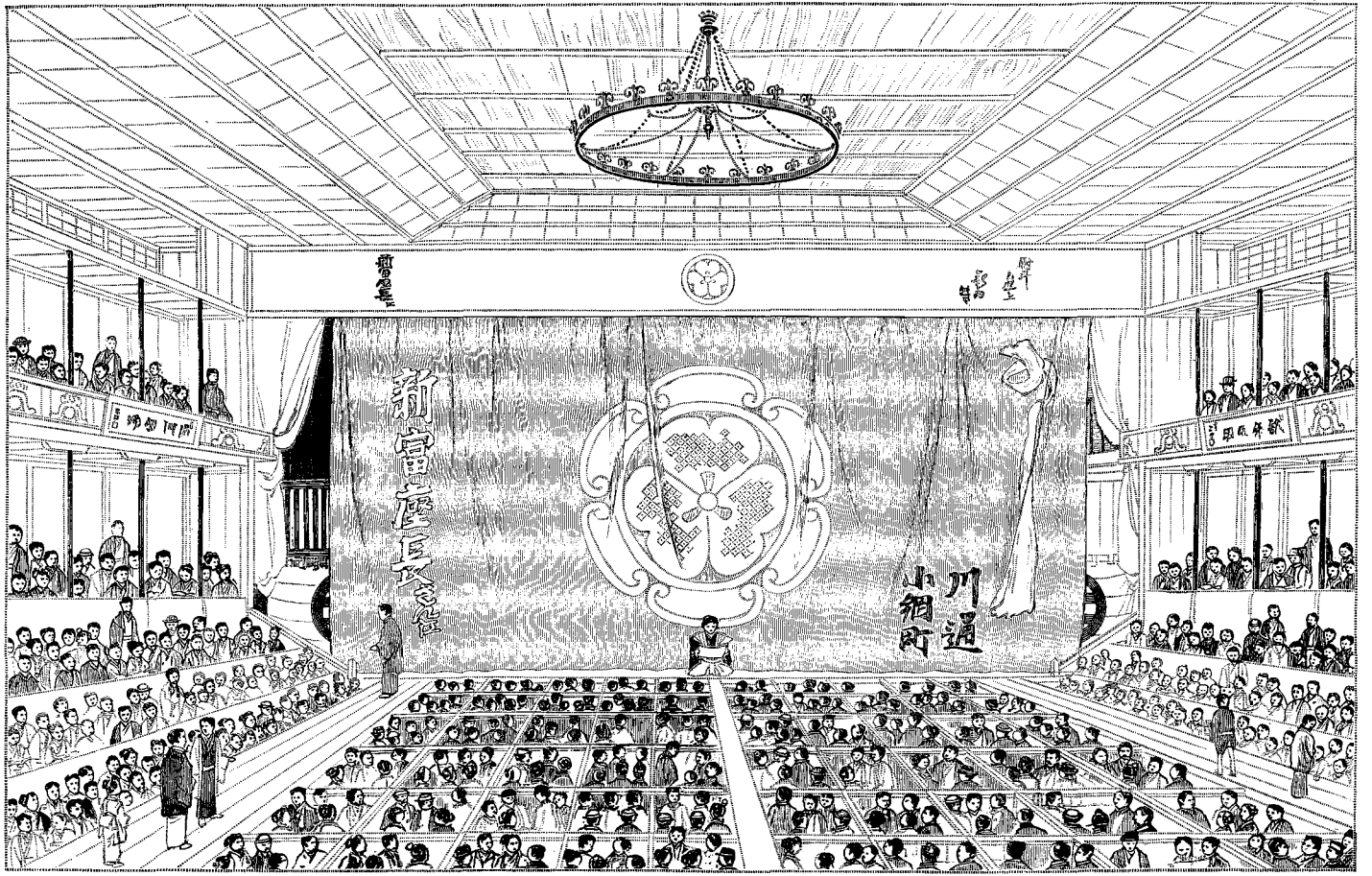

Reading the Programme, before the Curtain Rises.
(The "Flower-path," with some of the audience on it, is shown at the right and left. From a drawing by Tankei.)

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A Theatre Dressing-room.
(From a drawing by Tankei.)

In the training of their apprentices our leading actors are none the less solicitous to inculcate the importance of the extremest fidelity in depicting strong emotions. The same Otowaya was once endeavoring to explain to a follower what was required to give appropriate effect to a hasty and excited entrance upon the stage. A messenger was supposed to be bringing intelligence of the highest moment to his lord. Many times the desperate rush of more than a hundred feet along the *hana-michi* was repeated, without meeting the approbation of the exacting teacher. Stung by the ridicule of his associates, and looking upon himself as the object of some inexplicable spite, the youthful actor determined to renounce his calling if again subjected to reproach, rather than persevere in what he believed to be a hopeless task. He came to rehearsal pre-

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pared to resent the affront which he anticipated, and to break away from his connection in a storm of rage. Bursting in upon the group surrounding Otowaya in his character of feudal chieftain, he endeavored to announce his determination with angry vehemence; but his agitation was so great that he could not utter an intelligible word. While he stood gasping for breath his instructor rose, and, approaching him with a smile, said: "At last you have done well; continue thus and your success is assured."

It is my genuine conviction that the Japanese actors are fully entitled to the credit they receive for the delineation of sentiment and passion. Few spectators, however hardened by experience, could witness unmoved the masterly exhibitions of fortitude under suffering, filial devotion, conjugal tenderness, and patriotic ardor which are constantly presented for the admiration of the theatre-going multitude. And really our audiences are sometimes more than moved. In the season of 1857, Ichikawa Ichizo was playing the part of a pirate chief who treats his father with great cruelty and exposes him to shame as well as grief. The performance was one day interrupted by a *samurai* from a distant province, who suddenly sprang upon the stage and attacked Ichikawa with a dagger, inflicting several wounds before he could be seized and disarmed. He had been so carried away by the actor's truthfulness that he attributed to the man himself, and not to the ideal character, the acts of filial impiety.

The brilliant romantic actor Yebizo was once engaged in representing a treacherous fencing-master, who first assassinates a rival swordsman and afterward murders, under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity, the two sons of his victim. During this latter scene of inhuman slaughter a spectator in the pit flung a heavy tobacco-box at the actor's head, severely bruising him, and for a short time suspending the progress of the play. Immediately after the curtain was drawn, at the close of the act, Yebizo presented himself before the audience, with the tobacco-box fastened upon his head in place of the cap he had worn during the performance. In a few lively but emphatic words he declared himself grateful for so unmistakable a proof of appreciation, notwithstanding the extraordinary manner in which it had been manifested, and professed his determination to make himself worthy, forever after, of a testimonial the sincerity of which was beyond suspicion.

V.

In recent years I have had frequent occasion to visit our theatres in company with foreigners. It was for a long time difficult to make them believe that the women of the stage were in all cases represented by men. To such perfection have feminine impersonations been

An Actor Dressed for the "Shiosa" Dance.
(Drawn by Kiyokichi.)

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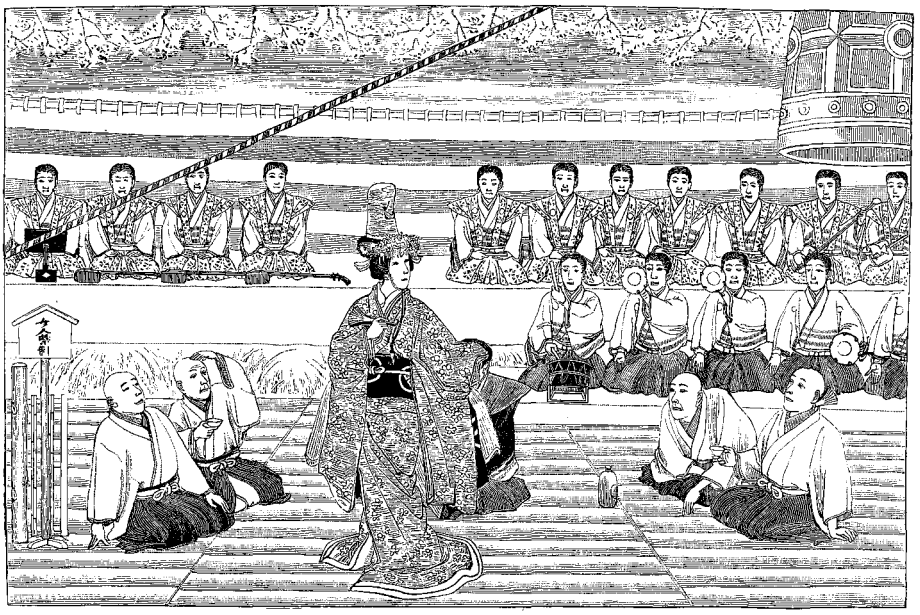

The "Shiosa" Dance with Orchestra and Chorus.
(Drawn by Tankei.)

brought, that even those who are familiar with every artifice of disguise are unable to detect the slightest difference between the imitation and the reality. This is the result of a method of training which was once so laborious and painstaking that the actors who followed it were compelled to renounce all the natural occupations and pursuits of the male sex, and devote themselves to a life of perpetual mimicry. Not only in the exercise of their vocation, but in the privacy of their homes, they were accustomed to wear a modified form of feminine dress, to arrange their hair after the fashion of women, and to habituate themselves to the use of those household articles which are ordinarily manipulated by wives and daughters. Their style of living was like that of ladies of high degree. Their theatrical dressing-rooms have been compared, though with considerable exaggeration, to the boudoirs of feudal noblewomen. The lines of study were so carefully subdivided that one class would devote themselves to the imitation of fair damsels, while another would assume the guise of matrons, and a third would deport themselves like aged dames. These fine distinctions are not at the present day so strictly observed as in preceding generations; and though there are still numbers who address themselves chiefly to the impersonation of women, as their special branch, there appears to be a growing disposition to enlarge their sphere so as to include the assumption of male as well as female characters. One of the proposals of the theatrical reformers before alluded to is to abolish the custom of assigning feminine rôles to men, and to introduce actresses in accordance with the system of Western theatres. Their arguments have not yet been sufficient to convince the public that the change is necessary, and I confess to grave doubts, myself, whether it would prove truly advantageous and wise. There would certainly be great obstacles for some time to come. Theatrical companies composed entirely of women do already exist in Japan, and their performances are witnessed with more or less curiosity by those who seek variety at the expense of artistic refinement. They are popular to a certain extent among the vulgar, but they can never hope to entertain cultivated amateurs. Thus far no attempts have been made to unite the two classes of performers, and it is

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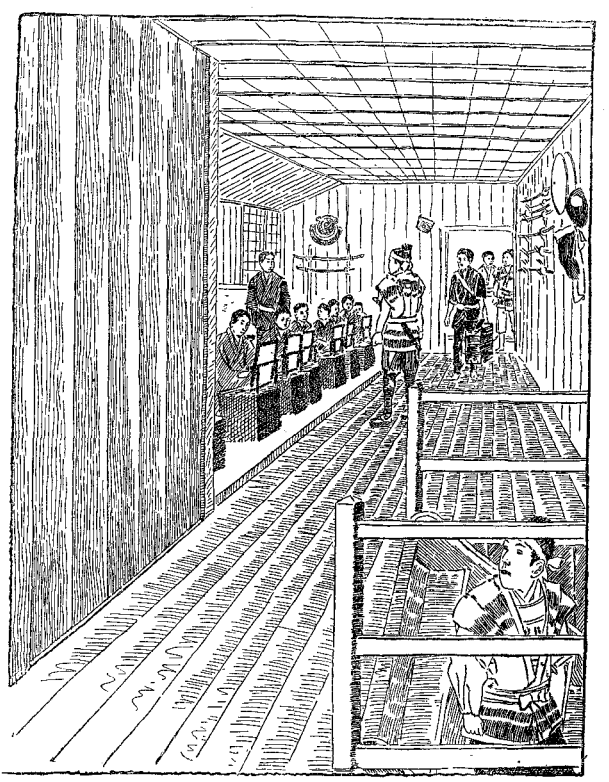
probable that, before this can be successfully done, a special training school for actresses must be instituted, and a course of theatrical education be applied from early childhood until the time when they are fitted for the difficult duties of their profession. Our first tragedian, Danjiuro, is said to be rearing two of his daughters with this object in view. These young ladies are now six and eight years old, respectively. The inquiry when they will be ready for admission to their arduous career has often been made, but yet remains unanswered.

VI.

It has long been a contested question whether the theatre in Japan can or can not be regarded as an aid to the moral education of the people. I doubt that it has ever served this desirable purpose: on the contrary, its agency appears to me to have hitherto been injurious. It was to contravene its pernicious tendencies that actors were bound by severe restrictions under the Government of the Shogun. They were not allowed to mingle freely with citizens in general, and were required, when walking in the streets, to wear a peculiar helmet made of straw, the visor of which completely hid their features. Until fifty or sixty years ago regulations were posted in all green-rooms giving notice that actors were forbidden to wear garments of silk; that they must reside in a quarter especially set apart for them by the authorities; that a particular license must be procured to enable them to go more than three blocks from their dwellings; that gambling by them would be punished more stringently than the same offence committed by other parties; that the incident of suicide from disappointed love must never be represented upon the stage, and much more to the same effect. These ordinances, however, were by no means implicitly obeyed, and the influence of the theatre grew to be so deleterious that it was universally considered a dark blot upon public morality. After the restoration of the imperial government, some twenty years ago, energetic efforts were made to improve the character of the performances and to elevate the condition of the actors. These projects were sanctioned by official authority, and in some cases the schemes of reform were laid out by responsible attachés of government. Some of the methods adopted for counteracting the evils of the playhouses, and purifying the associations of those connected therewith, were certainly calculated to startle the conservative sense of the community. Several actors of distinction were invested with the rank and dignity of preacher of the Shinto



In a Dressing-room.
(Drawn by Tankei.)

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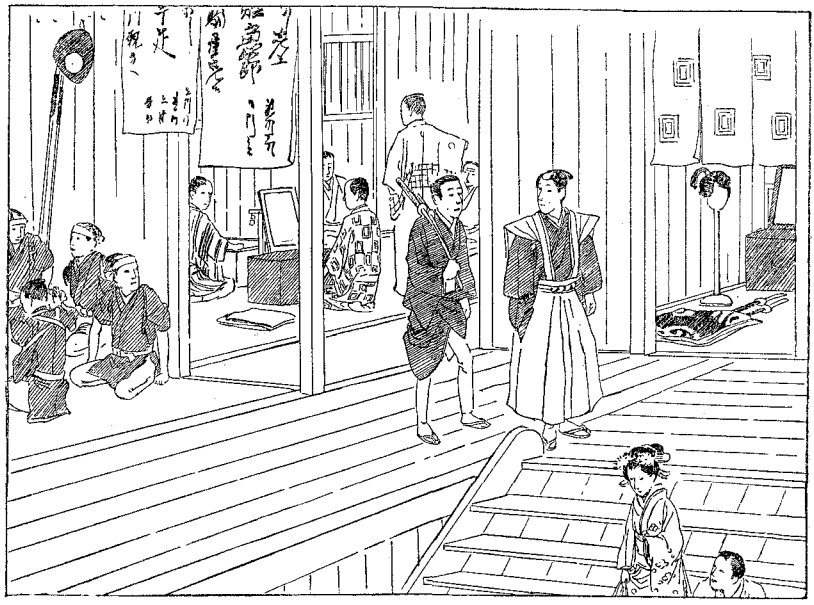

Another Dressing-room.
(Drawn by Tankei.)

faith—the established state religion of Japan. The celebrated and popular Naritaya, the two Narikomas, father and son, and numerous others still hold these places and occasionally perform the functions of their sacred office. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that the services conducted by them are largely attended by young daughters of rather indulgent parents, and it would probably be difficult to trace any substantial improvement in social manners or habits directly to this cause.

A regular theatrical censorship has been instituted by the present government, and every piece intended for performance in the capital has now to be submitted to the inspection of officers of the metropolitan police. Delegates from this bureau attend all representations, partly to preserve order, but also to see that the rules forbidding offences against propriety are not infringed. Their interference is very rarely called for. It has come to be understood, in late years, that the indecencies of a former period must necessarily be banished, in order to secure the countenance and patronage of the respectable class. Twenty-five years ago no ladies, and comparatively few gentlemen of position, could be induced to attend the theatres. Now the families of *daimios* and the attachés of the Court are frequent occupants of the boxes, and there is as little fear that their sensibilities will be shocked as in the most prudently conducted houses of Europe or America. The question of the limit to which the relations between the sexes may be illustrated has been discussed in newspapers and debating clubs, at various times, with a good deal of vigor. Some extreme purists, like the classical scholar Yoda, have gone to the length of asserting that all love-scenes should be rigorously excluded, and only historical or religious episodes be permitted. It is true that the latitude of love-making which is recognized as natural and becoming in Western countries would not be legitimately possible with us in real life, as Japanese society is now constituted. Young people are not permitted to meet and converse unreservedly, and the growth of affection is never sanctioned until after a formal betrothal. More commonly it is kept in restraint until the actual ceremony of marriage is performed. Ardent and passionate demonstrations would therefore either have no meaning, or would be sugges-

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tive of a licentious disregard of social laws. The tender attachments of husband and wife; the boundless devotion of children to parents; the fervent and self-sacrificing loyalty of the servant to his master—all these may be depicted with the utmost intensity of feeling; but it is only in the illustration of loose intrigue or illicit intercourse that amatory scenes are represented.

It is to be expected that the gradual adoption of Western ideas and principles will make itself apparent in the theatre as in other institutions of Japan, but not, I trust, to the extent of interfering with its thoroughly national characteristics. Its value as a popular recreation would be greatly impaired by confining it too rigidly to a purely æsthetic purpose. According to time-honored custom, a visit to the playhouse is an affair not of a few hours, but of the entire day. Families or parties of friends take their places early in the morning and remain until nightfall, partaking of refreshments which are served between the acts alluded, there is one which threatens destruction to these easy and comfortable habits of indulgence. A building is to be constructed with accommodations for spectators like those provided abroad, and with a stage admitting of the most elaborate foreign effects. The performances, in which women will take part as well as men, are to be given only in the evening, and the several acts are to follow one another in rapid succession. If the existing dramatic libraries do not furnish pieces that are suited to these innovations, a new repertory will be created to meet every requirement. Adaptations of exotic plays may be found desirable, and a few preliminary attempts in this direction have already been made.

Bulwer's comedy of "Money" has been submitted to the audiences of Tokio, but not, it must be acknowledged, with the most convincing results. It will be a difficult task, in my opinion, to set aside the forms and methods of amusement which have become

The "Shiosa."

(Drawn by Tankei.)

from neighboring restaurants. Among the projects contemplated by the reformers to whom I have once or twice endeared to the public by long and happy association, and to secure the acceptance of strange and novel features,

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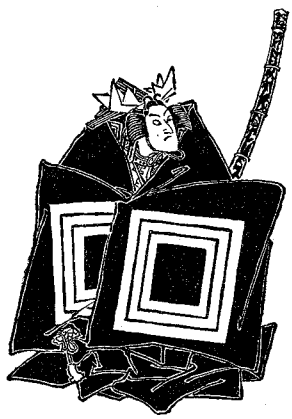
however meritorious in themselves, in place of the cherished drama of history, adventure, or domestic romance, with its continuous and measured development, and its protracted course of action relieved by interludes of brilliant dancing and pantomime (*shiosa*). But I am bound to say that the societies which have taken upon themselves the work of elevating and improving the stage are entitled to respect for the honesty and uprightness with which they prosecute their plans, and as they have secured the co-operation of many eminent actors, and declared themselves ready to be guided by practical counsel in matters in which they are inexperienced, it is not unlikely that their efforts will at least prepare the way for future benefits. If they can broaden and strengthen the edifice of dramatic art without weakening its foundations, they will deserve the gratitude of the theatre-loving community throughout Japan.



GLIMPSES OF NAPOLEON IN 1804.

By Clarence Deming.

IN the year 1801, Mr. William Brisbane, a wealthy citizen of South Carolina related to the famous Lowndes and Pinckney families, sold his plantation, and, with his wife, began an extended tour of travel. His various journeyings, chiefly made by private coach, reached during the five following years over our Eastern States, Great Britain, Ireland, Switzerland, Holland, and France, and, as his itinerary shows, covered a total distance of 20,294 miles. The narrative of his travels he recorded in a bulky manuscript volume, where the neat penmanship of his amanuensis fills almost four hundred closely written pages. For many years the antique book, highly treasured as an heirloom, has been kept quietly from public view in the library of a member of the Brisbane family living in a farm town of New England. In this curious old folio the most interesting parts, most, if not all, of which are printed here for the first time, refer to his tour through France of some eleven months, seven of them passed at Paris, where he arrived on September 15, 1804, just before the papal coronation of the First Napoleon as Emperor of the French. It was an interesting epoch in the great conqueror's career. After granting Europe two years of peace, during which he had been a Cæsar under the guise of First Consul, he had grasped the imperial sceptre in title, as in fact. Already he had declared war against England, and was at the threshold of the campaign on the Continent which was to harvest him fresh glories at Ulm and Austerlitz. Though not yet in the heyday of conquest, Italy, Egypt, and humiliated Austria had made him a focal

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figure of the world's wonderment or fears.

But the sights which met Mr. Brisbane's eyes all over France, and which are set forth in his journal, were ill calculated to impress the traveller with the real prosperity and happiness of the Empire. Everywhere he met "the new levies called conscripts," on their way to the army, in parties of twenty or thirty chained in couples by the neck or hands, and guarded by gendarmes. "The present mode of levying troops in France," adds Mr. Brisbane, "gives general dissatisfaction, and may, perhaps, at some time be the cause of insurrection." The roads on the journey from Holland to Paris he found abominable. They were paved in the middle with large, huge stones, and deep ruts or sand edged the sides. The post-horses were "wretched-looking animals whose tails and manes hang every way, tied to your carriage with ropes and such execrable tackling that it is constantly giving way and delaying you." Though he paid the postilions double, they were ever dissatisfied and saucy, while the law itself entitled them to more pay than they gave service for. On the way to Paris he passed through "a great number of miserable villages, the inhabitants living in wretched hovels built of clay and thatched, not half so good dwellings as those the negroes in South Carolina occupy on a well-regulated plantation — which appeared strange to us, as they were situated upon a principal road to Paris, and in a most fertile country." Everywhere appeared also the charred ruins of châteaux, churches, and works of art destroyed during the revolution, and, seemingly, with no effort to replace them. Even in brilliant Paris the tourist found the streets "narrow and without side-pavements, making walking very disagreeable and even dangerous, from the numerous carriages and cabriolets, the latter of which are driven furiously, and often do mischief. The streets are certainly the most filthy I have ever seen in Europe."

Let Mr. Brisbane tell in his own words his first view of Napoleon:

"The Emperor Napoleon arrived at St. Cloud on October 12th, having been for some time absent on a visit to the coast, inspecting the several armaments designed for the invasion of England. On the 28th there was a grand review of the imperial guard and several regiments of the line in the courtyard of the Tuileries, amounting to eight or ten thousand men, composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and here we had the satisfaction of seeing for the first time the celebrated conqueror of Italy. His appearance was far from dignified or inspiring beholders with that awe which one would expect in such a character. However he might be in action, he makes but a poor figure on parade. From our situation we had an excellent opportunity of observing him. We were within eight or ten yards of the spot on which he took his station while reviewing the troops. His stature is something below the middle size, his complexion of a yellow, sickly hue, a prominent chin, and his eyes a little sunk. His countenance has a melancholy, serious cast. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, his face is by no means homely. He was surrounded by a group of generals whose brilliant uniforms rendered his plain dress the more conspicuous. Except his epaulets, his whole dress was perfectly plain, without either lace or embroidery. He wore his hair cut short, without powder, and a plain cocked hat with a national cockade. As soon as he descended into the courtyard he mounted a handsome white steed, and immediately set off full gallop, inspecting every corps, passing through the lines, and receiving petitions, a number of which were presented by the soldiers. He is a very bold rider, but not a very good, and certainly an ungraceful one. From his bad horsemanship (by improperly checking) he brought himself and horse to the ground. He then dismounted while the mud was washed off the poor animal, but he disdained changing his own dress, and appeared at the levee after the parade in his muddy uniform, where the diplomatic corps and a number of sprucely attired strangers had the honor of being thus received by him. In the suite of the Emperor was his favorite Mameluke, a likely young man who accompanied him from Egypt. The review lasted three hours and a half and was very splendid. The horses of

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the French cavalry are small and much inferior to those of the British in appearance. The Emperor seemed most pleased with the exact evolutions of a company of seventy or eighty young men from the military school, who were afterward promoted to the rank of lieutenant."

On November 28th, Mr. Brisbane notes the coming to Paris of Pope Pius the Seventh, "who had been resting at Fontainebleau after his long journey from Rome, across the Alps, in the most inclement season of the year, to gratify the unbounded ambition of the newly-proclaimed emperor, whose subtle policy is well known," and "whose invitation he (the Pope) knew better than to refuse." Mr. Brisbane, in the context, evidently expressing the popular idea at Paris, emphasizes the emperor's obvious desire to propitiate by the papal act of coronation the French Roman Catholics. His Holiness was lodged at the Tuileries, which communicated with the grand gallery of paintings, where "the sovereign pontiff might amuse himself by viewing those celebrated pictures which once ornamented the altars of churches under his paternal care, and reflect on the instability of human greatness."

Four days later, from a window in front of Notre Dame, Mr. Brisbane witnessed the stately and splendid procession which filed in to the coronation ceremonies. First came the Pope, riding in the carriage which had been presented to the empress by the city of Brussels, and which was drawn by six gray horses. Before His Holiness rode a purple-robed ecclesiast on an ass, bearing a silver cross. Two hours after came the Emperor, who, with Josephine and the Princes Joseph and Louis Bonaparte, rode in the emblazoned imperial carriage drawn by eight Hanoverian horses of the same color and breed as those used on state occasions in England. They, with thirty carriages following, and escorted by cavalry, passed from the Tuileries to the church through double lines of infantry. On his return "the Emperor constantly bowed to the populace, who raised a faint cry of 'Vive l'Empereur.'" There were illuminations in the evening, succeeded, the next day, by popular festivities. Heralds rode through the streets distributing "silver medals struck for the occasion, worth about threepence each, which the ci-devant sovereign people scrambled for with much eagerness." There were pole-climbings for prizes, musicians playing on moving cars or on platforms, public dances, pantomimes, plays, and balloon ascensions, the whole closing with fireworks on the evening of this second imperial day.

A more æsthetic entertainment for the gay Parisians was the exhibition of paintings and statuary at the Louvre, including the masterpieces of art which Napoleon had plundered in Italy and the Netherlands. Among them were the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and the Venus de Medici. So numerous were the paintings, that "the hall could not contain them, and many had to be suspended over the staircase and in the passages." Among them Mr. Brisbane mentions two by young American students, both much praised by the Paris connoisseurs of the day. One was a landscape, the other depicted the murder of Miss McCrea by the Indians of General Burgoyne's army. A large painting (by Gros, the pupil of David), much lauded by the imperialists, represented General Bonaparte visiting the sick soldiers in hospital during the plague at Jaffa. Of this historical fiction Mr. Brisbane naïvely says: "It seems to have been intended by the painter grossly to flatter the present idol and, if possible, do away with the story of the opium."

Mr. Brisbane, referring to a visit to Malmaison, one of Napoleon's country residences, says:

"The first picture which attracted my attention was the portrait of our illustrious and truly patriotic Washington, whose magnanimous conduct as commander-in-chief at the close of the American Revolution must reflect a dishonorable comparison upon that of the proprietor of this château in the termination of the Revolution of France. The park contains many scarce and exotic plants, the Empress being a great botanist."

The presentation of the colors at the Champ de Mars, a famous historical pageant, together with one of its in-

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cidents certainly not told in the *Moniteur* of the next day, may be left to Mr. Brisbane as an eye-witness:

"On the third day after the coronation there was exhibited on the Champ de Mars one of the most brilliant spectacles perhaps ever seen. Facing this place is the military school, to the front of which three pavilions had been erected. The grand or centre one was supported by columns and connected with the others by a covered gallery, the whole richly gilt and ornamented with emblematic figures and imperial eagles. In the centre pavilion a superb throne was erected under a very rich canopy. The Emperor sat on this throne having on his head a crown of gold in the form of a wreath of laurel, such as Cæsar is represented with. In his right hand he held a golden sceptre. In front was an army of twenty thousand men. . . . Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the scene: On the principal side of the square their imperial majesties, surrounded by the most brilliant court in Europe, forming the centre; the foreign ambassadors on the right wing; on the left foreign princes in their court dress, and the whole line connected by senators, tribunes, and legislators, judges, and counsellors ranged five and six deep, all in rich attire. The opposite side of this immense square was open to the river, but having its prospect bounded by the beautiful village of Passy, which rose in majestic grandeur on a slope the other side of the Seine, while the two sides were enclosed by an immense crowd of people on each rampart; and in the centre of the whole a well-appointed army of twenty thousand men, of the flower of the French troops, assembled to receive their imperial colors surmounted by gilded eagles, and take their oath of allegiance to the new order of things. Of what consequence can such oath be, when the Emperor Napoleon himself, and principal officers of the army, have annually sworn on this very field of Mars eternal hatred to royalty, and fidelity to the constitution of the day! The army was by no means pleased with resigning their ancient standards, under which many of them had engaged with such success, in exchange for these splendid eagles. . . . A well-dressed young man, during the faint cries of 'Vive l'Empereur' by a few of the soldiers, was so overcome that he ran about like a madman, crying: 'Liberty or death; down with the Emperor!' and it was some time before anyone would meddle with him. . . His insanity began on that day."

When, some twelve days later, the city of Paris gave a fête in honor of the Emperor, Mr. Brisbane speaks of the unprecedented magnificence of the fireworks. One of the set pieces revealed in luminous splendor the mountain of St. Bernard, with Napoleon on horseback upon its crest. At the mountain's foot was moored a ship, also resplendent in pyrotechnics. Several of the public fountains ran wine in place of water; and at a cost of more than $100,000, the city gave the Emperor a service of plate, and the Empress a toilet set. The old journal further on describes the brilliant effects on the waters of the lamps placed behind the cascades at St. Cloud. From those illumined waters of the imperial park, in 1804, the reader's eye looks down over the long span of eighty-five eventful years, to the gleaming fountains of a nobler Paris Exhibition in 1889, under the auspices of a republican France.

Once again our American traveller saw the Emperor. It was on December 27, 1804, when he opened the first session of the imperial parliament at the Palais Bourbon. Napoleon sat on a throne under a gilded palm-tree. Before him were the legislators (?) "wearing mantles in the old Spanish form, with round hats turned up in front, decorated with white ostrich feathers." The Emperor "wore a dress said to be in imitation of the costume worn by Henry the Fourth. He had neither crown nor sceptre, but wore a cap and feathers like those of the senators." After the members had risen, one by one, and pledged allegiance to the Empire, "the Emperor from his throne delivered a written speech of some length, in which he made the nation very flattering promises; but the tendency of what he said appeared to me to serve as an apology for his having assumed the character that he appeared in, and which he made out as

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absolutely necessary for the future welfare of France. His manner, though far from dignified, did not want energy."

As a dark side-shadow on these brilliant Napoleonic pageants, read the following words of Mr. Brisbane's Journal:

"No nation ever stood in more need of amendment (in respect to the people's morals) than the French do at this day. Nothing can be obtained in France without a bribe. The best-supported claims against the Government are treated with contempt unless aided by a douceur—and that to every man in office who can squeeze himself into the pretension of having anything to do with the affair. The very judges, of whom there are said to be, of all sorts, three thousand in the Empire, are notoriously bribed in many cases, and I verily believe that, from the judge who disgraces the seat of justice down to the petty constable, and from the great Talleyrand himself to the meanest clerk in office, everyone of them is accessible to bribery and corruption. My opinion was formed during a residence of nearly seven months in Paris, from numerous facts which were related to me by men of the strictest veracity, and whom I cannot discredit."

Nevertheless, Mr. Brisbane declares religion to be "in a prosperous state," and avers that "the French are certainly the most polite and attentive people to strangers of any nation in Europe. Genteel strangers are admitted to visit every national institution by only showing their passports, and are treated with the utmost civility by those who have the management of them, without expense."

He closes his journalized allusions to Napoleon with a flavor of quaint anathema, which no doubt reflects the prevailing conservative view of the imperial conqueror, at least outside of France:

"After the retreat of the British from Toulon, Napoleon's sanguinary disposition (having murdered more of the inhabitants of Toulon than were left behind) recommended him as a fit instrument in the hands of the bloody revolutionists. In Paris, when no *Frenchman* would accept the command of the troops ordered out against their fellow-citizens, this cold-blooded *Corsican* destroyed several thousands in a few minutes. This rendered him a greater favorite than ever with the ruling powers, and having married the cast-off mistress of Director Barras (now the Empress Josephine), he was appointed head of the army in Italy; and having by a long train of events conquered the enemies of republican France, he has subdued the Republic itself, and become a despot more powerful and self-willed than ever swayed the sceptre of France; and thus ended The Revolution."

DEAD CITIES.

By A. Lampman.

The spell of ruined cities. Who shall see
  Even in dreams their glory? In mine ear
  Their very names are strange and great to hear,
A sound of ancientness and majesty;
Ninus and Shushan, Carthage, Meroe;
  Troja, long vanished in Achæan flame,
  Crowned with dead prowess and the poet's fame;
On and Cyrene perished utterly.

Things old and dim and strange to dream upon;
Cumæ and Sardis, cities waste and gone;
  And that pale river by whose ghostly strand
  Thebes' monstrous tombs and desolate altars stand;
Baalbec, and Tyre, and buried Babylon,
  And ruined Tadmor in the desert sand.

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THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

II.—AS A USER OF THE PUBLIC STREETS.

By Francis Lynde Stetson.

THE scope and variety of use to which one citizen or another may have a wish or a right to subject the public streets may be most conveniently illustrated if we shall select as our citizen a resident "New Yorker," asserting the particular rights of air, light, and access for his dwelling, as well as his personal share in the general right to use the streets for travel and transportation.

This general use of the streets is their primary purpose, so that it has become a common judicial phrase that "the law of the street is motion." This rule, however, like all of its family, is subject to many qualifications, and we are fortunate in finding a concise statement of both rule and exception in an opinion recently delivered by Judge Earl, of the New York Court of Appeals. The learned judge says:

> The primary purpose of streets is use by the public for travel and transportation, and the general rule is, that any obstruction of a street, or any encroachment thereon which interferes with such use is a public nuisance. But, there are exceptions to the general rule, born of necessity, and justified by public convenience. An abutting owner engaged in building may temporarily encroach upon the streets by the deposit of building materials. A tradesman may convey goods in the street to and from his adjoining store. A coach or omnibus may stop in the street to take up or set down passengers, and the use of a street for public travel may be temporarily interfered with in a variety of other ways, without the creation of what in law is deemed to be a nuisance. But all such interruptions and obstructions of streets must be justified by necessity. It is not sufficient, however, that the obstructions are necessary with reference to the business of him who erects and maintains them. They must also be reasonable with reference to the rights of the public, who have interests in the streets which may not be sacrificed or disregarded.

An irrepressible conflict has developed along the line thus laid down by Judge Earl, between those who wish to move and those who desire to stop, on the public highway, where the general law is motion, and the particular malady encroachment.

How general and dominant is the desire to encroach upon the public streets is hardly realized by many a citizen until, having bought a vacant lot, he is about to build. Conscious then of limitation by his neighbor's bounds on either side, he casts a yearning eye upon the fine open space in front, belonging to no one in particular, but only to the public. His sense of public right suddenly sinks beneath a swelling appreciation of the convenience of subjecting the highway to his own particular use. None of it must escape him. His surveyor must lay down lines that shall make certain that the street takes nothing from him, even at the risk of his taking a little from the street. Laws and ordinances are searched, strained, and sometimes snapped, in his effort to lengthen his line street-ward. His zeal to wrest from the public place yard-room for his building material becomes keen; and, he forgets indignation at last year's passages through muddy gutters or over slippery stagings, necessary to avoid the obstructions or trenches of the neighbor who was then building. The traveller and the house-builder look upon the public street from points of view distinctly diverse, if not adverse.

This diversity of interest has, in our modern city, led to extraordinary subdivision of the area of the streets both horizontally and vertically; for it is found that the needs of compact communities involve the use of the street surface hardly more than of spaces above the earth and under the earth.

Horizontally considered, the area of a New York avenue, eighty feet in width, will be found to be divided into, (1) a roadway forty-two feet wide, stretching from curb to curb; (2) two sidewalks, each comprising about eleven feet be-

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tween the curb line and the fence line; and, (3) on each side, an area-way extending about seven feet from the stoop or fence line to the lawful boundary of the highway, which is ordinarily about four feet in advance of the house itself. In streets of width greater or less than eighty feet a different subdivision is made, according to a fixed scale. The third subdivision—the area-way of about seven feet—is *the* debatable land. All of it belongs to the public, but so general and long established is the custom of enclosing it (together with about four feet of the owner's land), that most owners come to regard it all as private property, and upon it encroachments naturally accumulate. Upon this strip stand the stoop and bay window of almost every house in New York, and when houses change to shops, many an owner, reluctant to restore to the public that in which the ordinances had given him a privilege of use only conditional and temporary, seeks a revenue from this strip by leasing it to petty trucksters.

In December, 1865, the efficient Comptroller of Central Park (Mr. Andrew H. Green) made to the Commissioners a valuable report, from which information has been gained (and use permitted) as to the history of street divisions and encroachments.

Streets were first made without division into carriage ways and foot walks, and were used by men and animals of burden indiscriminately. When carriages were introduced, the beasts of burden and vehicles took one line and pedestrians another. There are to-day in many cities of Europe streets having no sidewalks, and the foot-passenger finds his way among the beasts and the filth of the kennels. The careful subdivision of the streets, and the appropriation of the several spaces to distinct classes of travel, is decidedly modern, and rests generally upon city ordinances, and not upon statute.

Encroachments, however, are abuses of venerable origin.

In ancient Athens the streets were crooked and narrow. The upper stories of the houses frequently projected over the streets (as to-day in such English towns as Chester, Winchester, and Tewkesbury); stairs, balustrades, and doors opening outward, narrowed the path. Themistocles and Aristides, in cooperation with the Areopagus, effected nothing further than to cause that projections should no longer be built over or into the streets; and this regulation was maintained in later times. The propositions of Hippias and Iphiciades for taking down such parts of buildings as projected over or into the public streets, were not carried into execution, because their object was believed to be not the improvement and embellishment of the streets, but extortion.

The narrow and crooked streets of Rome were still more confined—above, by projecting opening balconies from the upper stories of the houses, which in the case of the buildings surrounding the Forum were called Mæniana, from Mænius, the censor, who permitted their construction that spectators might obtain more room for beholding the games. Many regulations were found necessary to keep these within due bounds.

In New York encroachments have attracted alike the censure of the virtuous and the cupidity of the "striker," and scandalous stories prevail as to levies made upon those desiring or maintaining bay-windows or porches outside of the true house-line. The law is now fairly settled. Excepting for corner houses, no bay-windows or structure resting upon the ground can be lawfully erected; but, by permission, orioles or windows may be projected from the house front, at such a suitable height and within such limits of width as architectural adornment may reasonably justify, without actual obstruction to the public or the adjoining neighbors. Stoops or porches not exceeding seven feet wide, may be built upon the area way belonging to the public, provided that they are not more than five feet high, and have open backs and sides and railings. Fences may be carried out to the line of the stoop where it reaches the sidewalk. Signs and goods may not be hung more than twelve inches from the house front, and awnings are at the owner's risk of damages to the passer-by. The householder may put a suitable carriage block before his door, and may leave a proper opening to the steps

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descending to his basement or cellar stories.

Outside of these limits encroachment on the public way is a perilous pastime, especially in the matter of coal-holes and other vault openings in the sidewalk. These cannot be maintained at all except by municipal consent, and even such consent does not relieve the house-owner from the liabilities of a guarantor against accidents. No amount of care or scrutiny will avail the unfortunate owner whose vault-cover slips to the injury of some still more unfortunate passer-by. Very heavy damages on account of such injuries have been awarded against owners or tenants, who were held to have obtained the right to make openings in the sidewalk only upon the necessary condition that they would guarantee the public against any possible injury therefrom. The risk is so great that many owners prefer to make these openings (as they should) within their own lines.

Three classes of encroachments have become so generally established in New York as to induce the passage of special laws permitting their maintenance, with the consent of the property-owner and the local authorities, viz.: the deposit of materials necessary for building; the erection within the stoop-line of stands for the sale of newspapers, periodicals, fruits, and soda-water; and the standing of trucks at night. This latter, however, is a privilege extended only to trucks owned or used by "actual residents of the city." This local coloring was infused through the statute to discourage competition by marauding Brooklyn and Jersey truckmen, who are thus compelled night and morning to drag their empty heavy wagons from and to their place of use.

The special right of encroachment belonging to the adjacent owner, which in its abuse is the most frequent source of irritation to the travelling public, is connected with the loading and unloading of goods. This may be done either by hand, or by the use of "skids," provided that they are not allowed to remain for an unreasonable time; but it is not reasonable to keep a bridge in place at intervals, during four or five hours, between 9 A.M and 5 P.M. Where the pedestrian finds such an obstruction across the sidewalk, he may enter upon the adjoining premises so far as necessary to pass around it; but he takes upon himself the risk of the safety of such passage; the adjacent owner is not bound to furnish a passageway necessarily safe.

All these special rights of the owner abutting upon a public street may be summed up by saying that he is entitled to air, light, and access for his dwelling, and that, so far as reasonably necessary for the conduct of the common life and lawful business of a city, he is entitled temporarily to interfere with the course of the travelling public.

For the travelling public, as we have already seen, the law of the street is motion; a law not more strictly enforced by the London policeman ordering Jo to "move on," than it was in New York, when an enterprising dealer blocked the way by exhibiting to curious crowds seven sisters in his show-window, combing their wonderful hair. The court considered such an exhibition highly sensational and condemned it, and the consequent obstruction as a public nuisance. It was abated, and the public procession resumed its movement.

But it is not encroachments only that embarrass public travel. The opposite courses and cross currents of travel itself cause inconvenience, and have led to a variety of rules of precedence and passage which, taken together, constitute our "law of the road." This law of the road is somewhat complex and uncertain, being still in the formative period. Pedestrians meeting each other may pass to the right or left, according to their whim. So may riders on horseback. So may vehicles proceeding along streets crossing at right angles, or passing each other in the same direction. In all four cases each is bound to exercise due care not to injure the other. But vehicles moving in opposite directions must pass each other to the right. One attempting to pass or to keep to the left, even though in a loaded wagon meeting a light one, takes the risk of possible injury without chance of redress; but his offence would not justify his adversary in wilfully running him down.

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For many years it was sought to establish that in the public streets, as on the highway of the sea, the stronger must give way to the weaker; that vehicles should yield to the pedestrian; but the struggle was in vain, and it is now settled that drivers and walkers must maintain mutual watchfulness and look out for each other. If, however, the driver goes at a reckless rate, especially if, as is irritatingly common, he dashes over a cross-walk, he is liable to a strict accountability at the complaint of any injured foot-passenger. This is unfortunately frequent with mail wagons, fire-engines, fire-patrol wagons, and ambulances, which do not always carefully limit the exercise of their special right of precedence given by law. The rule is that the drivers of all vehicles must anticipate and look out for pedestrians at crossings. The pedestrian may cross the streets at points where there is no cross-walk, but in such places he is held to a higher degree of caution than at crossings.

The street-cars have developed a law of their own, having at an early day succeeded in defeating the truckmen's contention that they should leave the track and turn to the right of a truck coming in an opposite direction, and finally in securing a law that forbids a truckman going before from unnecessarily hindering a succeeding car. It is now the rule that the street-car has the paramount, but not the exclusive, right to use the street. So, if a pedestrian attempting to cross the street finds it blocked by a stationary street-car, he may step upon and across the platform; and if (as in one actual case) the conductor should throw him off, the company will have to pay damages.

The word street, in its Latin origin (*sterno, stratum*) implies a pavement. There were pavements in Rome from 312 B.C., when Appius Cæcus, the Censor, paved the Appian Way. Yet many cities have grown to great proportions before their ways were paved. Mr. Green's report dwells upon this fact. There was no pavement in Paris until the royal stomach of Philip Augustus was turned, as he looked out of his window in the Cité, by the odors proceeding from a wagon plowing up the mud of the streets; and the mandate which issued thereupon must have been slowly executed, for years elapsed before the perambulation of the streets by pigs was forbidden, when a son of Louis le Gros had been thrown from his horse by one of those untoward animals. (The similar nuisance, observed by Mr. Dickens, and condemned in his "American Notes," was actually suppressed in New York only forty years ago, though laws against the nuisance date from the Colonial period.) Less than two centuries since, the streets of London, if paved at all, were so imperfectly paved, that the occasional wheeled carriage that passed through them was very likely to get fixed in the mire. From a mutual exertion to avoid the mud thrown by the carriage-wheels toward the foot-passage, quarrels often arose between pedestrians, as to which should "take the wall" or the side of the walk most remote from the carriage-way; from which arose the custom of giving to ladies the inside of the walk.

To-day, in New York * there are:

356 miles of paved streets within jurisdiction of the Department of Public Works.

1,228 miles of gas mains.

657 miles of water pipes.

433.73 miles of sewers.

64 miles of electric subways supervised by Department of Public Works.

In the main, the general rights of the travelling public, as well as the special rights of the householder, have gained definition and protection with the progress of modern life, save in one particular, where they have become subject to an irritating and frequent interference, proceeding from those who, for combined purposes of private profit and public convenience, have acquired a third and special class of rights in the streets.

Upon the surface of the streets of New York to-day, there are in operation nearly two hundred and fifty miles of railroad (and much more if double tracks be reckoned). In the air above the surface, there are more than thirty-two miles of elevated railroad; and (according to the activity of the choppers of poles) hundreds upon hundreds of miles of

*I am indebted to Stevenson Towle, Esq., of the Department of Public Works, for the facts here quoted.

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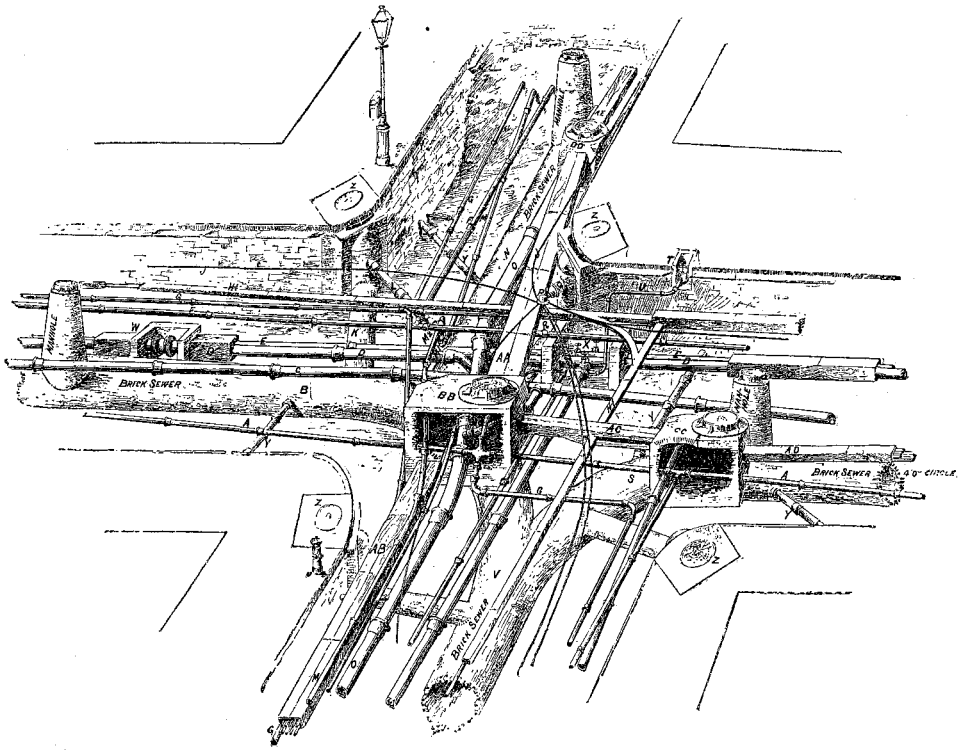
telegraph wire. With the appearance of all these structures we are familiar, because they are visible. But few of us realize the extent of use to which the portions of the street beneath the surface are subjected. Sewers, water-pipes, subways for electrical cables, and pneumatic conductors; systems for steam-heating; three or four distinct systems for gas service; and some cables for surface railroads, occupy the street beneath ground as densely as the crowds fill the surface. The cut exhibits a subterranean junction at Broad Street and Wall Street, which may well serve in illustration of many another.



Under the Street, at the corner of Broad and Wall, New York.

A. 6-inch New York Gas. *B*. Wall Street Sewer. *C*. 12-inch Water-pipe. *D*. 15-inch New York Steam Company's Pipe (steam). *E*. 4-inch New York Steam Company's Pipe (return). *F*. 8-inch Mutual Gas. *G*. 4-inch New York Gas. *H–I*. Western Union Pneumatic and Cable Tubes. *J*. Edison Electric Tubes. *K*. Old Basin Outlet (removed). *L*. New Basin Outlet, 15-inch Pipe. *M*. 6-inch Water-pipe. *M*^{1}. Line of 6-inch Water-pipe (before alteration). *N*. Nassau Street Sewer. *O*. 20-inch Water-pipe. *P*. Edison's Electric Junction-box. *Q*. New Basin Outlet, 15-inch Pipe. *R*. Old Basin Outlet (removed). *S*. Wall Street Sewer. *T*. New York Steam Company's Steam-trap. *U*. 2-inch Trap-pipes. *V*. Broad Street Sewer. *W*. Expansion Joint- and Service-box, New York Steam Company. *X*. Junction-vault of New York Steam Company's Mains. *Y*. House-drains. *M*^{2}. Line of 6-inch Water-pipe as altered. *Z*. Catch Basins. *AA, AB, AC, AD, AE, AA, BB, CC, DD*, Electrical Subways.

All of these underground constructions require, and probably have, permission of law for their existence. In some form they are essential to the conduct of civilized life in a densely peopled city. But there are few citizens of New York who do not feel frequent irritation at the repeated disruption of the pavement and upturning of the street before their doors. A computation, with results gratifying to the curious (and perhaps also to believers in an intelligent administration of municipal affairs), might be made, as to whether the aggregate expense of constantly disturbing and replacing pavements in order to reach underground constructions, would not be adequate to pay perpetual interest upon the necessary cost of capacious and accessible subways, suitable for all these various needs.

But, whatever the cost, some system

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must be adopted to preserve the surface of the street against the attacks of those burrowing beneath it, or else New York must abandon all pretence to be a city of the first class. A safe, clean, and smooth roadway and sidewalk is the right of every citizen. (If the citizen be intoxicated, this right, it has been decided, grows with his increasing need of an unobstructed way.) The maintenance of such a way is a municipal duty that must be discharged without denial to the citizen of all the other quasi-public services rendered by those exercising special rights in the streets. We must have water, gas, electricity, heat, telegraph, and public transportation. It is in vain to rail at all these necessary public conveniences because of their occupation of the public ways, so long as no other way is furnished for them. They should be held to the least disturbing method of exercising their special rights, but beyond this the public demand should be, not for their restriction, but for their accommodation under suitable regulation.

The right of every citizen to a safe, clean, and smooth roadway and sidewalk is, for its enjoyment, to some degree dependent upon his own discharge of his corresponding duty, to aid in keeping them clean, smooth, and safe. Cæsar compelled every Roman householder to pave and keep in good order not only the footwalk, but the roadway in front of his house. In New York to-day, most householders assume the duty of maintaining the sidewalk, but are as indifferent to the roadway as though it were in one of the streets of London. The city ordinances on the subject are much more ample than is usually supposed. The householder may not throw into the street any offensive substance, ashes, or sweepings, but, excepting during the early days of Mayor Hewitt, no one has undertaken to enforce the ordinance. Neither may he permit snow or ice or any other obstruction to remain upon the sidewalk; and this ordinance is better enforced because of the possibility of suit (whether well or ill founded) against the city. If every citizen were to charge himself with the responsibility of himself doing nothing to encumber the street, and the correlative duty of reporting every encumbrance at the bureau in the Department of Public Works, an improvement in our condition would be immediately observable. In other words, the right of the citizen as a user of the streets, like most of his rights, depends upon his own vigilance in maintaining them. I know of one worthy public-spirited citizen who earned the thanks of a considerable community because every morning, on his way down town, he stopped at the Bureau of Encumbrances to report building obstructions in his neighborhood. The public officers found it more comfortable to enforce the law against the builder than to endure the constantly recurring complaints of the outraged citizen. A general and concerted movement upon this line would have a most satisfactory result.*

One last and much disputed right of the citizen is to have his children play in the streets. Singularly enough, there is a diversity of opinion upon this point between the courts of various States of

* An example of the public service that may be rendered by a newspaper is afforded by the following extract from the *World* of January 24, 1890.

In order that there may be no excuse on the part of the people of this city, the *World* again publishes an outline of the ordinances regarding illegal dumping of refuse in the public streets.

If servants place ash receptacles on the curb line, they may be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If a tenant does the same thing, he incurs the same penalty.

If any one throws dirt, paper fragments, pieces of wood or shavings, straw, rags, or any other description of refuse in the street, he is liable to arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If any employee sweeps the dust or refuse from any store, dwelling, or factory into the street, he can be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If a boy upsets an ash barrel or lights a bonfire, he is in danger of arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If a dirt or ash cart is overloaded, so that the contents drop on the pavements, the driver is to be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If any person purchase fruit from a sidewalk vender, he is expressly forbidden to throw away the peelings, except into the receptacle to be provided by the vender. A violation of this ordinance subjects both the purchaser and the vender to arrest, fine, and imprisonment.

If a grocer strips his vegetable stock and does not place the strippings or refuse in a proper receptacle, he can be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

If employees use the sidewalks for the purpose of breaking up boxes or barrels, they must remove all small fragments, under penalty of arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If any one throws a glass bottle into the street and it breaks, he stands in danger of arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

If any one does anything to disfigure the pavement, between curb and curb, by sweeping refuse into the gutter and scattering it by hand, he can be arrested, fined, or imprisoned.

The public is therefore warned that the police intend hereafter to enforce city ordinances, and that the magistrates propose to inflict fines in the first instance and imprisonment for subsequent misdemeanors of this character. Every citizen who wants to see the streets kept clean, should assist in reporting such violations to the police. If the policeman on duty declines to act, send his name and number to the *World*.

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the Union, though not in the state to which the blessed have preceded us. I have a friend who, thinking of her little son long since gone above, finds comfort in the words of the prophet Zechariah, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

DISTICHS.

(FROM HERE AND THERE.)

By John Hay.

I.

Wine is like rain, which, when falling on mire but makes it the fouler,
But when it strikes the good soil, wakes it to beauty and bloom.

II.

When you break up housekeeping, you learn the extent of your treasures;
Till he begins to reform, no one can number his sins.

III.

Maidens! why should you worry in choosing whom you shall marry?
Choose whom you may, you will find you have got somebody else.

IV.

Break not the rose; its fragrance and beauty are surely sufficient;
Resting contented with these, never a thorn shall you feel.

V.

Unto each man comes a day when his favorite sins all forsake him,
And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins.

VI.

Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns;
Utter the You twenty times where you once utter the I.

VII.

The best-loved man or maid in the town would perish with anguish
Could they hear all that their friends say in the course of a day.

VIII.

True luck consists not in holding the best of the cards at the table;
Luckiest he who knows just when to rise and go home.

IX.

Make all good men your well-wishers; and then, in the years' steady sifting
Some of them grow into friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.

X.

Try not to beat back the current, yet be not drowned in its waters;
Speak with the speech of the world, think with the thoughts of the few.

XI.

Pleasant enough it is to hear the world speak of your virtues;
But in your secret heart, 'tis of your faults you are proud.

XII.

Be not too anxious to gain your next-door neighbor's approval;
Live your own life, and let him strive your approval to gain.

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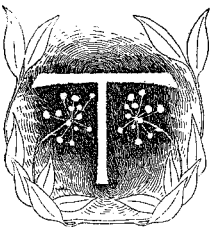
PERNILLA.

A STORY OF SWEDE CREEK.

By Karl Erickson.



HERE is snow in the Minnesota marshes, obliterating the exuberance of life and color that characterizes the Mississippi bottomlands in summer, and the wealth of red and gold that dyes them in autumn. Uncertain rich fleckings of light and shade that magnify details of contour, bewilder one no more. Bare limbs and naked twigs weave intricacies of shadow lace over the snow with startling distinctness. Frozen reeds and glittering rushes stand like wraiths of the summer's cardinal flowers and crimson milk-weeds. Miles and miles of snow, miles and miles of marsh, miles and miles of shadow lace.

A crooked footpath breaks the smooth expanse of snow. In mazy windings it steals among the underbrush, over ponds, and threads into the innermost woods. The morning sun traces dainty shadows along its ragged edge, shadows set with sparkling brilliants. It seems a thread of Fate spun out in these lonely wastes, and that only by dire necessity could it lure human footsteps into the forsaken winter marshes.

But the man striding along the narrow trail is the embodiment of strength and happiness. His tall figure in a scarlet felt blouse startles one in this white world. The axe on his shoulder portends the doom of many a goodly tree, and his strong stroke will soon reverberate afar, sending the snow sliding down ash and cottonwood trunks. In among the trees he disappeared, and with him the desolate aspect of the swamps. We know there is human life down there.

Sheer abundance of vital strength sent him swinging along as he cast calculating glances up along different trees. Flinging down his axe, he turned to pull off his scarlet jacket, when the blithest girl-laugh trilled out on the frosty air, filling the woods with echoes.

"Good-morning, John Erick. Ha, ha, ha! didn't 'spect company?"

"Good-morning to you. First time I ever found a girl down the timber this here time o' day. You quite scared me, Rozina."

"That's just what I come for," she replied from her perch on the leaning trunk of a broken tree.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Do you 'spose you've been anywhere the last two years and I've not knowed it? I knowed you was choppin' down here."

"Did your pa send you?"

"My pa? No. Nor Pernilla neither," she gratuitously added.

"Rozina, what's up?" asked her companion, stepping back with folded arms.

"What's up? What's up?" she scornfully repeated, "I'll tell you what's up. I come down here, John Erick, to tell you I hate you."

"Oh, pshaw, Rozina! you don't, neither."

"Yes, I do, yes, I do. I—" here she broke off with: "Is it true you're comin' over next Sunday to talk it all over? to set the day? Is it true?"

No answer.

"John Erick," she cried, "is it true?"

"Rozina——"

"Oh, don't say nothing! I know it's true. But how do you s'pose I feel? I tell you Pernilla don't love you the way I do—'tain't in her."

John Erick started back with a surprised ejaculation, but she proceeded.

"Why couldn't you take me instead of her? I'm prettier'n Pernilla, and you know it. Lots prettier. I'd be just as good a wife, and I'll never care for anyone else. I can work as smart as her. I can weave faster, and you remember I was 'head of her at school. I got lots more headmarks. Oh, I just hate you and her!"

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John Erick's blood boiled to hear this unabashed little beauty making love to him from the old stump, and coolly valuing her accomplishments above her sister's; and he retorted, with but little chivalry,

"No, you're not prettier, Rozina, you're crazy. Come, get down and go home."

"Be you goin' to marry her?" she persisted.

"Marry her? You're just right I be, as soon as ever I may. Go home now, Rozina."

But she kept her perch, biting her lips in her excitement, and going on hurriedly. "I tell you it wouldn't hurt her much if you give her up. Do you know when I looked at Pernilla this morning, with her black hair all over the pillow, I felt as if I could kill her. Do you hear? What would you say, then, John Erick? Pernilla won't care for you the way I do, anyhow, that's sure." And standing a moment on the leaning tree, she jumped to the ground beside him.

He drew aside as if afraid to touch her.

"I could kill myself now," she cried, feeling the edge of his axe and holding her wrist over it an instant. Then she bent swiftly down, laying her cheek against one of his footprints in the snow, and without glancing at him, ran quickly homeward, light and noiseless as a rabbit.

The Rosengren home was a log-house set in a birch-cove under the hills, more than a mile from the river marshes, and when Rozina reached it, the sunshine had scarcely peeped over the bluff that both morning and afternoon shut off most of the winter sun.

Her mother and Pernilla were taking a rag carpet from the loom.

Pernilla lifted the roll in her long, beautiful arms, threw it down, and, with a touch of her foot, sent it across to the opposite wall leaving a strip of the bright new web smooth laid on the white floor. With loving pride she looked upon this product of her own labor—her own cutting, sewing, dyeing, spinning, weaving.

"Mother, Rozina—do you like it?"

Mrs. Rosengren tied and retied the blue and yellow checked kerchief on her head, as she reiterated unstinted praise.

"I was married many a year before I had a yard of carpet," she said.

"Would green warp have been prettier?" suggested Pernilla, dubiously.

"Child, no. If you want it to fade, wish it was green warp. When at last I got my first carpet, I wove the rags into green warp, and you never saw nothing fade so quick as that warp turned into pink and yellow."

Pernilla was down on her knees to cut away a knot, and remained kneeling at the end of the carpet, caressing the pretty stripes and turning her head from one side to the other, looking for knots.

"Isn't this red and white twist pretty? And who'd a thought that blue dress 'ud be so handsome in a carpet?"

"It feels real bright to the foot," said her mother, carefully stepping on a stripe of "hit and miss" at the other end. As this foot of Mrs. Rosengren was encased in a very solid, well-seasoned, shining wooden shoe, it might be questioned just what sensation of color could penetrate her substantial foot-gear; but Pernilla, too, was sure it felt nice to the foot.

"Hoey, now, womenfolks! Is the carpet done? Sure if it ain't fine! Seems, Pernilla, as if you're kind of mean to put so much time on a thing like that, and get your ma to help, and after all sneak off with it to another man's house. Ain't your pa's house got a room good enough for it?"

Stepping out of his wooden shoes, he walked all over the carpet. Pernilla laughed merrily and threatened to snip into his stout blue stockings with her scissors.

"Hi there!" he cried, capering around. "Goin' to chase your old pa off o' it too! Be careful, or I'll get a mortgage on this here fine carpet and keep it to home."

After jumping around some more, cutting a ludicrous figure in his snuff-brown homespun clothes, he sat down on the carpet roll and stamped approvingly with his stocking feet on the gay stripes.

"I s'pose as John Erick'll have to take

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off his stockings too before he puts foot on this, eh?"

Pernilla, still feeling for knots, laughed out a little, "O pshaw!"

"Ma," asked Rozina, later in the day, "where's the aniline? I'm goin' to color some rags."

"What for?"

"For my carpet," replied the girl, curtly.

"Your carpet?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to make a carpet as well as Pernilla, if I ain't goin' to be married."

And color rags Rozina did all afternoon, planning designs of crimson and white stripes as she dipped the magenta skeins and hung them all around the walls of what was known as "the shanty."

During the spring, all Swede Creek settlement talked of the approaching marriage of John Erick Peterson and Pernilla Rosengren; of the fine wedding there would be, and of the clothes the Rosengren women were making. Claus Rosengren had thrived since he came to America. These two beautiful girls were born to him in the Minnesota woods, and now that Pernilla was going to marry, she should have an outfit worthy of him.

They drove twenty miles in a lumber wagon to Meadow Falls, to buy what they actually could not manufacture themselves. As it was, the sheep huddling among the charred stumps on the side of Old Rattlesnake bluff furnished a good part of the outfit in way of dresses, stockings, and shawls. For wasn't Mrs. Rosengren the only person in the settlement that could weave shawls? as well as marvellous dress fabrics that were all purple or green in one light and shining gold in another; material all from these same scrubby sheep.

Coming to Swede Creek now, you will find white dresses common. The girls flit up and down the paths of Rattlesnake and Owl Point to the log church, to quilting bees, to surprise parties, clad in dainty white gowns and embroidered suits that come from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Not so then. That was long ago, just after the war, and none of the girls in Swede Creek had white dresses.

But hadn't Mrs. Rosengren been a maid-servant at the clergyman's in her own native parish in Sweden? And when his daughter Miss Wilhelmina Ulrika Unonius was married she wore white. So white dresses they bought; some fine, soft, all-wool delaine, more dainty than any goods they had ever before seen, and consternation fell upon the whole settlement when they heard it. Even the young men asked John Erick if it were true.

But when Betsy Jonson put on her shaker to run over to tell Annie Anderson about that Pernilla's hat, it seemed as if it couldn't be true.

"A spinkin-spankin new hat, kind of tall and all covered with frosting like the frozen snow," she said.

"Who'd ever!" ejaculated Annie.

"And a big red flower in front. Don't b'lieve I'd want one."

"Rozina's awful sick, though," added Annie. "Ain't she thin? I think it's wicked to go on so 'bout clothes when her sister's so down."

But poor Rozina was sick; such a cough.

"I'm sure as you catched cold the day you dyed them rags," said her mother, as she watched her through a hard spell.

In the wedding she had no interest, and Pernilla tried to keep her own happiness out of sight.

II.

In all Swede Creek, time was now reckoned with reference to the wedding, and somewhat more than a month before that focal date, John Erick came to tell Pernilla that their house was finished.

Spring was here. That very morning Old Rattlesnake had changed color, inaugurating the witching scene that lasts but three or four days in every Minnesota May—the fairest, most fascinating days to watch the bluffs. It is when the birches leaf out, when the new foliage hangs like misty suggestion about the silver stems; when patches and stretches of pale ethereal green transform the hillsides, bringing into cameo-like relief the sylph trunks of the trees, that "conceal and half reveal" themselves amid the sacred halo.

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Up the bluff, along the ravines, out on the spurs, is massed the cloud-like color that seems the spirit of the heavy foliage of summer. Just three or four days it takes for the birches to dress themselves, to invest their dainty limbs with the folds of fragrant gauze, to veil themselves in the delicate green.

Such was the blithe aspect of the hills about the new house when John Erick went to tell his black-haired sweetheart that it was ready, all ready, even to tables and chairs.

The next day he was going to the Falls to buy the most important article of household furniture, a stove. Next to the wonderful white hat, the prospective stove excited greatest interest; for, wouldn't Pernilla have to learn it all over, how to cook, bake, and brew?

Rosengren and the hired man were fishing down in the bottomlands, and Pernilla asked John Erick to stay as late as possible.

"Because," she whispered, "we're afraid to be only womenfolks, as Pa got money to-day, and it seems I can't think of nothing else."

Some "fellows from Wisconsin" (Swede Creek technical term for their brethren dwelling across the Mississippi) had paid Rosengren several hundred dollars on old debts that he had had no hope of collecting this year. His wife and the girls were the only ones who knew it, and with him had shared the anxiety of secreting it in a safe place. It had been successively put in several places; in a sack of wool, in Pernilla's new rag-carpet, in a copper coffee-pot, and even in an old wooden shoe. But his anxious mind conjured forth particular dangers connected with each one of these, and at last he deposited it in a tool-chest in the barn, much to the consternation of Mrs. Rosengren, whose sense of security bore an inverse ratio to his own on this, as on all occasions.

So John Erick stayed, and they drank fresh-brewed beer sitting on the crazy little stoop that hung like a wasp's nest on the log wall. This same drink is known as "molasses beer," and is as harmless as buttermilk. They drank a whole pitcherful of the renowned drink, and then went up on the shanty roof to look for the fishers off on the bottomlands. An occasional gleam of the torches flickering, wavering down in the darkness of the overflowed meadows was all they saw.

John Erick could not stay very late on account of preparations for the next day's trip, and with various injunctions from Mrs. Rosengren not to spend too much money on the stove, and a sweet farewell to Pernilla out by the birch-rail fence, he left them.

The May night was heavy with the scent of young leaves and unseen buds, and John Erick's life was a thing of joy to him; a strong, buoyant personality revelling in love.

The next morning, as the first blue wreaths of smoke floated from the capacious chimney, Rosengren strode into the kitchen with colorless face, and his teeth chattering in consternation.

"The money's gone—it's gone," he gasped.

"What do you say, Rosengren?" answered his wife, faintly.

"I say you've put it somewhere—or it's gone."

"I hain't touched it. Be you sure?"

"I looked over every nail in the chest."

The girls came from the barnyard with foaming milk-pails, and he excitedly met them at the door with the news.

"And I felt of it the last thing before I went fishin', and slept out there too," he groaned.

"I don't see," said Pernilla. "No one knowed it; and John Erick was with us till late, knowin' we was skeery."

Rosengren was tearing up and down the room, feeling frantically in his pockets, in hope of finding the bills there, and muttering under his breath various vague threatenings; but at Pernilla's words he turned on her with an evil light in his narrow brown eyes.

"'Knowin' you was skeery?' What be you talkin' about, girl? Do you mean to say, do you mean," he hissed in a whisper, "that John Erick knowed about the money?"

Dumb horror seized the girl.

"Answer me."

"Why, yes—I asked him to stay for that."

"You did—did you? A pretty wed-

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din' you'll have," and vouchsafing not another word, he strode off down the valley road.

Rozina, silent, sat by the fire, white as the milk foam, while Pernilla sank down by the table, moaning as she buried her face in her arms. But little was done at the Rosengrens that day. One pail of morning's milk was forgotten out under trees. Pernilla went to John Erick's house, and Mrs. Rosengren wondered and wept.

The whole settlement was afire with the news. Women put on hasty headgear and ran to glean rumors at neighboring hearthstones. So quickly did the news spread that half the households held council over "*Klockan elfva kaffe*" (Eleven o'clock coffee).

John Erick did not go off to buy the new stove, and before the sunset lights spanned the swollen Mississippi, Pernilla's lover was in jail.

III.

For days, for weeks the Mississippi waters had been rising, crowding back over the bottomlands, overflowing the wooded marshes, and forming a lake in the heavy timber.

A yellow sunset cast long shadows quivering across the amber depths of the watery waste. The course of Swede Creek, like a current was outlined by rows of young willows out in the lake, that waved lazily toward the grove growing downward in the yellow water. Black and yellow, black and yellow, the waters filled all the clearing, and all the timber, splashing in little dreary waves and ripples against oaks and cottonwoods.

Rosengren and the hired man appeared on a high bank, carrying a boat, an awkward old affair, which they managed to get down to the edge of the water.

When the water comes up into the timber, the farmers find good fishing o' nights in their own fields, so to say, and an hour after sunset, the flash of lanterns about the old boat revealed Rosengren, the hired man, and Pernilla preparing for the sport.

From a tin cylinder filled with kerosene, several wicks gave forth a glaring yellow light, tempered as to intensity by dense clouds of smoke and soot. This apparatus was sometimes carried, and sometimes fastened by a long pole to the side of the boat.

Pernilla took the oars and with strong, steady strokes rowed the old flat-bottomed boat into the clearing, as the men, with spear in hand, watched for the fish among the grass and leaves.

Anon they took the wagon road, spearing pickerel and catfish right in the wheel-ruts, or rowed across a little triangular patch of winter wheat whose sparse blades bode small harvest.

"Not very heavy grain here," said Rosengren, "but—" and he stabbed a fine rock-bass as a compensation from Nature.

As the boat stole along the edges of the heavy timber, the torch threw ghastly lights into the watery vistas among the trees, and owls hooted in the sacred recesses of the tree-tops as the fishes splashed through the shallow water.

Far to the east, over the distant Wisconsin Hills, shimmered a trembling radiance. Silvery lights illumed the fleecy fretwork of white clouds that grew brighter and brighter with opalescent edges, until above the dull forest rose the waning moon of May. Down over the watery waste of the bottomlands streamed the glory of the sky, spiriting forth troops and platoons of willow shadows, oak shadows, reed shadows, and grass shadows to dance in spectral silence over the dark, restless waters.

Running up in shallow places, the men often got out and waded off with torch and spears, leaving Pernilla alone in the dark.

Several times they pulled up on some grassy islet, tipped the boat to pour out the water, and silently resumed their slow way.

In the centre of the clearing was a large half-finished hay-shed. The rise of the river had stopped the builders, and there it rested like a Noah's ark on the face of the deep.

They were edging along its pole foundations, but it proved too hard to row through wet grass, so the two men walked up the shallows to pursue their prey.

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Pernilla, from the shadow of the hay-shed, watched them stride cautiously off, peering intently under every leaf and ledge. She was glad to be out in the night air. Her fevered being was in a whirl of passion and sorrow, and as she had rowed back and forth over the silver-brocaded waters of the woods, she had been thinking of her wedding, of her lover so unjustly accused, of his calmness when arrested, of the same old question, "Who took the money?" She was tired of thinking, of wondering, of crying.

Then she felt in the dark that a form was near her and, speechless with terror, heard her name.

"Pernilla, Pernilla. Sh—sh—it's me —John Erick."

"You? you? I thought you were—" she faltered.

"Yes, yes, in jail. But I ran away to see you. I must find out if you think——"

"Oh, hush! The men are coming back. Don't let them find you, please go," she whispered, excitedly.

"But you must tell me——"

"Go, go! I'll come back to-night again—will you stay?"

"Yes—for heaven's sake don't let them find my boat around on the other side."

The men were back. Pernilla was all atremble.

"I'm cold, father, let's go home."

"Pretty soon, but fish is plenty to-night. See what a pickerel!" And he threw down upon the slimy mass of small fish a grand old monster that reached half the length of the boat.

"Fifteen — sixteen pounds, anyway," he gleefully added.

Pernilla heard with dismay their plan of going around the hay-shed.

"I'm stiff as an oar sitting here, father, and cold, too, with my feet down in them nasty fish," she cried. "Let me change work if you're going to fish more." With this she snatched the torch from the hired man, and there was nothing for him to do but take the oars.

They pulled around the northwest corner, and Pernilla's keen eyes detected John Erick's boat off in the shadows. Leaning heavily against the side of the boat, she gave it a lurch, screamed, and dropped the torch in the water.

John Erick, from his perch up in the rafters of the shed, chuckled heartily at the girl's skilful manœuvre and at the ejaculations of the disappointed men, as they fished around in the water for the old tin cylinder.

Pernilla sat down with a little nervous laugh, saying: "Let's go home, or the boat might tip again, and you'd lose your fine pickerel. I think 'twas him sent the light down."

Home they went, leaving all the fish except the big pickerel in the boat till morning. When Rosengren fastened this great prize to the spear, slinging it over his shoulder, the fish reached below the top of his boots, and was heavy enough to make the way seem long.

Pernilla thought the house never would get quiet, for with cooking coffee for the men, talking about the big pickerel, and with getting to bed, all was not still till after midnight.

Then, tucking a little gilt-edged Testament into the bosom of her dress, she went. As the ladder-like stair from the girls' room in the loft came down in the bed-room, she had to let herself out by way of the shanty roof. She wished the moon were not so bright, but silent as the moonlight itself, she slid down among the morning glories and young wild-cucumber vines. Swiftly she ran down the lane toward the bottoms, filled with unutterable thoughts. How clear it came to her that not for a moment had she doubted John Erick's innocence. But now, *now*, what was this hideous, stifling doubt? He had run away, *run away*—everyone would think him guilty. He could never be cleared, seeing he had run off.

Breathless, she sank down in a corner of the rail-fence. The whole length of the lane was white with amelanchier bushes—the beautiful Juneberry—all in bloom. Right over her hung its dainty, loose racemes, catching the May dew on their quivering tassels, that vibrated white and fragrant with every river breeze. The faint, exquisite odor seemed to soothe her fevered heart, and the whippoorwills sang incessantly up the bluffs.

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Pernilla pulled the Testament from her dress. Every young person in this good Lutheran settlement had one just like it, given as this was by the minister at the time of confirmation. Its brass clasps glittered in the midnight moon, as she murmured:

"He'll surely tell me right by this, surely;" and putting it back, sped on her way. Past fences and gates, stumbling over stones, everywhere brushing off the evanescent white stars of the amelanchiers, she at last pushed out the heavy old boat. As the oars dipped into the cold night waters, she shivered to think she was alone in the dark marshes.

What if John Erick were not there?

But he was waiting for the boat.

"You're a fine girl to come down here."

"Is there a dry place inside?" she asked.

They climbed to a pile of lumber by the large opening for the future door, and she gave him a little pail.

"Here's some coffee for you; I'm 'fraid it's cold."

"Why, what a girl you be! But I ain't agoin' to drink it till I give you that, and that, and that," he said, rapturously kissing her, "for turnin' out that torch the way you did. I seen you."

"Oh, pshaw," laughed she, "'twas the only thing to do."

She sat silent while he took his coffee, then impetuously threw her arms about him and cried as though her heart would break. At last she sobbed out:

"Oh, John Erick, do you know it was four weeks from to-day we was to be married?"

He took off the little shawl she had on her head and smoothed her waving hair, at first fearfully, then with tender confidence.

"Poor girl—you poor girl!"

She could not ask questions; she couldn't say she was glad he ran away, she did not know what to say. What if he were guilty? Then she had better drown herself than be here with him.

"But why did you come to the hayshed?" she asked. "You couldn't know I'd be down here."

"I was comin' up toward the house after dark," he replied, "but when I seen the men and the boat I knowed I'd have to stay here. And here I set watchin' the light travel 'round among the trees and down in the water, an' all at once I heard you laugh, Pernilla. You can't reckon what that laugh meant to me. It was before the moon came up, and over there in the dark, to the edge of the clearin', I heard my sweetheart laugh. After that, I tell you, I watched every move of the boat."

"But it is dreadful that you, you—" she could not speak on that subject.

"Yes, yes, it is too bad, but it must come out all right," he said, hopefully. "*You* didn't think I took the money, Pernilla?"

"Oh, no, you couldn't, you couldn't," she quickly rejoined. But her tones had that in them which seemed bent on reassuring herself, and John Erick felt every drop of blood tingle with anguish.

"Pernilla, Pernilla, I swear I didn't. I say you must believe me."

"I do. I do. I was longin' to hear you say it." Whereupon, pulling out the Testament, she added, timidly: "Would you be willin' to put your hand on this and say it? I believe you anyhow, but I'd feel so sure."

John Erick unhesitatingly took the book, but for a few moments was silent.

"Come over to the door, Pernilla, where I can look in your eyes and say it—yes, with my hand on the book."

As he fastened and unfastened the little brass clasps, she said:

"It's just like yourn, ain't it? See my name."

They leaned out together into the moonlight to read the inscription, when Pernilla started back in little dismay, for the name was Rozina's.

"I took it by mistake for mine. Poor Rozina, she's real sick."

John Erick started. Vividly came before him that bright winter morning down in these marshes, when she was the picture of health. But a few rods off was the spot where she waited for him, and word for word her wild talk came back.

"Pernilla, do one thing for me. Let me see your long black hair—won't you? I've heard 'em say it's the finest head o' hair they ever seen. Please, I'd like to think of it."

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"Why, John Erick, would you?"

"Please do."

"Yes, yes, if you want it."

Quickly she let down two heavy braids, beginning to undo them.

"It's handsome, it is—let me undo one," said John Erick.

Shaking out the rich, wavy mass, it fell to her knees. He reverently lifted part into the moonlight, letting it fall through his fingers, thinking all the while of Rozina's words. At last he said, slowly:

"Pernilla, you're the best girl in the settlement, but you're the prettiest one too. I'm 'most 'fraid of you with that handsome hair."

"Why," laughed Pernilla, "it's the same hair I've always had." Then, after a brief silence, and very soberly, "Don't forget, John."

"You hold the book, Pernilla."

Severely solemn as a priestess, she stood in the white square of moonlight that shone on the new lumber, shone on her hair, on her brow, on the little Bible. John Erick knelt before her, laid his right hand over the book, while with his other he held one of hers, and sincerely swore that he was innocent.

Then Pernilla bent over him and slowly kissed him as her silky tresses swept about his shoulders, sinking to her knees beside him; and he folded her sweet face against him, kissing the throat as soft and white as a plum blossom, and her lips as red as a cardinal flower.

But the moon sloped toward the western bluffs, and soon the girl said:

"I must go; but tell me, John Erick, what you are going to do?"

"Me? Why, I'm goin' back to the fort as fast as I can," he answered.

"The fort? To jail?" she ejaculated.

"Of course, where else should I go?"

"Folks don't generally run away to—to just get put back again," she rejoined.

"See here, did you think I was goin' to sneak out o' the country *like* a thief? No, sir! Not havin' done nothing bad, I ain't goin' to sneak off."

"Oh, I'm so glad," commenced Pernilla, but stopped, afraid of betraying herself.

John Erick laughed a little. "Oh, now, that's the worst of all. My sweetheart glad I'm goin' to jail!"

"Now, John Erick——"

"Pshaw! I just see now what you've been 'fraid of. Keep up heart, Pernilla, I feel so strong and well, and knowin' I'm innocent makes the world bright anyhow. Can't we live this down? Can't we be happy anyhow?"

It was impossible to resist his warm personality with its hopeful confidence. So she smiled even as she replied, rather dolefully,

"But we was to be married."

"So we was, so we be yet—ain't we? Will you marry me anyhow, Pernilla? It may all be clear through with in less than four weeks. What if I'm free by the weddin'-day?"

"Then I'll marry you," responded Pernilla, eagerly.

"God bless you! But if—if they manage to send me off like a thief?"

"Well, you ain't one, and if they send you off like one—well, my white dress 'll keep till you come back. I must go—just now."

She pinned up her hair in a twisted coil, and he guided her down the ladder.

"Good-by—by-by—by-by," he softly called as the old boat pushed off.

Back she hurried along the lane, brushing off fragrant drifts of Juneberry blossoms, and catching her dress on mischievous blackberry vines ever on the alert.

As she reached home, Cassiopea hung low over the bluffs. Tintings of pink and blue beyond the Mississippi boded the far lustre of dawn.

IV.

The trial came on and the country around was there, men and women. The old clergyman sat by Rosengren, being probably the sternest judge present. To Pernilla, the buzz, faces, and all were a vague, oppressive dream, and what she or anyone else said she did not know.

When her part was over, she went out and walked home the six miles, wondering when she would again see her lover.

What testimony there was, was certainly against John Erick, and though it was indecisive the crowd felt anxious.

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John Erick thought of but one thing, that glorious vision of Pernilla in the moonlight, holding the Bible for him to swear by. Would she marry him? Would her white dress "keep?" The testimony he did not care for, it had nothing to do with him. But Pernilla——

Undeniably, all were much more influenced by the fact that John Erick voluntarily came back to the jail after his brief freedom to face it out than by the run of evidence, so when it was all over, ready for the verdict, the public were jubilant to receive, without unnecessary delay, the acquittal of the prisoner.

People went home to weed their gardens, to kill potato-bugs, to wonder who stole Rosengren's money, and what Pernilla would do with her fine clothes.

V.

The next day Pernilla knelt before the big green chest with its massive iron handles, many a counterpart of which to this very day arrives at Castle Garden.

Unlocking the heavy padlock that guarded her treasures, Pernilla threw up the heavy lid. There were towels, sheets, and pillow-cases of her own make, and two table-cloths brought from Sweden.

There was a real American patchwork quilt, so far superior to her other eighteen, and indeed to every other one in the settlement, that she never kept it with the rest. No other girl had had skill and patience to work out the elaborate "Texas Rising Sun" pattern, or to quilt anything one-half so closely as this was quilted. There was also her hat, which she held up to see the frosted straw sparkle in the light, looking a little dubiously at the scarlet poppy. Then she closed the chest, locked the trusty padlock, and came downstairs with her half-finished wedding-dress in her arms.

Rozina and her mother were wonder-stricken. It gradually came to them that she intended to finish it. In silence she went to work.

"What's that for?" asked her mother.

"Better finish the weddin' dress for the weddin'," was the slow reply.

"Weddin'?" gasped her mother.

But Rozina rushed up to her sister, crying, "Be you goin' to marry him? Be you? Can I help you sew?"

Pernilla dropped everything to stare at her sister. Was this the girl who had for weeks, months refused to do a thing for the wedding? What had come over her?

But with Rozina's excited exclamations, Rosengren had come to the door, and now strode forward to Pernilla.

The women all shrank back at his angry look.

"Yes, I ask too, be you goin' to marry that John Erick? Answer me!"

It was her father, he who had ever indulged his girls. She knew he believed her lover guilty. What could she say not to further incense him?

"Be you goin' to marry him?" he roared.

"Yes."

"You be? A thief as stole from your father?"

"He didn't take it, he didn't. I tell you, father, somebody else did."

"Ha, ha, ha! Bring out the thief, then, so I can make a wedding for you 'n John Erick. Bring him out. But if you don't, you shan't have a cent from me, nor an acre of land; and don't come here to be married."

Pernilla flushed and paled as her heart throbbed violently at the wrathful words, but, with calm dignity, she said, as her father was leaving the room:

"I don't ask nothing but my white dress."

The girls sewed, and Rozina chattered and cried alternately. She brought out her white goods, and would have it cut out just like her sister's.

"But where will you be married?" came out at last.

"Over on the island," answered Pernilla, with tears in her eyes.

Her listeners knew what that meant. It meant to dispense with a license, and go off like a runaway couple. "The island" was a synonym for true love that had not run smooth.

"Our minister?" faltered her mother.

"No, the justice," fell like lead on this orthodox home-circle.

"Oh, my child, it don't seem—seem religious to be married in American."

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"I know, mother, but I've got over that. Do you know," she proceeded, with flashing eyes and rising before them in her regal indignation—"do you know, John Erick asked our minister to go over there and do it, and he wouldn't. He said he didn't marry runaway folks only to get a present of stolen money. That's what he said, and it's more religious to be married in American than to be married by that man."

The wedding-day came with the fairest June morning. Pernilla begged Rozina to go along, but she said the ride would make her ill.

So, on the high spring-seat of John Erick's new wagon, with the Justice and John's chum on a board behind, they drove along the beautiful Swede Creek road, around the foot of Old Rattlesnake, to the ferry.

The blue Mississippi was calm and bright in the afternoon air, and over the Wisconsin Hills beyond strayed the shadows of white clouds.

After a brief waiting at the shore, the ferryboat came, and they drove on it, being the only passengers for this trip. From this same landing-place, shady and inviting, where the road ran down to the river beneath festoons and loops of vines clambering over the trees, many a bridal couple had anxiously waited for the old, flat-bottomed ferryboat that communicated with the island. Pernilla wondered who had been the bride before her, and the ferry-hands well-nigh forgot to work the raft along the cable as they looked upon the fair bride of to-day. John Erick persisted in saying sweet things to her in Swedish, which Pernilla was sure the Justice understood, and which John Erick hoped he did.

Perhaps it was this, and perhaps it was the river breezes, that made her cheeks so red.

The families that lived on the island side had witnessed more than one wedding, but none to equal this in interest. Was it possible that here, on desecrated ground, as it were, they were to behold the belle of Swede Creek and John Erick Peterson?

The ferry-men waited on the old boat at the strand. From some tattered wigwams a few dilapidated specimens of Indians stole into the bushy background. Pernilla laid aside hat and shawl, and stood bareheaded under a great maple.

Vegetation over the whole island was rich and lovely. Heavy woods rose around them. The afternoon shadows from the Minnesota side cooled the air, which was redolent with the fragrance of flowering shrubs.

Jungles of tall cornel shrubs and elder bushes were in bloom, a sea of white in among the trees as far as eye could see. The bride, in her white dress, was almost overshadowed by cymes and tassels of the festive, white-blooming bushes about her.

The June wind kissed her black hair; snowy petals fell on the silken grass; the birds sang in the wild-wood; and the river ripples laughed against the hard sands when Pernilla was married on the island.

VI.

Brave as she was, Pernilla did not venture to wear her white dress to church the next Sunday, and appeased John Erick's clamor by promising to put it on at home as often as he wanted.

Half the young folks of the settlement were waiting at the church door for a glimpse of the newly-married pair, and a row of homespun swains roosting on the hitching-rails, formed the first line of pickets. Having passed these with due and proper greetings for one and all, and once inside the queer little church, they parted, for the modern anomaly of men and women sitting together was then unknown in Swede Creek, and is, indeed, yet. Pernilla went to the familiar place by her mother, while John Erick found a seat among the uncouth-looking men, most of whom looked very unkempt indeed, with long hair cropped off square at the coat collar.

The pink and purple sunbonnets and gingham-caped shakers on the women's side were, on this very day, the source of no small annoyance to many females in the back part of the house, who in vain stretched and peered among their ranks and files to get an eye on Pernilla's hat.

They were singing the last hymn, and no one knew this was to be the most

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memorable service ever held in the Swede Creek log-church. The fragrant, drowsy June air was heavy with bridal loveliness, and the breezes, sweet comment on the prime of the year, rustled the hymn-books. During the last lines of the hymn Rozina arose from her seat and walked firmly, unhesitatingly forward to the altar steps, ascended them, and in a few seconds stood by the pulpit.

Minister and people were stricken with amazement. The song died in the middle of a verse. Some stood on seats next the door. Mrs. Rosengren grasped Pernilla's arm and stared at Rozina. John Erick trembled violently as he hid his face in his hands. He wondered what she would do next. He was afraid of that girl. Expectant silence reigned.

She was talking to the minister, who gazed at her in dumb consternation, and Pernilla saw her little golden head against his black gown. Turning to the people, they saw she intended to speak, but courage failed her. She closed her eyes an instant, then summoning all her strength, took a step forward and spoke. The vision of that slim girl up there by the minister made people hold their breath, while her pale face and moving lips brought tears to more than one, for her voice reached only the first few seats. But her folks heard every word—words that would never more be silent. Rosengren rose in his seat, leaning toward the pulpit as one enchanted. She spoke in English, which made it more startling in that place, and this is what she said.

"I took the money. I stole it. John Erick Peterson knows nothing about it. I did it—I did it. I want you *all* to know it——"

She faltered, swayed as if to fall, but spoke on, though only the clergyman caught her last words, which she uttered quickly, turning to him with little eager motions, as if she felt she could not make herself heard.

Then, clasping her hands on her breast, she uttered a cry of pain. The people pressed forward in wonder and in sympathy. White as death she lay, and from her mouth came drops of blood.

Her father took her in his arms and bore her to the wagon. She moaned, and with great effort begged, in a whisper, to be taken to Pernilla's new house. This was not a time to consider feuds, and the whole Rosengren family gathered in the little two-room frame cottage, and Rozina was laid on Pernilla's bed. Toward dusk she fell asleep. Then John Erick took Pernilla out to a bench under a mountain ash and told her all he knew—told it tenderly and with tears in his voice.

On leaving them the night the money was taken, he had, before going home, gone up the valley to the nearest neighbor, and on returning past the Rosengren house, within half an hour, had taken a short cut behind the barn. Hurrying along, he spied Rozina not far from him, but on calling her, she crouched as if to hide, and an instant after ran off without a word. He thought it strange, but suspected a joke of some kind, and turned to go into the house to ferret her out, but changed his mind. When the theft was discovered and he was arrested, and Rozina in her testimony said nothing about having seen him (he said nothing of it either), he felt sure she had hidden the money to make trouble for him.

Pernilla listened as in a dream to this enigma, finally asking:

"But why should she? Why?"

In answer he told of the February morning in the bottomlands, and all Rozina's wild words; upon which Pernilla burst into tears, sobbing:

"Poor Rozina! poor Rozina! It seems wrong for me to have you."

That night Rozina would have Pernilla sleep with her. She was quite free from pain, and asked questions at long intervals, keeping her arm thrown over Pernilla.

"Pernilla," she would whisper as often as her sister lay very still, "don't go to sleep yet."

"Now, Pernilla, tell me 'bout your weddin' again — the ride, the island." And eagerly she would listen to the description.

"You said there was flowers?"

"Yes; tall bushes snow-white all over the woods; right by me, too."

"White flowers by you? How pretty. Was it near the river?"

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"Right near it—under a big tree. Just a lovely place," said Pernilla.

"And was there Injuns—did you say?"

"True, yes; there was Injuns at my weddin'."

"Not near you—was they?"

"No, 'way off in the woods."

"Pernilla, you're married now, ain't you?"

"Yes, dearie." Long silence.

"Pernilla, you know I like him?"

"There's a good girl, Rozina; you go to sleep now; don't talk about it now."

"Yes, now. I liked him, did he tell you?"

"Yes, dearie."

"When? I want to know when," she said, excitedly, to Pernilla's great fear as to the result.

"Oh, Rozina, don't take it hard; do go to sleep a little bit. When you get well we can talk it over."

"I ain't never goin' to get well. When did John Erick tell you?"

"He told me this afternoon."

"This here afternoon?" cried the sick girl. "Do you mean to say he never said nothin' before?"

"Not a word, Rozina. Don't cry."

But she cuddled into Pernilla's arms like a bird and asked no more questions, only sobbed once or twice:

"Wish I had some of them white flowers from the island."

"Don't you hate me, John Erick?" was her greeting, as he came to her bedside in the morning.

"Hush, Rozy, you must be good now." Her great dark eyes were fixed on him.

"John Erick, I wish—— Oh, I can't ask it."

"Yes, yes, Rozina, anything."

"I'd like some of them white flowers from the island. Pernilla says it was all white over there."

"Why, if that's all, I'll ride over the ferry and get all you want," he answered.

"I'd love 'em so," was all she said.

So, after dinner, John Erick rode off after white flowers. Rozina's love of flowers was a passion, and was considered from her early childhood as a peculiarity by her folks. When all the old women, on Sunday mornings, reverently carried into church two leaves of rosemary and a sprig of old-man, she would, all unabashed, gather a handful of the showiest flowers to be found, golden lady-slippers or fragrant water-lilies, often to her mother's discomfort, for only rosemary and old-man seemed orthodox. And no sooner had John Erick gone off than she teazed for her white dress. This seemed a wild whim, but in vain they tried to dissuade her.

"I finished mine, too, Pernilla, after you left home, and I want it on a little while. Just a little while, Pernilla."

So they put it on, but the effort exhausted her; and as her father knelt in anguish by the bed, she was too weak to open her eyes. She was following John Erick's ride. She seemed to be with him—the landing, the ferry-boat, the slow journey over the river, then the island. Under the very tree she thought she stood, and he. Now he was coming back.

"Has he come yet?"

"Pretty soon, Rozy," was the answer, many times.

The clatter of hoofs, and John Erick rode by the window with an armful of snowy branches.

"There he is, there he is," cried the sick girl, raising herself to look out.

Pernilla broke a handful of sprays from the delicate, faintly fragrant spiræa and brought them to Rozina, who took them, eagerly whispering:

"Did he bring them from the island? Be them from the island?"

John Erick stood in the doorway, fumbling with a branch, and tears shone in his eyes as Rozina turned her grateful look on him and touched her lips to the flowers, repeating,

"Pernilla, be them the kind? Be them from the island?"

The excitement was too much. A fit of coughing came on, and as she lay back after the struggle, she weakly lifted the white flowers from the island to her sweet, tired face.

And with this, her last movement, she fell asleep—fell asleep and died in the June afternoon, with the feathery blossoms quivering in her last fluttering breath.

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"CORINNE."

By Eugene Schuyler.

IT was in the summer of 1804, after she had recovered from the first shock of her father's death, that Madame de Staël decided on spending a winter in Italy, a project which she had caressed for several years without putting into execution. As before, she asked Camille Jordan to accompany her, for she could not exist without being surrounded by friends, listeners, and admirers, and, for the sake of their company, she was generally ready to pay their expenses. When she finally crossed the Alps she was accompanied by her daughter Albertine (afterward Duchesse de Broglie) and by the inseparable August Wilhelm von Schlegel. The faithful Sismondi joined her afterward in Rome.

Letters of introduction were given in plenty, even by Prince Joseph Bonaparte, so soon to be King of Naples. These, however, were scarcely necessary, for Madame de Staël had already many old and high-placed Italian friends, and even without that she had the faculty of beginning an acquaintance with a short note from her inn, which no woman would dare refuse to take into account, and which would bring the men to her feet as soon as a carriage could take them. It was in this way that she made the acquaintance of Vincenzo Monti, the Italian poet, at Milan, on December 30, 1804. There was an every-day and all-day intimacy, which lasted for a fortnight at Milan, and there were many letters afterward, at first daily. Those of Monti are probably preserved in the archives of Coppet, unless they were torn up on the spot, but for family reasons are inaccessible to the historical student; those of Madame de Staël were, fortunately, published (though in a small number of copies) a few years ago, and go far to supply the absence of a journal.

Perhaps the travels of every person of sense would be amusing, if they could be written from both sides; and we could know not only what he thought of the people whom he met, but what they thought of him. In this case there are sufficient notices of Madame de Staël, in memoirs and letters recently made public or still in manuscript, to render the comparison not unamusing.

The time for the journey was, considering all things, not badly chosen. Italy was tranquil; for war did not again break out till the autumn of 1805, when Madame de Staël had got back to Switzerland. Milan, as capital of an independent republic, and subsequently of the Italic kingdom, had already begun to be a political, social, and literary centre, such as it had never been before, and such as it continued to be for a while even after the restoration of Austrian rule. Modena, as well as Bologna and most of the old Papal Provinces, had already been annexed to the kingdom, but it was not till the next year—after Austerlitz—that Venetia was added, where the Austrians were then still trying to conciliate the population by a mild rule. Parma was occupied and governed by the French, but had not yet been formally annexed to France. At Florence a Bourbon was on the throne, and the Queen of Etruria, Marie Louise, was still governing as Regent. There was yet a Papal government in Rome, and although the position of Ferdinand and Caroline at Naples was precarious, it was not until almost the last day of that year that a *bulletin de la grand armée* proclaimed that the Neapolitan dynasty had ceased to reign.

Pope Pius VII., however, was not in Rome during any part of Madame de Staël's visit, having gone to Paris for the coronation of the Emperor. Napoleon himself came to Milan in the spring of 1805 to receive the Iron Crown as King of Italy; and although Madame de Staël thought at one time of going to Milan to have a personal interview with him, and ask for the payment of

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her father's millions, which had been lent to France—and which would have been paid long before had Necker chosen to accept money derived from confiscated church property—subse quent information made her think better of the project, and she delayed in Rome and Florence until the great man had gone.

In other respects Italy was perhaps at its least interesting period. The French were disliked and even hated. The populations were not enthusiastic for the new order of things, except in the Italic kingdom; and society—except to some extent at Rome—had not retained the habits of careless ease belonging to the old regime. The French had already plundered Italy of the great treasures of its art; and in all the galleries there were gaps which saddened all but French visitors. Literature was at a very low ebb. The death of Parini in 1799, and that more recently of Alfieri in 1803, had left Monti by far the first of Italian poets — for he had already made his great reputation—although Pindemonte and Cesarotti were still alive. Of his two subsequent rivals, the fiery Ugo Foscolo had as yet only published a few sonnets and lyrics, and was then an officer in the French camp at Boulogne; while Manzoni was a youth of twenty, and had just then been called by his mother to Paris to complete his education. Alessandro Verri was still living, and there were of course many learned men, even of European reputation, scattered about in the universities and libraries. Giordani had, it is true, begun to write; but Silvio Pellico was only a boy of fifteen, and the other writers who illustrated the subsequent period had their reputation still to make.

The movements of so many people depended on those of Napoleon that Madame de Staël was unable to make the acquaintance of all the people she wished to meet, and could not even see as much of some of her friends as she would have liked. Monti, for example, had to be away during her second stay at Milan — nominally in discharge of some of his duties as court-poet, or as professor. Nevertheless in her two visits to Milan Madame de Staël had access to the best society of the new capital, and met a number of distinguished literary men whose names are still known, such as Count Pietro Moscati, the eminent surgeon and professor, at that time Minister of Public Instruction; Breislak, the well-known geologist, then inspector of the Powder and Saltpetre Works; Count Leopold Cicognara and his clever wife; Cardinal Caprara; and such others as Benincasa, the author of "Les Morlaques," and Bossi, the statesman.

Cicognara, on returning from Paris to Italy in 1800, when he had much difficulty on account of the passage of recruits and prisoners, had been entertained at Coppet. Necker questioned him a good deal on events in Italy and on public opinion, but himself talked very little. Madame de Staël expressed surprise at never having met him at Paris; he saw her again several times, and even had some correspondence with her. "I esteemed her much, but never had any sympathy with her," he said. He married Massimiliana, the divorced wife of Count Rotari; and on his return in 1804 from another journey to Paris, found Madame de Staël very intimate with his wife, to whom she had been presented by Bossi. Although she was most amiable with him, and was always publicly sounding his praises, she never succeeded in conquering his antipathy to her. An amusing little incident happened. Monti one day presented to Madame de Staël a copy of a translation of Persius which he had just published; she in return gave him one of the last published volumes of her edition of Necker's works. After leaving her, Monti stopped to visit Madame Cicognara, and left there the book he had just received, saying that he would call for it another day. Soon afterward Madame de Staël called there, having on her way read in her carriage part of the Persius: this *she* also left there, with the intention of taking it away another time. Long afterward the Countess Massimiliana used to point out to her friends the two volumes which had never been called for, as an instance of the regard of authors for one another. This adventure of the books will perhaps explain why the geologist Breislak sent Madame de Staël one of his books

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on natural history with a certain amount of mystery, and begged her not to open his letter till she was far from Milan. She seemed to think that it was because he feared that Monti did not like him.

By Lodi and Piacenza Madame de Staël found her way to Parma, though she was detained for a day at Borgo San Donnino, just as a mad dog had bitten some of the post drivers and a servant of the hotel, all of whom were taken to the priest to be cured by his blessing. "Ask Moscati if he thinks this efficacious. I arrived here (Parma) the day of Saint Antonio, and all the horses arrived also to be blessed: ah! Monti, can peoples ever recover from all that?" At Parma Moreau de Saint-Méry, the French governor, immediately came to see her, and took her to the opera that evening. Next morning she went to Bodoni, the celebrated printer, who talked to her about Monti.

Bodoni has both the animation and the culture requisite for his art, but were he really an enlightened man what a sad life must he have to lead in this town, which seems to have acquired the very impress of the Infante. Priests and beggars fill the streets: what pitiful social order! Bodoni has given me the Sonnets of Minzoni, therefore do not trouble yourself to copy for me the one that I am so fond of. He has also given me the "Mattino" and the "Mezzogiorno" of Parini, which I intend to read to-morrow. It is you, your talent, your charm, your friendship that has interested me in Italian literature; and I think that had I reason to be vexed with you I could no longer endure a single one of those sounds which have penetrated into my soul only through your accents. *Addio, caro* Monti, I count on a letter from you at Bologna: should I not receive one I should be sad and silent.

At Bologna the Abbé Biamonti made for her what was considered a remarkable improvisation, and she also made the acquaintance of Monti's wife. "I hope she will tell you how much I am attached to you; I made her talk about you, and of all the details of your petulant goodness; and I loved you almost as much for your defects as for your good qualities." Being once in the Papal States she followed the old regular road to Rome, which seems now a very roundabout route, by the east coast to Ancona and Loreto; but she must have found the sanctuary of the Virgin in rather a sad condition, as the French troops had, six years before, carried off all that was valuable. At the very gates of Rome she was detained for two days by the great inundation of February 2, 1805, which was only thirty-one inches less than that of December, 1870, the cause of Victor Emmanuel's entry into Rome.

Perhaps the best, and certainly the easiest way of presenting Madame de Staël's impressions of Rome is to quote from her letters to Monti, which may in places be compared with what she says in "Corinne."

Rome, February 5, 1805.—I have as yet seen only St. Peter's and some cardinals, who were good enough to come to me on my arrival, and are preparing to make me a Catholic. St. Peter's made a profound impression on me of sadness and admiration, and this feeling seems to return often. There is contradiction in all impressions at Rome; most beautiful monuments raised for most superstitious ideas; grandest memories side by side with the deepest misery. This contrast would, I think, always give me painful impressions. One is forever measuring here the height from which man has fallen: what he is and what he was inspire a melancholy more humiliating than sweet. . . . Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing a performance of Alfieri's "Saul;" you know that it is the one of his pieces which pleases me most, and there was a tolerable Saul—but what an audience for tragedies! One must have civil and political institutions before having a nation; and without a nation how can there be a theatre? . . . I have seen Giuntotardi, the tribune of the Arcadia; he gave me a very pastoral idea of the Roman Republic. Cardinal La Somaglia has undertaken my conversion; but say nothing of this. The Marquise Lepri says, speaking of "Saul," "What a pity that it is sad—they want a tragedy *tutta da ridere*."

February 7th.—I must tell you about Rome: all here is grand, full of memories, of majesty, and of melancholy. Above all, I love the moon and the night in Rome; all that separates one from the antique is then asleep, and the ruins stand out; but Society here, and Man! Ah! how I admire you for becoming what you are, and remaining yourself with such surroundings! I do not know what I myself should have become if, instead of the heavenly being who directed all my feelings, I had listened to these women without love, these men without pride, this affected speech which calls itself wit, these despotic women and their slavish lovers. But, for Heaven's sake, do not repeat this; there is a depth of kindness in the midst of it all which touches me, and a good feeling toward me, the more generous because without motive. There is not a word from my inner self which I can address to them, and if I please them it is only by mere super-

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ficial talk. What could I do to forget you? Everything renews my regrets; this language, the first sounds of which reached me by your voice, now jars upon my ear; hoping for a word of yours I hear but a very insipid noise of harmonious vowels. But I must except some men and some cardinals: these last indeed please me the most; as they have ruled, as they have had to deal with men and facts, their heads are much less dry. Consalvi, La Somaglia, Erskine please me especially; and should I be faithless to you it will certainly be for a cardinal.

The famous Arcadia—or, as it is more properly called, the Academy of the Arcadians—though not in its most flourishing period—was still a meeting-place, and afforded diversion of a weakly literary nature to the motley Roman public—a public composed of cardinals and abbés, of poets and artists, of learned or rich foreigners; though not many English were in Rome at this time. Vernon Lee has given us an interesting and charming account of this now venerable institution, when at its best, in the opening chapter of her "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy." She is wrong, however, in supposing the Academy to have perished; it still exists, and not only that, but in the last few years has been endowed with fresh and apparently vigorous life. It is a Papal as distinguished from an Italian institution. Cardinals still attend its meetings, and occasionally it is presented as a body to the Pope. I remember one such occasion; for, to quote the line of Schiller which was abbreviated by Goethe for the epigraph of the "Italian Journey,"

Ich auch war in Arkadien geboren,

under the name of Areto Dardanio.

It was a celebration in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the Arcadia was received in a body in one of the halls of the Vatican by Pope Leo XIII.—otherwise so invisible to all who had officially to do even in a slight way with the Royal government—who made us a long and very interesting discourse in Latin on the merits of the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor and the advantages to be derived from its study. At that time the Arcadia had its sheepfold in the Palazzo Altemps, near the Piazza Navona; but it has now removed to larger and more central quarters in the Palazzo Altieri, where twice a week during the winter and spring there are varied lectures on literary and scientific subjects, free to the public, given by the most eminent professors and scholars of Rome. These are in addition to the usual meetings, where essays are still read and sonnets recited. The Arcadia was always hospitable to eminent foreigners. Among its members we find the names of Newton, Buffon, Châteaubriand, Montalembert, Humboldt, and Longfellow.

Goethe was made a member in 1786, on his visit to Rome. The same honor was of course paid to Madame de Staël. She writes on February 15th:

I must tell you, dear Monti, about yesterday. Abbé Godard came and asked me to attend a meeting of the Arcadia and read something there. I was much embarrassed in choosing what to read, when it occurred to me on the way that—my whole soul being still impassioned by your voice—I had translated into verse the sonnet "Quando Gesù," and all of you that there is in that translation made me consent to read it. So I entered an assembly of nearly all Rome, attracted by curiosity; on entering I pictured you as present, and this remembrance was enough to enhance the importance of the Arcadia. Nelli had begun a prose reading on the alliance of poetry with painting; and, as you know, *caro* Monti, that *poetry is the daughter of imagination*, he allowed himself some of those truisms which I by no means like. He paid me a compliment far more open to dispute, and therefore rather pretty. Abbé Godard proclaimed me an Arcadian; Prince Chigi addressed me some verses at the end of an elegy on the death of Cardinal Gerdil; some one else made a Latin sonnet on me; and lastly I had to rise and recite my translation of Minzoni. At first I trembled very much, but I recalled your every accent, and then recited so well as to cover myself with applause. Tell me if you feel with me the delicate pleasure I experienced on being applauded on your account; for the translation as well as the recitation was inspired by you. After this a fiery shower of sonnets rained on my head; ten young men, all declaiming with increasing energy, fired sonnets at us as though they were the thunders of the Vatican: what vivacity, what energy wasted on the air! Alborghetti had put neatly into verse a passage from my work on literature; and I returned to pass the evening at home with the Arcadians, Cardinal Gonsalvi, M. de Humboldt, and young M. de Souza, who is very pleasing. Here is my life of yesterday, which would not be worthy of such full detail but that your memory was so closely woven with it. To conclude with a literary matter: tell me if you know a Latin epitaph which Alfieri wrote for the Countess of Albany and himself, in which he says that for twenty-six years he has loved

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her more than any earthly being, and adding a note on the intense grief it would be to him to die before her. I adore Alfieri for this epitaph—would you like it? It made me shed tears freely.

Again from Velletri:

I am not sorry to have a truce from the sonnets of Rome, so many did I hear last evening, till I felt buried in a heap of verbiage. The art of self-restraint and concentration, of getting at the essence of things, seems unknown; and if no flood comes to swallow up these commonplaces I know not how this will end. . . . On this point I must tell you a story—but please do not repeat it, for I should appear to ridicule those who overwhelm me with politeness. They yesterday made me hear a young *improvisatrice*, Mademoiselle Pellegrini: with her came a cloud of little poets armed with sonnets. One, on being presented to me, said, "I am an insect of Parnassus" (*Sono un insetto del Parnaso*). Godard seized his hand and said, "He is a swan, I answer for it" (*E un cigno, ne rispondo*). What an assertion and what a dialogue! Without all these old metaphors I tell you that I love you, which is better than to invoke the deity, most invoked in Italy after the Madonna, Apollo—as an ornament of my simple words.

She was already on her road to Naples, where during her brief stay she was received by Queen Caroline, saw much of Cardinal Ruffo as well as of Monsignore Capecelatro, the Archbishop of Taranto, with whom she was in correspondence long afterwards. She wrote:

Naples, February 23d.—The view from Naples, *caro* Monti, how grand it is! That stream of fire descending from Vesuvius, whose waves all on fire are side by side with those of the sea, as if in order to present one idea under forms so different; the eternal fire which one sees for the first time, this nature so full of life, these lemon and orange trees, the fruits of which are rolling about the streets with that indifference born of plenty; all here is admirable except the moral climate, which well reminds one not to mistake the place for Paradise. I arrived here the day before yesterday, and the first news which greeted me was of the departure during the night of the French ambassador: true it is that as yet there is nothing in this, but the country nevertheless is threatened by sea and land; and I must retain in my imagination the impressions which it causes so as to review them in some more tranquil place of sojourn. I have, however, met two men of talent, Cardinal Ruffo and the Archbishop of Taranto. I spoke at once to Cardinal Ruffo about you, and was pleased with his answer as to your wit and talent; yet all out of friendship say something against your character; when one insists on knowing what it is the replies are to my mind very vague, and then they fall back on admiration for your talent: may it not be that this very talent, so superior to anything else here, is the sole cause of this hatred? The Archbishop of Taranto repeated to me my favorite phrase, "the first poet of Italy," and his kindly heart only heaped praise on praise. I told Cardinal Ruffo that you had never spoken to me of him but in his praise, which pleased him greatly. In fact I cannot remember having heard you speak evil of any one. . . . Joseph, not having obtained that independence which he thinks necessary for a king, refuses to be one. They write of hopes that this may come up again, but I doubt it: still one must not despair as yet. I have had in Italy but four sources of real pleasure; to hear you, to see St. Peter's, the sea, and Vesuvius; and then Vesuvius and you can only count as one.

Naples, March 8th.—How much shall we have to talk of about this country and its sovereign, who pays me endless compliments. Conceive that in an opera-book the words *amore tiranno* had been expunged, as being too philosophical: how void the world is of noble souls and superior minds!

The impressions of Naples lasted after her return to Rome, where she wrote on March 16th:

I must tell you in confidence that Rome, or rather Roman society, bores me: the vivacity of the Neapolitans, their Vesuvian nature, was more pleasing; here it is insipid and formal. I happened the other day to read a note by Duchess Braschi: I wanted to see her on account of her love toward you, but as she did not come to the house where I was I made them give me her note. It related in full detail the complaint in the foot of her *cavaliere servente*, and added, "my friendly escort being unable to put on his shoes, I shall not come this evening." Certainly we should have had a long laugh in France about a woman who could say in a note of apology that her lover could not put on his shoe; here this is quite a matter of course; nothing is ridiculous, and yet nothing is natural. It is not the feeling expressed, it is its indecency; all is avowed except the love. How to act here, dear Monti, I know not; and though in some respects you have reconciled me to it, one must still allow that in this country there are all the facts of immorality without the grace, the hope, which it inspires in France. I am more ready to be a convert as to poetry; even I felt at Naples that sort of enthusiasm which comes from the air, the odors, and the marvels of nature, and the lines which I will read to you express this: but I constantly think that, as things are now, a nation so favored by its sky, so degraded by its government; a nation whose physical life is so fair, whose moral life is so limited; such a nation can only love what is on the surface, must have pictures, must have sights, rather than feel and think.

Rome, March 30th.—I confess to you that I should not find myself capable of passing my

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life in Rome: one is so filled with the thoughts of death, presented in so many shapes, in the catacombs, on the Appian Way, at the Pyramid of Cestius, in the crypt of St. Peter's, in the church of the dead, that one can scarcely believe one's self alive; and all struggle for this life succumbs before the spectacle of these thousands of buried beings. It is a gentle manner of preparing to die; one has before one's eyes so many examples of it! but to be excited, to be active, to breathe even, is nigh impossible amid so many ruins of human hopes and efforts; so never will I settle in Rome. Besides, the great predominating influence is in statues and pictures, and I have not that insatiable admiration for the human form that I can pass my life in observing it. To represent a soul-secret, some way of suffering less and of being more beloved, this would touch me infinitely more than these beautiful feet and lovely hands of which they talk all day long; and in society here I find none of that originality which can make up for everything, even for charms.

This remark about art recalls the opinions expressed about Madame de Staël by those who had met her and knew her well. Even her friend Bonstetten had said: "She entirely lacks feeling for art, and beauty does not exist for her, unless it is wit or elegance." Chamisso, too, said, in speaking of her enthusiastic, passionate nature: "She grasps thought only with her soul. She has no sense for painting—music is all to her; she lives only in tones: music must be about her when she writes." During her stay at Weimar, the year before, Schiller had written to Goethe, "of what we call poetry she has no perception; she can accept only what is ordinary, persuasive, and passionate in works of that description." Goethe judged in much the same way, for he wrote at this time to Johannes von Müller: "Madame de Staël is in Italy: whether her passionate and shapeless style will become more definite by means of this visit, whether she will have acquired more taste for the arts on her return, remains to be seen."

Nevertheless she met at Rome many artists whose society she apparently enjoyed — Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, Angelica Kaufman, and others less known. She apparently visited Canova's studio—or rather the Church on the Corso which the Pope had set apart for an exhibition of Canova's sculptures and Camoccini's paintings—in the evening, when they were shown off by candlelight. At least she mentions a similar scene in "Corinne;" and such an honor might well have been paid her, for this method of illumination was not then unusual, and has since been occasionally practised in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol. Among the works exhibited were the seated statue of Madame Bonaparte, the reclining one of Pauline Borghese as Venus, the dancing girl made for the Empress Josephine, the tomb of the Archduchess Christine of Austria, and the model of the colossal statue of Napoleon. It is remarked, by the way, in "Corinne," that the works of art were not yet (1795) dispersed; but it is curious, as showing the effect of personal reminiscence, that in the discussion there of statues no mention is made of any which had been taken to Paris, and therefore had not been seen by Madame de Staël. And the criticisms on Raphael's Transfiguration, and Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, both of which had been taken to Paris, might have been made as easily after the inspection of engravings of those pictures. Most of the criticism, however, in "Corinne,"—artistic, literary, and other —was due to Schlegel.

The general rendezvous for foreigners, and for Italians who enjoyed their society, was at the Villa Malta, above the Via Sistina (afterward the property of King Louis I. of Bavaria), where Wilhelm von Humboldt had resided as Prussian minister for three years past. Here, besides the artists, Madame de Staël met Alexander von Humboldt, who had just returned from his American journey, the poet Tiedge, Ludwig Tieck and his sister Sophie Bernhardi, and Rumohr, the writer on art. Her experiences at Rome may perhaps be summed up in a letter to Bonstetten, although it was written before her departure for Naples:

Rome, February 5th.—There is so much to say about this country, so much bad and so much good, that it is impossible to put down a single phrase without wishing to scratch it out again, or to make one reflection without another contradicting it. The feeling which makes one love Rome is magical, especially as I have not found one congenial soul among the Romans. There seems to be a secret connection between the Sun and the Past, which would make a residence here delightful could one share it with the object of one's affection. But I have learnt

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lately to live quite within myself: alas! it is the first time that I have passed two months without an intimate friend; and it is in Heaven that I must look for one here. There is a confused idea of me here, which is something between admiration and fear, and if anyone were to say that I were a Devil, no one would resent it. I am going next to Naples, and shall return here to pass a month without this series of balls and parties which waste all my time. . . . I prefer associating with Humboldt to anyone else, although I am also pleased with exclusively Roman articles, with the exception of the Princes, who are very tiresome. . . . But what need is there of the ideas of men when *things are so eloquent? It would be too much* if feelings and interchange of thought were to be found here as well.

Two letters from Rome will show something of what was thought of Madame de Staël. One is from Wilhelm von Humboldt, who had previously written to Goethe: "You will have noticed this in the Staël, who is in my opinion of a thoroughly unpoetic nature without being prosaic." Now he writes:

Madame de Staël spoke with unfailing enthusiasm of you; my estimation of her has greatly increased. She acquired more calm and more repose here; she was not to the same extent dragged hither and thither by those spirits who only torment and lead her astray; and when her activity, which otherwise is only fatiguing, strikes the right path she strengthens and does one good. Schlegel was much gentler here than I have ever known him. He has gained much less in versatility than he has lost in activity by his intercourse with Madame de Staël. He has undeniable talent, although as far as I can judge it is always subordinate, and his real sphere will ever remain that of a translator.

The other is from Count Alessandro Verri, who wrote from Rome to his brother at Milan:

That celebrity Vincenzo Monti has given me a letter of introduction to Madame de Staël, daughter of Necker, an authoress in great repute. For years she has passed as talented; literary, French, Parisian—there seem to be many minds in that one body; fire, genius, sensibility, urbanity, elegance—in what other nation do these combine, whether for good or evil? She is received with distinction by the cardinals. I think I can see her defect; that of speaking out everything on occasions when it would be better not to utter the half of one's thoughts. One versed in the manners of Parisian ladies of genius will know how to treat her; but one unused to this form of talent, new to *ourselves*, will be confused. As regards myself, I fancy that my short stay in Paris gave me an idea of that jargon; and besides, this lady has shown me much favor and spoken very highly of me. My honest impression is that she has genuine sensibility and genius, and a moral character worthy of friendship.

In the state of politics at this time numerous inquiries had to be made as to whether it would be safe and proper to pass through Florence. At last the journey was decided upon, and Madame de Staël remained there for nearly a month, waiting for the Emperor to be well out of Milan. She writes from Bologna, May 21st:

I saw Madame d'Albany every day at Florence, and she entrusted to me the manuscript of the life of Alfieri, written by himself. The reading so fascinated me that I lived only for her during five days: of this we will talk. But this man was much more to be admired for his character than for his talent; and such a character in a country where the gift is very rare! and this profound feeling for a woman whose hair has really now turned white with grief for him. Ah! *caro* Monti, there were great treasures in that heart! I never entered his house without the deepest emotion.

Opinions differ about the Countess of Albany, but the weight of testimony is that Madame de Staël is deceived in thinking that the hair of Charles Edward's widow had grown white from grief. The Duke de Broglie (Madame de Staël's son-in-law), who saw her ten years afterward, calls her "a good woman, rather common, or to speak more truly, *une veritable commère*, who every afternoon had a little meeting for gossip and scandal, of which Madame de Staël was made an honorary member." Gino Capponi speaks of her as "plump in body and somewhat material, but well educated and intelligent, a little coarse, not the least poetical; dressed like a servant and keeping the establishment of a princess. Alfieri had ceased to care for her several years, and there were certain things she could not understand." Massimo d' Azeglio, who as a boy was much in the house, wrote:

They used to take me there on Sunday morning, and the Countess heard me say some lines learned during the week, which recital was always followed by a reward. Still can I see the ample circumference of that celebrity, all in white, with her large *fichu de linon à la* Marie Antoinette, mounting on a chair to reach

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a box of sugar-plums on the upper shelf of her bookcase. After the sugar-plums came a pencil and a sheet of paper for scribbling; and I can remember (happy is the retrospect) a drawing in which I attempted to represent the departure of the Greek fleet for Troy—a work much applauded at the time. If I have not become a great poet or grand painter, it is not for want of a Mæcenas or of early encouragement. . . . Count Alfieri went out every evening at nine, and went to call upon a French lady whose name I cannot recall. Was she a rival of the Countess? Was it an excitement, or an excuse for her relations with Fabre? Who knows? When of an evening he returned home woe betide the servants if they had shut the door and bolted it when he could still hear the noise; "I'm slave enough already," he would say, "and will not hear myself put in prison."

Madame de Staël saw the Countess of Albany again in the spring of 1816, when she had gone to Pisa and Florence for a couple of months with Rocca, her second husband, who was ill of consumption. An extract from a letter, written during this second visit, to Ugo Foscolo, with whom she had apparently been having a *liaison*, shows the feelings of the Countess:

We have Madame de Staël here seeking talent everywhere, but it is not common in these parts. Leoni is a favorite with her. Niccolini annoys her about Italian literature, which she always will compare with French, and it cannot be done. Every country has its own, according to the genius of the people, their climate, their tastes and habits, which have nothing in common with that of their neighbors: this variety is agreeable. . . . Sismondi is going to call on Madame de Staël, who will remain here through May for a friend who spits blood. Her conversation amuses me and would divert you. The pasture in this country is too little for her: they don't like to discuss, but to dispute in an impolite way.

In another unpublished letter, quoted by Vernon Lee, she calls Madame de Staël "a mad woman, who always wants to inspire passions, and feels nothing, and makes her readers feel nothing."

From Florence the travellers went to Bologna, where they renewed some former acquaintances, and then by Ferrara to Venice, delaying for a while at Padua to see Melchiore Cesarotti, the translator of Ossian and Homer, not by any means a great poet, but a cultivated, agreeable man, a fine critic, and one of the most distinguished professors of that university. There had recently come to Padua, chiefly led by his admiration of Cesarotti, a young man of about twenty-eight, Mario Pieri, a native of Corfu, who was desirous of leading a literary life. Pieri had more ambition than talent, and never made much of a figure in the world, even at Padua. But he was a frequent visitor in the salons at Venice, was a lover and hanger-on of great men, and has left us (preserved in the National Library at Florence) a copious manuscript diary which tells of everything he saw and felt. He evidently reread it more than once, and even published an autobiography derived from it; and many pages of the early part bear cynical annotations written years afterward. Here is an extract:

On the 25th of May, 1805, I find mention of a celebrated lady, with whom I became acquainted in the house of Cesarotti, and who stayed three days in Padua for intercourse with that distinguished Italian, who, too, was a great admirer of her father. During those three days Cesarotti passed the whole morning in the Hotel Aquila d' Oro, and she the whole evening at his house, where I never failed to go. She was ugly in looks, clumsy in person, rather tall, full of fire, of regular features, an eloquent and very rash talker. She talked to us, I well remember, of the singular political ignorance and simplicity of the poet Orofrio Minzoni, whom she had known at Ferrara, which went so far that he did not even know her famous father by name. Then she talked of Madame de Genlis in a manner rather adverse than otherwise, who, having been her mother's friend, became the daughter's open enemy out of envy at her rapid advance in fame; and then ventilated opinions and paradoxes with amazing frankness. Cesarotti put up with her, and (perhaps out of consideration for her sex and her real merits, and those of her father) he met everything with the utmost indulgence and with a smile of seeming approbation. But what I could not endure was the presence of a companion whom she brought with her those evenings; a man very very thin, very very dry, very very cold, with a stony look that never was animated, taciturn as silence itself: I don't remember once hearing his voice; he seemed deaf, nearly dumb, in a brown study. Probably I need not add that the lady was the daughter of the famous Necker, the celebrated Madame de Staël, and her companion the illustrious German writer, a critic distinguished for extensive knowledge and strange opinions, Wilhelm Schlegel.

Cesarotti was more enthusiastic. He wrote to his intimate friend and con-

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stant correspondent at Venice, the distinguished Giustina Renier Michiel:

Let Venice and the rest talk as they please of Madame de Staël. She was born to cause a *furore* for and against her. I am raised to a transport by her writings. I have just read the life of Necker, which is the preface to the edition of his writings, and am more charmed than I am able to express. More I cannot say. She has the soul of her father, enough to make one adore her. No, that compound of eloquence and reason, that sublime morality, that sweet and deep sensibility, that fresh and refined thought, that varied expression, that assured noble loftiness of character—all this accumulation of qualities combined was never met with but in the making of this admirable family. I have not got her "Delphine," perhaps not the best of her works. Even though there be in it a hundred defects, there will assuredly also be such beauties as will compensate for all these.

And again:

I was certain that Madame de Staël must please you; and yet more so that you would remain delighted could you talk with her alone or at most as one of three. On Sunday I shall again be with her, and shall enjoy hearing her speak of you as I have spoken of you to her. Rizzo seems enchanted with her; thank him for the pleasure he has given me, and tell him I will answer him after my second interview with her.

There still exists among the Michiel papers a note from Madame de Staël, telling her that Cesarotti has spoken so much about Rizzo that she would be glad to make his acquaintance. Count Francesco Rizzo-Pattarol was a well-known Venetian of those times, but with whom we are chiefly acquainted through Byron's lines on the birth of Hoppner's boy:

His father's sense, his mother's grace
In him, I hope, will always fit so,
With (still to keep him in good case)
The health and appetite of Rizzo.

Giustina Michiel was not, however, so satisfied with Madame de Staël as Cesarotti expected; for in a letter to Bettinelli she gives this portrait of her:

This Madame de Staël set before me one of those contrasts, far too frequent, between personality and writer, which I absolutely detest. All that one reads of hers is more or less pathetic, refined, sweet, and winning, causing one to love and respect her. On seeing her, she appears with a measured and martial gait, her black eyes shoot vivid glances, her hair in ringlets like Medusa's snakes; large mouth, shoulders, and proportions all which one would like to be more moderate and refined; her look lively and joyous; ease and frankness of manner in whatever society; listening to every praise as if her due; to every conversation as if without prejudice; never blushing, either from bashfulness or shame; when not speaking she seems to reflect; when she speaks she does so with levity, without any depth; first effusively and then rather coldly (after the French way). She declaims well, shows great tenderness for her children, and speaks warmly of her father; never mentions her mother, an eminent lady who has left a volume of excellent maxims, who was Thomas's only friend, and who deserved universal esteem and the greatest *attachment* on the part of her husband.

When Madame de Staël arrived at Verona, on returning from Venice, she immediately sent a polite little note to the poet Ippolito Pindemonte, saying that she could stop but a few hours, and wanted to know him. He at once went to her inn and found her at dinner. She begged him to go with her to the amphitheatre, and had her carriage sent there in which she went on to Brescia. "I wish to see you at home," she also said, "and to see your own apartment." It pleased him to find her face very different to that of her portrait which is on the first page of her poems published in Tuscany; to see in it a pensiveness, the absence of which he had regretted in the portrait.

On returning to Milan Madame de Staël saw Monti again, but only for one day, which ended up with a dinner, at which were present Racagni, the professor of physics, Ferdinand Arrivabene, and many other literary men. Bettinelli, who had just received the character sketch sent to him by Giustina Michiel, now had another from his friend Arrivabene:

Madame de Staël talked of you in your praise and at length, and regretted not seeing you. She has been unable to speak with the sovereign; she follows and lays wait for him in France, to recover her own and her children's money. But she delights to find herself among Mantuans; she recalls your writings one by one and asks no end of questions about you. She has the face of Ceres, the bosom of Aglaia, the arm and hand of Venus, though at first sight she is more a woman than an angel. A twig of laurel in the right hand is the constant ther-

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mometer of her thoughts; even at the table she flirts it between two lovely fingers, so eliciting sparks of grand thought. I have seen her write a note on her knees while waving and looking at her laurel; what she wrote I know not—no doubt either philosophy or poetry. She alone could write the works which we have in her name. What charming things she said to me of Rome! she loves its very foundations and stones; the nights there graced by the revered shade of ancient statues and monuments is more charming than our south. Her journey in Italy is already the subject of a romance of hers. I doubt whether her very fervent fancy adds to the charm of what she sees, but certainly it adds to her personal charm, so that all are in love with her; but Monti by her side is the one most favored—a literary dictatorship! And you add not a little to her bliss. At that dinner he even brought himself to quit her for a moment in order to bid me express to you her gratitude. You will read your own letter concerning his "Vision" in the *Giornale Italico*, a treaty of alliance between two great Powers.

Monti was obliged to leave Milan early the next morning for Bologna, in order, in his capacity as Court Poet, to join the Emperor and Count Marescalchi. Madame de Staël remained behind, and the next day wrote to him:

This morning, *caro* Monti, I awoke with so deep a sadness that I must write you some lines, not for distraction but to think less bitterly of you. Amid all the turmoil around you, will you reflect that I love you deeply, and that I never said those words idly, those sacred words knitting the heart and life? After leaving you yesterday evening, yesterday, June 12th; after having your *word* that we should meet again before August 12th; I went to see the Princess Lambertini of Bologna—an interest in Bologna had suddenly come over me. She told me that the Empress had spoken to her very kindly about me. . . . At Madame Tron's I met the Venetian Madame Benzoni, a person entirely blonde, entirely white, but rather affected, which to me is very displeasing in an Italian. Their great charm is to be natural; the French alone can give some grace to mannerism, and a poor talent it is. Rangoni praised you roundly; he talked to me of a "Vision of Ezekiel," verses of your early youth, which he pronounces admirable. I am going to read them in my collection. Yesterday, that very last day, you were truly eloquent; so write a tragedy, write the outline at Coppet, and believe fully that it is in your talent and in the *chefs-d'œuvre* of your talent that you will find your power and your independence. The relations of society and its rulers become broken; they are unsettled from moment to moment; but an evergrowing reputation is your true ægis, and I know that a peaceful sojourn with a woman worthy to sympathize with you is good for you every way. Till to-morrow!—and all day without seeing you, *ah! mon Dieu!* Well, Count Verri's sister-in-law has just sent me most beautiful fruit and flowers. I wept on receiving them: flowers sent to me when you were gone! So one must leave this dear Italy, *bella Italia amate sponde.* Ah! my heart is heavy! Monti, Monti, become tender on reading these lines which I cannot see for tears. . . . This morning I have been to the Duomo, where I prayed for you; is not that a feeling which you can share? You have too much genius, your soul is too impulsive to be always tied to earth; and on raising my eyes to this lovely sky I assuredly find there thoughts of you. Do not let yourself be too closely bound by political ties, they make freshness wither; while on the shores of my lake you will have the full energy of your thought.—3 *o'clock.* Do you know whence I come? From Appiani's house: I needed to see your portrait. I said farewell to it and recommended myself to it. Appiani spoke to me warmly in your praise, and also in my own; and yet he is not a man to my taste—am I right? I was there with Madame Visconti, who is coming to see me at Coppet! Alas, time has set its mark on Madame Visconti and perhaps in ten years will weigh more on me than on her. Monti, think at least that it is now, when life is yet whole in me, that I long to pass this life with you; and come to see me while an impression of youthfulness still adorns my tender friendship for you. . . . I like M. de Melzi more and more daily: I beg you to bind yourself by *no political tie* that would separate you from him. His is a character so noble and pure that consideration attaches to those who are his friends; and with your admirable genius nothing else is needed but reputation without a cloud. I think that enthusiasm for your talent is on the increase, and at times *mi lusingo* that I should not be valueless to you in this country, should I live here. The Viceroy's government will be good like himself. If you love me, if you pass some time with me at Coppet, you will have, I am sure, a great influence on my life. . . . You are, my friend, in the zenith of your glory; if you will now do a work superior to all circumstances, it is at Coppet that your mind, free from all external disquiet, will be in its full force. . . . Yesterday I had Madame Monti at dinner; I did my best to make her approve your journey. I recited verses for her—she was a power to whom I paid more homage than to all the court ladies. . . . In short, these two days I have lived, like a worshipper, in your presence. Dear Monti, it is a pang to me to leave places where you live; it would be less bitter to leave you yourself. Tenderness will shed some sweetness on separation, but there is something dry in adieux to one who does not receive them, as prayers before a tomb when the very ashes are not there.

On such a letter comment is useless; but one would be glad to see those written to Narbonne, or Constant, or Rocca.

The same themes recur in the subse-

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quent almost daily letters, continued into August, from Coppet, where she had already arrived at the end of June. She travels by night on account of the heat, and sees the fire-flies: "What a lovely country this is, and how sad to quit it, when the feelings of the heart are mingled with these enchantments of the imagination!" At Turin she reads the tragedies of Alfieri for a whole day, and is quite convinced that all the merit of this man is in his character rather than his tongue. She therefore suggests many subjects for tragedies, and again begs Monti to come to Coppet and write them in quiet, especially as war seems probable. At the foot of Mont Cenis she writes (June 22, 1805):

Vegno di loco ove tornar disio.

I have repeated that verse all along Mont Cenis. I have perpetually thought what would be your impressions on this journey, and heard with pleasure that in three days the road will be open for carriages. It will be inaugurated by three thousand guns sent to the army of Italy, which are here at the foot of the mountain. . . . *À propos*, I would bet that the lines which Talleyrand repeated to you are these:

"A ses chagrins quélle aime, elle est toujours fidèle,
Ses maux et ses plaisirs ne sont connus que d'elle."

It was I who taught them to him at a time when he thought himself in love with me. He is a man of much mental grace, but dead to all involuntary feeling: he has made life a calculation in which honor, glory, and love have no place. I loved him with most devoted friendship, and, if he had been unhappy, should have, perhaps, felt some interest in him; but prosperity sits ill upon him, like a bad-fitting garment. . . . To love, *caro* Monti, is a heavenly faculty; one must not profane it. I love you, you; I love you with all the power of my soul, and if you do not wound this affection it will have a great influence on my life. For example, should you wish it I will take you next year to Rome. I should feel proud to return there with you, and see there your enemies at your feet. I do not know if ever you have been loved by a woman who could feel all the superiority of your talent; now that is my merit, of which I am proud. Not a word do you say of which the charm is lost on me. Not a line that you write—especially to me—but is at once learnt by heart; learn to know yourself by the impression you make on me; see yourself in the mirror of my soul.

She promised him at Coppet the society of Madame Récamier, "the most beautiful woman of Paris;" and at Geneva that of Madame Filangieri, Madame Visconti, and the Princess Belmonte. At Chambéry she stopped in the middle of the day, to the great astonishment of her companions; "but I wanted to make a pilgrimage to your place of exile; I wished to give myself up to the deep tenderness of these memories. I saw the chestnuts under which you used to rest, and wept over the time when we were so near each other, where I would have made you happy by loving you. Six years would have now passed in which we were friends, in which our hearts were in unison. Ah! my friend, how in this short life can one be consoled for six years lost of loving and being loved by you?" Immediately afterward she recommends him a pomade to prevent him from becoming gray, and recalls the time when one of her locks turned entirely white. From Coppet she repeats her advice and invitations, gives him the literary news from Paris, among which that "Chateaubriand is writing a prose-poem, like 'Télémaque,' on the conversion of Constantine to Christianity." She tells of her guests and her reading; talks of her Italian friends, and has vague thoughts of a trip to Lake Como. In despair at his non-arrival she offers to send him some money for the journey, and hopes that he will not wound her by any false delicacy.

Finally, at the end of the year, Monti did succeed in visiting her for a few days. He was returning from Munich, whither he had gone as one of the deputation to congratulate the Emperor on the results of the war. He was just too late: his day had passed. The flirtation with him had filled up a gap made by the defection of Benjamin Constant, who was now once again at the feet of his mistress. This is what Constant says in his diary:

I go to Coppet, where Madame de Staël is back again. The poet Monti arrives there. He has a superb face—gentle, yet at the same time proud. His declamation of verse is very remarkable. He is a real poet, fiery, inspired, weak, timid, mobile, the Italian counterpart of Chénier, though worth much more than Chénier. In the evening I have a frightful scene with Madame de Staël. I announce a decisive rupture of our relations. Second scene. Fury, reconciliation impossible, departure difficult.

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I *must* get married. . . . Madame de Staël has conquered me.

Such were the outward characteristics, and, as far as can be obtained, the actual facts of her Italian journey; the spiritual, intellectual, and poetic side of which Madame de Staël endeavored to portray in "Corinne." All who knew the authoress felt sure that a book must be the result of the journey. Every event in her life was the cause of much writing, and there was a good deal of truth in Byron's cynical remark.* Her German friends were most anxious because they were eagerly expecting a promised book on her German tour, in which she was going to praise *them*. No one knew for a long time what the outcome was to be, even at Coppet, until, as she wrote to Monti (August, 1806), "I am very glad to tell you that I read to my friends the beginning of my novel about Italy. They think it better than anything I have ever written—I know why. Don't extinguish my talent by prolonging your absence." Although the book was written at Coppet, finishing touches were put to it in the château of a friend in the neighborhood of Paris. She had gone to France nominally to superintend the publication, but really because she was bored. As she wrote to Madame Brun from Auxerre, where she was detained for some time by the police:

It is a life-destroying contrast to be born a Frenchwoman with a foreign character, with French tastes and habits, but with the ideas and sentiments of the northern world. I am still in the same situation—sometimes in the society of my friends, oftener awaiting their arrival, and without the possibility of making use of my solitary life as I ought to do, because I take opium to make me sleep, and opium destroys the nerves.

The book was published in the spring of 1807, and the success, according to Sainte-Beuve, was instantaneous and universal, although few evidences of it were to be seen in the French press, where criticism, even of literature, had been almost extinguished. In England there was some displeasure on account of the disagreeable naturalism of Lady Edgermont's tea-parties, which seem, according to Lady Blennerhasset, "personal reminiscences, as if in tardy revenge for the social interdict at Juniper Hall, and for that which vivacious natures find more difficult to forgive—the weariness there endured." In one of the conversations "Chateaubriand recognized his own reminiscences of the way in which he had been entertained by some old maids in London, and which he had retailed at Coppet." In the same way the Count d'Erfeuil was considered unpatriotic in France, and Napoleon himself is said to have written the bitter notice of "Corinne" in the *Moniteur*. Many people found the style inflated, and even now it is not thoroughly approved by the French Academy, which in its work on the dictionary never accepts without discussion a word from the writings of Madame de Staël. In England she made the women cry and the men laugh at her sentiment. To quote again Sainte-Beuve:

With "Corinne" Madame de Staël certainly enters into glory and empire, . . . and from the date of "Corinne" all Europe crowned her with that name. "Corinne" is indeed the ideal of the sovereign independence of genius, though at the same time of most complete oppression; Corinne, who will be crowned at Rome, in the Capitol of the Eternal City, where the conqueror who banishes her will never set his foot.

"Corinne" (says Chénier), is "Delphine" again, but in perfection and independent, giving full swing to her faculties, and always with a double inspiration of talent and love.

Indeed, behind Corinne herself we can always see Madame de Staël, so different in personal appearance and manner, standing with one elbow on the chimney-piece, and declaiming and improvising to the accompaniment of the laurel twig. Corinne is Madame de Staël as she would have been glad to be. Of course the other characters were immediately placed. Everybody thought they knew "of what elements, somewhat mixed, the noble figure of Oswald was made up; while one believed in the genuine truthfulness, and in the scene of the adieux; and one almost remem-

*Byron to Moore, August 22, 1813. "Madame de Staël-Holstein has lost one of her young Barons, who has been carbonaded by a vile Teutonic adjutant—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Serawsenhausen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be; but will, I venture to prophecy, do what few mothers could—write an essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance, and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation."

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bered the agonies of Corinne during his absence." Schlegel flattered himself that he had posed for the Prince of Castelforte.

As may be seen from some of the letters cited, Monti was not the only Italian with whom Madame de Staël had correspondence. There exists an unpublished series of letters from her to Count Giuseppe Alborghetti, of Rome, a friend of Monti, beginning with the time of her departure from Italy. She wrote to him, among other things, about her progress with "Corinne," its success in France, and her desire to have it translated into Italian. In sending him a copy of the book she wrote from Geneva (January 3, 1808), "I am worth much more than Corinne, and I could improvise much better than she, if you would reply." Again, in sending him some copies of the book to be distributed among her friends at Rome, she recommended to him a young American, Mr. Middleton, who had spent the whole summer near her. "He was called Oswald in Paris. I am not a Corinne for him, but still have all the esteem for him that he merits. He will speak to you about Madame Récamier, with whom he is somewhat taken up."

This was John Izard Middleton, the second son of Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and younger brother of Henry Middleton, afterward for many years Minister in Russia. He lived in Europe many years and died in Paris in 1849. The journal which he kept during his visits to Coppet in 1806 and 1807, and in which he speaks much of Madame Récamier, is said to be in the possession of a relative in Baltimore.

After speaking of the false Oswald it is perhaps admissible to tell about the counterfeit Corinne. This was a daughter of a Mr. Carr, a rich Indian merchant or planter, who had married a man named Apreece. As a rich and pretty widow she had travelled on the continent, and had made at Coppet, and perhaps elsewhere, the acquaintance of Madame de Staël; who flattered her greatly, as was her habit, and even said about her that "she had all the good qualities of Corinne with none of her faults." With this vague reputation Mrs. Apreece created a sensation at Edinburgh, where even the venerable Professor Playfair was seen kneeling in the street to tie her shoe. As the wife of Sir Humphry Davy she had considerable social success in London. "She was a clever, active-minded woman, with popular manners, very vain and very demonstrative." George Ticknor saw her in 1815, and wrote, "Lady Davy is small, with black eyes and hair, a very pleasant face, an uncommonly sweet smile, and, when she speaks, has much spirit and expression in her countenance. Her conversation is agreeable, particularly in the choice and variety of her phraseology, and has more the air of eloquence than I have ever heard before from a lady. But then it has something of the appearance of formality and display, which injures conversation. Her manner is gracious and elegant, and though I should not think of comparing her to 'Corinne,' yet I think she has uncommon powers."

Whatever may have been her phraseology in English, it was anything but perfect in French and Italian; and as amusing anecdotes were told of her as are rightfully told of several other ladies—and who has not known at least one such? Hayward writes of her: "Lord Holland had a story of her turning short upon an Italian soldier, who was unconsciously following her at Rome, with '*Infame soldato, che volete?*' She called out to a French postilion, '*Allez avec votre ventre sur lar terre,*' and nearly took away a foreign friend's character by the unlucky application of the term *meretrice*. I heard her at Mrs. Damer's, in Tilney Street, tell a story of her riding on a donkey near Naples, when the wind blew so hard as to carry off garment after garment till, she said, 'I had nothing left but my *seat*' —which was not much."

But there is no need now to discuss the merits of "Corinne," either as a novel or as part of the literature of the world. The book is, or can be, in everybody's hands, even after eighty years have passed, and it is easy to compare the occasional false sentiment of "Corinne" with the true feeling which animated the letters to Monti.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

IT can hardly be a matter of mere climate that makes the Colombian novel "María" so different from anything produced in our own literature. But what is it? "María" is not quite, as Mr. Janvier, who writes the very sympathetic introduction to a recent translation of it, would have us believe, a rival of "Paul et Virginie" and "Atala;" its proportions are hardly classic. But it is a delightful love story. And since when has there been a North American love-story? María herself is one of the sweetest girls that fiction contains. She is not only a particularly lovable girl, gentle and winning in an extraordinary degree, but she is taken out of the ordinary category of sweet and lovable girls by a curiously penetrating perfume of spiritual elevation, a soft and pliant intensity of devotion, by—there are no better epithets for the quality—ideality and poetry. She is by no means unique. Valdés's Maximina, the Rosario of "Doña Perfecta" and some of Valera's heroines have the same essential quality. French fiction—not only that of George Sand, but that of Balzac and even of Zola—counts many of her kin. Plus a little dreamy desultoriness she figures largely in German novels; in hundreds of English stories she appears, domestic and dovelike; and, so far as devotion is concerned, the Norse heroine of Ibsen's "A Doll's Home" is its incarnation. It is needless to multiply instances. Everyone who has read Isaacs's story must recognize that though María is perhaps especially Spanish—and has in consequence a particular nobility, derived from Castilian heritage and tradition and therefore a little different from that of even our "four hundred," for example—she has sisters among the charming girls of all fiction but our own. It is the province of the sun in tropical countries to *dilatar el alma*, according to the Spanish proverb, but how are we to explain that among modern literatures only ours is lacking in such characters as Isaacs's María?

"María" is by no means to be stigmatized as romance. It is a realistic novel if ever there was one, and it would be idle to pretend that our novelists do not produce such stories because they are more seriously occupied with reality as such. Most of our glib short-story writers could "give points" to the author of "María" in construction, and their works are, compared with his, artificiality itself. Scarcely anything of moment happens from one end of his tale to the other. There is nothing organic, composed, regulated about it. It sins against many of the canons established by those of our littérateurs who both practise and preach the philosophy of the art of fiction. Is it possible that our realists are a little mechanical, and that it is the *art* of fiction—in which they are agreed that we have attained an altogether extraordinary eminence—rather than its substance that occupies them? Otherwise, how is it that they miss giving us portraits of such characters as María? Have we no models for such a character? Does she not exist among us? Is "the American girl" so *sui generis*, so different from all other incarnations of the *ewig Weibliche*, that the artists who depict her must accentuate exceptional rather

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than essential feminine qualities in order to make a life-like portrait of her?

Surely, the American novelist will not be so lacking in chivalry as to accept this theory. If he does, at any rate, he may be sure that the American novel is doomed, and that American literature will take some other direction than that of fiction. The only alternative, however—in the face of such a *cri du cœur* as María, and of its immense attractiveness in spite of its constructional and other weaknesses—is to admit that the American fiction of the present day is, in an important respect, superficial. Some of its practitioners have, apparently, deliberately set out to do something more ingenious, more interesting, more "real"—peradventure!—than "the same old thing," the old hackneyed story of Edwin and Angelina, of Romeo and Juliet. Some of them have tried their best to extend the supposed limitations of Anglo-Saxon fiction and give us Edwin and Angelina metamorphosed into creatures wholly unknown to their supposed environment, and acting in a manner wholly inconsistent with their traditions—with the net result of attaining vice while missing passion. Very few—how many can the most convinced optimist count?—have occupied themselves with the simple but supreme motive of the love of a pair of lovers? To most of them evidently so restricted a range of characters and so uncomplicated a situation seem jejune and barren; though, suggestively enough, those who have dealt with this motive and situation and—like Miss Phelps on the one hand and Miss Amélie Rives on the other—have even carried them into the realm of the wildly fantastic, have nevertheless won very noteworthy successes. Hence one is inclined to ask: Does the pitch of perfection which the art of fiction has reached with us really imply an absolute divorce between literature and the love story? If not, why is the love story left to writers who occupy themselves so little with literature? Is literature the incarnation of cleverness, of ingenuity, of minute inspection of the superficies of things social to the exclusion of those phenomena which, recondite or not, are associated with the very existence and endurance of "life and the world?" This is a view which even such painters of manners—such literary sociologists—as Thackeray and Balzac certainly did not take; and our accomplishment—splendid as we are constantly informed that it is—must, we think, be held as yet incomplete for having hitherto so markedly neglected the Marías that must abound among us, and the situation which—however lacking in intrigue, movement, suggestion, or intellectual interest—here as elsewhere, is responsible for making "the world go 'round."

THERE is a law of whist, exquisite in its simplicity and apparently as easy as lying, but in fact extremely difficult to follow, on which, more than on anything else, success at the game depends. It may be called a higher law than many specifically enjoined in the books, since no absolute penalty (like that of a revoke for instance) is exacted upon its infraction. Yet not to abide by it means failure. It is, as every player who has read so far already knows, the law of watching the board and not the hand, overcoming an unworthy impulse to slide the latter back and forth for repeated assurance of possibilities comprehended by the adept at a single glance. In short, the law of devotion to others rather than to the individual—a paradox in altruism, with the selfish end of reaping quick returns and large profits in the score. Where this amiable rule of conduct is carried beyond the card-room the gain, though rarely so direct, nevertheless goes with it; and its more rigid observance might give enduring value to that "good society" which the English writer cleverly defines as "a charmed circle of uncertain limits . . . those latter-day Athenians whose graver and deeper impulses are subordinated to a code of artificial manners." Especially would such self-abnegation work self-benefit at tables where knives and forks, like the cards, are mere instruments of a purely intellectual diversion. Who cared an hour afterward for that mistake by which the salad was served hot at your dinner? No one. But neither you nor any of your guests will forget the aplomb with which your wife turned the distressing incident into a jest, thereby proving it a blessing in disguise. Her readiness reduced the lapse in what is sometimes called the culinary art to its proper place, of no greater relative

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importance than a poor hand at whist to a club veteran. We can eat and drink alone sufficiently well to sustain life; but when the table's full, the sauce to meat is wit as well as ceremony, and the skilful play of it an art in itself too often undervalued.

All restraint within limits is sure to reveal idiosyncrasies of character, and no man really knows his friend till he has travelled with him. A certain crusty sage of many voyages in later years refrained from walking the ship's deck with a woman, because he had found that the time, place, and opportunity invariably moved the incomprehensible sex to confidences; and for an analogous reason he preferred to feed apart. To dine in company is to go cabined, cribbed, confined upon a journey, happily short, but beset with dangers against which there is no insurance; as, to be linked with your mortal enemy, or, if you are single, with her who last refused you; to suffer tortures of ennui at the bore's callous lips; to eat, drink, and, above all, talk too much unwittingly. This last accident is not only the commonest, but also the most disastrous one in its effects, and he who becomes its unconscious victim is lost beyond recovery.

The man who listens, be it never so little, to his own discourse will end by listening much, and will be known thenceforth as a preacher of the dinner-table, happy only when fatally destructive to whatever current of animal magnetism may be assumed to have existed there — sinking into oppressive gloom with silence enforced upon him. For when two of these fierce talkers meet at close quarters one must be silent; and to the other the very walls must seem to hearken.

But if he does it well, what then? Even then he has no right to do it, and his persistence can but promote the surfeit caused by excess of a good thing. The best listener chafes inwardly without his moment of relief. Strange that so many men otherwise acute, men of talent, men of genius, should overlook this fact or choose to disregard it utterly; till all the good things others long to say have gone unsaid because of one. He who should be their most brilliant exponent has somehow missed deplorably the first principles of the game.

And these are, briefly: To love your neighbor a little better than yourself; to turn your inward eye without; ever patiently to incline a willing ear; and never to forget that the world acknowledges but two autocrats—one, who by divine right rules all the Russias; one, who by right of conquest has held undisputed sway over generations at the Breakfast Table.

In this age of effort, when literary blossoms open upon every bush, when every drawing-room undertakes to be a "salon" and every hostess suggests Madame Récamier, the attitude of a simple, self-respecting citizen amid the distinguished company is one of poise and difficulty. There stands before you, let us suppose, hemmed in by his admiring throng, the first poet of the day, to whom in a moment you must be presented whether you will or no. What does he know of you? What on earth will you find to say? Here comes a young essayist whose first book has met with some success. He is trying hard to look unconscious, but it will never do to ignore him. You have read the record of his reflections without an overwhelming sense of its profundity; on the whole, however, you like it passably well. Are you to tell him just that and no more? And here is a third and a most prolific writer, whose thick-coming fancies you have never liked and have now ceased to read. He has lately published a new volume, more disagreeably potent than the others. Good Heavens! His eye has fastened upon yours. He comes to talk with you; there is no escape; and what, short of mortal offence, will be the outcome of your interview?

But one safe course lies open to you in this last instance; and that is to bear in mind the warning of the sages, overcautionary in its extreme discretion—*never speak to an author of his works.* Heed this, and you will perhaps avoid incurring his everlasting enmity. On the other hand, it is true, you will reduce to a minimum the chance of gaining more than the outward semblance of his friendship. This is to be regretted, since, apart from his literary weakness, he may teem with amiable qualities. Yet here you have no choice. Silence is enforced upon you in his case; the same silence which you will preserve with different effect

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in the presence of the great man when you are dragged before him. Then, if you are wise, your whole expression will be one of awe; you will await his word, agreeing with it at all hazards. Were Shakespeare present, this personage, lofty as he is, would hardly venture to give the master his reasons for thinking "Othello" a fine play. As Shakespeare to him, so is he to you; and the more devotional your reticence, the higher the pedestal on which you place him. Make it a pinnacle if you can, and he will like you so much the better. He is human, and from his towering height he will look down to smile and smile again upon you.

With the middle-man begins your real perplexity—an oft-recurring one; for while genius "walks grand among us" with agreeable rarity, deserving mediocrity oppresses us on all sides. It is well to remember that the man, whose work, with certain reservations, now pleases you, may learn in time to do a thing that shall please you wholly. But he is vain enough already, you think. Waive that; he is not too vain to need encouragement of a kind that you can give. Vanity is a phase which often passes, while the need remains; how great this latter is you do not dream; and you forget, perhaps, not only that he cannot divine your good opinion, but also that professional critics continually call him to account for the faults he knows too well. Speak to him of his work, therefore, as pleasantly as possible, strain your conscience a point or two, and let your reservations go. Practice will enable you to proceed in this with tact and delicacy; to steer your bark unswervingly between the Scylla of flattery and the Charybdis of condescending patronage. Unless you are gifted with an extraordinary memory, attempt neither to quote nor to mention one of his characters by name. Above all, erase from your vocabulary one fatal adjective. Whatever your thought, do not call his contribution to our native literature a *little* book. Slight as the context seems, it may have cost him months of labor. How needlessly unkind of you, then, to remind him that the result is not a great one!

This trifling act of consideration is sure to yield you an inestimable reward. Though his face glows with pleasure, if he is a man of sense, he does not bore you. He accepts the recognition gracefully, then turns the talk another way. But the trouble you have taken will live in his remembrance, giving value to his friendship long after you have forgotten its first cause.

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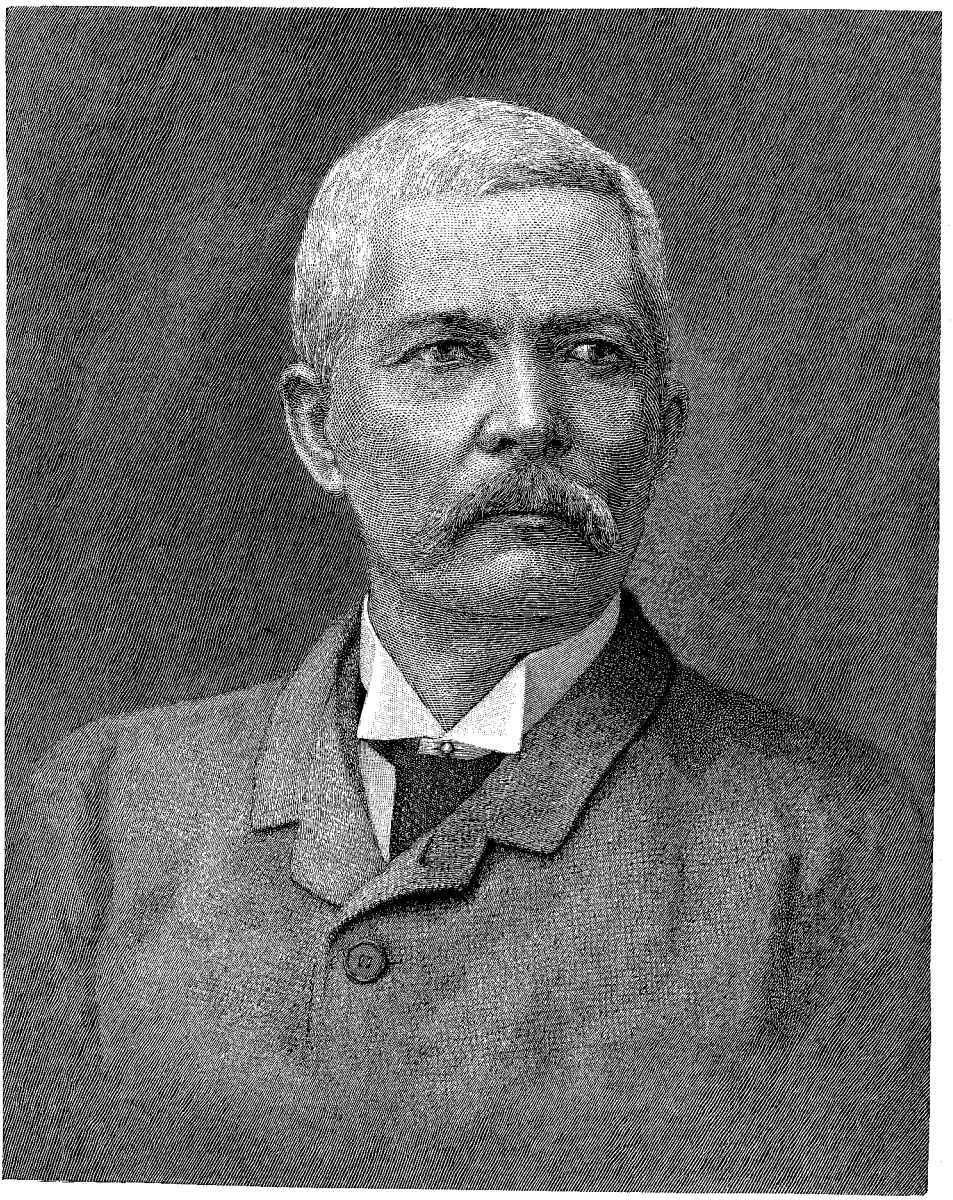

(From a photograph taken at Cairo in March, 1890.)

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